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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—

a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every

man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

ALEXANDER HARVEY

ROBERT A. PARKER

WILLIAM GRIFFITH

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

THE PRESIDENT CALLS FOURTEEN
MILLION MORE MEN TO THE COLORS

And Congress Provides
for a War Budget of
Twenty-four Billion Dollars

AMERICA'S grim determination to win the war at all costs is evidenced by the new draft bill, including men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and by the new revenue bill, reported in Congress, involving the expenditure of \$24,000,000,000 during the coming fiscal year. These colossal measures stagger the imagination. Their effects, the *New York Globe* declares, "will be felt to remote ages." On September 12—the very day, as it happened, that the First American Army in France wiped out the Saint Mihiel salient, taking 13,000 prisoners and many guns—fourteen million men, ranging from the ages of eighteen to twenty and from thirty-two to forty-five, registered as members of the national army. Fifteen months before, as President Wilson pointed out in a proclamation carrying the new draft provisions into action, the men of the country from twenty-one to thirty-one years of age had registered. Three months before, and again in August, those who had just reached the age of twenty-one were added. "It now remains," the President said, "to include all men between the ages of eighteen to forty-five." He continued:

"This is not a new policy. A century and a quarter ago it was deliberately ordained by those who were then responsible for the safety and defense of the nation that the duty of military service should rest upon all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. We now accept and fulfil the obligation which they established, an obligation expressed in our national statutes from that time until now. We solemnly purpose a decisive victory of arms, and deliberately to devote the larger part of the military man-power of the nation to the accomplishment of that purpose.

"The younger men have from the first been ready to go.

They have furnished voluntary enlistments out of all proportion to their numbers. Our military authorities regard them as having the highest combatant qualities. Their youthful enthusiasm, their virile eagerness, their gallant spirit of daring, make them the admiration of all who see them in action.

"By the men of the older group now called on the opportunity now opened to them will be accepted with the calm resolution of those who realize to the full the deep and solemn significance of what they do. Having made a place for themselves in their respective communities, having assumed at home the graver responsibilities of life in many spheres, looking back upon honorable records in civil and industrial life, they will realize as perhaps no others could how entirely their own fortunes and the fortunes of all whom they love are put at stake in this war for right, and will know that the very records they have made render this new duty the commanding duty of their lives."

Objections to the "Work or Fight" Provision.

THE new bill passed the House by a vote of 336 to 2. In the Senate, after a dozen or more amendments had been discussed, the vote was made unanimous. Only one amendment led to extended controversy and that was the "work or fight" amendment. This provides that if draft registrants obtain deferred classification because they are employed in essential industries they shall lose that classification when they cease to be so employed, and was attacked by Frank Morrison, Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, on the ground that it involved "conscription of labor." At a session of the House Military Affairs Committee, Mr. Morrison asked Secretary Baker what he would do in case a strike occurred when the employer refused to



GIVING HIM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

—Rehse in N. Y. World

arbitrate. The latter replied: "There is no question what the War Department would do in such a case. The men would not be taken into the military service if they were prevented from working by such a lock-out." The upshot of the controversy was a proviso, offered by Senator Cummins and unanimously adopted, to the effect that the "work or fight" amendment shall not apply in case of a strike if the men submit their dispute to the War Labor Board and "agree to abide and do abide by its decision" and at once resume work and continue it pending such decision.

Youth Summoned to Win the War.

THE total number of men to be obtained under the new registration is estimated at 2,300,000. Of these a large proportion will be between the ages of nineteen and twenty years. During the debates in Congress which preceded the passage of the new bill considerable opposition was manifested to the drafting of men so young. Secretary Baker was at first inclined to take what is called the "sentimental" view. But the more realistic policy of Generals Crowder and March prevailed. "Young men between eighteen and twenty," said General March, testifying before a Senate committee, "are usually not married; they have not settled down in life; they have not any encumbrances and they are better off physically." Answering arguments of opponents of the plan to lower draft ages to eighteen, Senator Chamberlain called the Senate's attention to the fact that Senators Martin, of Virginia, and Bankhead, of Alabama, entered the Confederate army, and Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, and Senator Goff, of West Virginia, entered the Union army at eighteen years of age or younger. Senator Warren, of Wyoming, enlisted when seventeen years old, he added. Former

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, enlisted at eighteen and was an officer at nineteen years of age; former Senator McKenna entered the army at sixteen years of age; Alexander Hamilton was in the Continental army at nineteen. We are apt to forget, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* remarks, that the Civil War was largely fought by young men. The same paper continues:

"We think of the youths of to-day as boys, but they are no younger than many of the recklessly courageous cavaliers whose valor was celebrated in song in the sixties by a ditty in which occurred and recurred the line,

Morgan, and Morgan's terrible men.

"A goodly number of the 'terrible men'—and they were terrible to the enemy—were Kentucky youths not older than the youngest who will be called under the draft law which the lower house of Congress has passed. Some of them were a year or two below the minimum draft age."

Giving Young Soldiers and Sailors a Free College Education.

ONE of the novel features in connection with the new draft is the inauguration of an educational plan which is to put the War Department in touch with four hundred of our universities and colleges. This undertaking is described by David Lawrence, Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, as the virtual taking over by the Government of the universities and colleges of the country. Says Mr. Lawrence:

"Any boy of eighteen who can pass the entrance requirements can go to any of the colleges, large or small, in the East or West, and get instruction and subsistence at the expense of the Government. How long he will be permitted to stay in his course before being summoned to active service depends upon two things: His record in scholarship and the military demands of the forthcoming year."

The Government's agreement, continues Mr. Lawrence, which begins October 1, is to pay the tuition



ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

—Bushnell in Central Press Syndicate

and board of all boys of eighteen who have been registered or enrolled on September 12, under the terms of the new man-power law. Inasmuch as most colleges depend upon tuition fees to pay for their professors and instructors, the Government is in a sense supporting the educational institutions during the period of the war, when the calls of the army and navy would otherwise have disrupted the private colleges and unendowed schools of the country. Out of this gigantic plan, Mr. Lawrence concludes, the Government "intends that some permanent system of universal military training and education shall grow."

Building a Unified Army in France.

SECRETARY BAKER, in company with Director of Air Service Ryan, has gone to France for a second time to superintend plans for the creation of a new and larger army overseas. General Pershing reports that he is organizing a field army and taking command of it. Preliminary to the formation of this field army, five army corps had been formed, each composed of six divisions. An American division consists of 27,000 combatant troops, with 18,000 added of supply troops; a corps consists of six divisions; so that the five corps now organized under General Pershing in Europe include 810,000 United States fighting men and 540,000 supply troops. The 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Corps are commanded respectively by Major-Generals Hunter Liggett, R. L. Bullard, Wm. M. Wright, Geo. W. Read, and Omar Bundy. One of the most important steps recently taken has been in the direction of a unification of the military service into a single coordinate force. Ever since the selective draft act was passed and the creation of our new military organization began, the lines separating Regulars, National Guardsmen and selected men have been growing fainter. Transfers from



YANKEE "BLUFF"

—William in N. Y. Evening Journal

one force to another have been frequent, and, so far as has been disclosed, without friction. "The abolition of the letters 'N. G.' and 'N. A.' and the adoption of the simple and all-sufficient 'U. S.' for all uniform insignia," remarks the *New York Sun*, "may cause heart-burnings in many bosoms, but it will remove a cause of irritation that has no compensating good effects." By doing away with the distinctions hitherto recognized the internal administration of the army will be simplified. The field for promotion will be broadened and prejudices will cease to be operative.

General March Predicts Victory in 1919.

THE new draft, according to the *New York Tribune*, should be called the Victory Draft. General March, our Chief of Staff, is on record as asserting that it will furnish the fighting power with which the war can be won. Testifying before the House Military Affairs Committee, and, again, in a more deliberate statement, he has said that if we are able to send eighty divisions overseas by the end of next June, it will mean victory in 1919. On August 1, the strength of our army was 3,012,112, divided as follows: American Expeditionary Force, exclusive of Marines, 1,301,742; in the United States and insular possessions, 1,432,706; August draft, 277,664. At the present time, General March tells us, there are more than 1,500,000 men overseas. "When Germany started this drive," he declares, "she was superior in riflemen. The Allied armies are now becoming superior. Eighty divisions of Americans should be able to bring the war to a successful conclusion in 1919. The war will be won or lost on the western front, without taking into consideration conditions in Russia." General March's declaration is characterized by the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* as "the most important military statement which has been heard in this country since we entered the war." This is no chance guess of an optimistic conjecturer, says the *Ledger*, but "the considered, sober, carefully tested, checked and rechecked judgment of our 'pooled' military opinion."



WE ARE COMING, FATHER WOODROW!

—Rehse in N. Y. World

WAR AIMS OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

IN most of the countries now at war the party in power represents the war spirit in its most uncompromizing form, while the opposition party tends toward conciliation and compromise. In America there are signs that our opposition desires to take a more militant attitude than that held by the Government. Debating the Man-Power Bill in one of the ablest speeches that has been made in Congress since the war started, Senator Lodge, leader of the Republican Party and its official spokesman, demanded "a dictated peace," won by victory, and outlined "the irreducible minimum" of peace terms. "No peace that satisfies Germany in any degree," he said, "can ever satisfy us. It cannot be a negotiated peace. It must be a dictated peace, and we and our allies must dictate it." All of which excites the enthusiastic approval of ex-President Roosevelt.

Dictating Peace Terms to Germany.

IN his speech Senator Lodge devotes himself to a consideration of the questions: What is a just and righteous peace? What are the conditions that would make it so? What is the irreducible minimum? His reply, stated in his own words, is as follows:

Belgium must be restored.

Alsace and Lorraine must be returned to France—unconditionally returned—not merely because sentiment and eternal justice demand it, but because the iron and coal of Lorraine must be forever taken from Germany.

Italia Irredenta—all those areas where the Italian race is predominant, including Trieste—must go back to Italy.

Serbia and Rumania must be established in their independence.

Greece must be made safe.

Most important of all, if we are to make the world safe in the way we mean it to be safe, the great Slav populations now under the Government of Austria—the Jugoslavs and the Czecho-Slovaks, who have been used to aid the Germans, whom they loathe—must be established as independent States.

The Polish people must have an independent Poland.

We must have these independent States created so that they will stand across the pathway of Germany to the East. Nothing is more vital than this for a just, a righteous, and an enduring peace.

The Russian provinces taken from Russia by the villainous peace of Brest-Litovsk must be restored to Russia. If Germany continues to hold a large part of Russia, the world for years to come will be under the shadow of another great war, which will surely be precipitated upon us when Germany has developed her Russian possessions to the point of yielding her men, money, and supplies.

Constantinople must be finally taken away from Turkey and placed in the hands of the Allied nations as a free port, so as to bar Germany's way to the East and hold the Dardanelles open for the benefit of mankind.

We must not be beguiled into concessions to Turkey in the hope of separating her from Germany. It would be a miserable outcome to have Turkey retained in Europe, a curse to her subjects and neighbors, a plague spot and a breeder of wars. Her massacres must not under any pre-

As matters are going now, we may never find out which one of his sons the Kaiser was saving to be King of America.—Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune*.

A New Note Sounded by Senator Lodge and Approved by Ex-President Roosevelt

tense be condoned nor her iniquities rewarded. Let Turkey and Bulgaria share the fate of their master and be so treated that they will be unable again to trouble the world.

Palestine must never return to Turkish rule, and the persecuted Christians of Asia Minor—the Syrians and the Armenians—must be safe.

Our part and our business, Senator Lodge maintains, is to put Germany in a position where she can do no more harm in the future to the rest of the world. "Unless we achieve this we shall have fought in vain. Congress and the President had no right to declare war unless they meant to do precisely this thing. Nothing less would justify our action."

Liberals Criticize Senator Lodge's Tone.

SENATOR LODGE'S speech is accepted throughout the country as a Republican key-note. He has spoken, the *New York Times* says, "not merely the voice of a party, but of all Americans, of all the Allied peoples who understand at last what Germany is." But we find, in liberal circles, a disposition to take strong exception to his attitude. *The Public* (New York), in particular, compares his tone with that of President Wilson, to the advantage of the latter, and expresses its misgivings as "we move in a new world of territorial arrangements and *Realpolitik*, where new states are legislated into existence for the convenience of great powers, and where a dangerous state is merely to be crushed to her knees." *The Public* comments further:

"Does not Senator Lodge know that if the war were settled in the spirit of his speech Germany might be hopelessly crippled, but every great nation would be just as a great menace to every other? Does he not know also that nations are not factory-made in the style he proposes? Every American laughed at the Zimmermann plot intended to make Mexico attack us. We would consider it fantastic if it were proposed to create a strong Central America to block our path to the south. The creation of a nation depends upon a multitude of factors, most of which cannot be made but must grow. The existence of any of the lesser nationalities of Central and Eastern Europe depends absolutely on its relations, economic as well as political. Our aim is to remake, not to rehash Europe. And in this remade Europe will be a place for the German people evolved by the horrors of war beyond their slavery and barbarism. Victory over Germany will be achieved precisely when the German people have changed their minds as to their mode of government. And when this change has taken place, Europe will rearrange its nationalities without effort and without dispute."

The New Republic directs its criticism against what it calls the "economic nationalism" and "policy of isolation" implicit in Senator Lodge's attitude. It says:

"Economic nationalism; therefore no League of Nations; therefore not merely the decisive defeat but the destruction of Germany. Such is the ultimate logic of Senator Lodge's party politics and war aims. It is good logic; but by the grace of God, a better logic rules the actual course of American policy."

The real honest truth of it is that everyone is in the draft. The Government merely hasn't called for men of some ages yet.—*Emporia Gazette*.

BRITISH POLICY AND THE REAL OBSTACLE TO PEACE

A STATEMENT of great importance on the peace question has been made in a House of Commons debate initiated by the pacifists of that body. Mr. Balfour insisted—as the Prime Minister did on a previous occasion—that the destruction of the armed forces of the Imperial Government was a condition precedent to peace. The pacifists made a formidable demonstration in favor of immediate peace “discussions.” Mr. Balfour, in his capacity as head of the British Foreign Office, replied that the abyss separating the Entente powers from the enemy was so deep as “hardly to be plumbed and so wide as hardly to be bridged.” Speaking with greater earnestness and emphasis than in all former speeches on the subject, says the *London News*, to which we are indebted for our summary, Mr. Balfour analyzed at length the character of the German domination of Finland, the Baltic provinces and Rumania. He suggested that to give back the African colonies of Germany or to restore the occupied Turkish territory while Germany remained in her present frame of mind would be merely to place in her hand a vast weapon for evil. In the opening stage of this historic discussion, which the *Paris Gaulois* deems the key to all the diplomacy of Washington, London, Paris and Rome, the pacifists brought forward their most telling arguments. They urged a diplomatic policy which would seize every opportunity of promoting a peace by negotiation—as against a peace secured by destroying the armed forces of the imperial German government—and of strengthening democratic movements against the war in the enemy belligerent countries. The remarks of Mr. Anderson, the labor pacifist from Sheffield, show the range of the discussion. Here is the summary of what he said in the Commons as given in the *London Times*:

“The ordinary channels of diplomacy had not been able to grapple with the terrible accumulation of passion and tragedy in the various lands, and accordingly he urged that the Foreign Office should watch carefully the movement of opinion in those countries outside the diplomatic channels. The Allied Memorandum [on peace] had been sent to enemy countries with the idea of ascertaining from the workers as apart from the governments and militarists whether there was a sufficient agreement to make further discussion worth while entering upon. The document had led to much discussion in various countries and had, he thought, done a great deal of good. Were we prepared to make any advance towards the spirit which was undoubtedly growing in these other countries? He believed we had it largely in our power to strengthen it or freeze it. Mr. Troelstra, who had been regarded as a pro-German to be kept out of England, had attacked the German Majority Socialists on the subject of Alsace-Lorraine. His great sin, apparently, was to have had conversations with the German Socialists, with a view to putting before this country an authoritative statement of what was in their minds. That he would have thought would have been a service not only to the Labor movement, but to the Foreign Office. Criticizing British measures for spreading information, he said we put this business in the hands of men like Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Northcliffe. The first ran a show which was largely managed by business men and Stock Exchange jobbers, who knew nothing about national diplomacy. Lord Northcliffe was in charge of the

Mr. Balfour on the Abyss Between the Enemy and the Democracies

campaign in enemy countries, and then there was the War Aims Committee, and lastly the Foreign Office. Some of these departments acted, he believed, independently of the Foreign Office, which department he would prefer as the exponent of British diplomacy. There were far too many cooks stirring the tragic hell-broth, and they were not making a good job of it. Many people believed that the Allied statesmanship had not been exactly inspired.”

Allied Diplomacy and German Diplomacy.

ANOTHER eminent pacifist, Mr. Ponsonby, whose longing for the end of the war brings denunciation upon him in the columns of the *London Post*, complained that the utterances of men in power in the Entente countries had sometimes the effect of stiffening the resistance of Berlin. It solidified all elements of German opinion until no desire remained for a reasonable settlement. No one had contributed more to this disastrous result than Mr. Lloyd George with his talk about a “knock-out blow” in all its variations. The British Prime Minister merely enabled the German military magnates to say to the Socialists: “Our destruction is what the enemy wants. We must stick together.” Military victory had now become the aim of the democracies and a lasting settlement was not an object for which they cared so much. He contested the accuracy of the Prime Minister’s statements on some aspects of the struggle, especially the assertion that the Germans had replied to the Allied peace proposal by a major offensive and he deplored what he called the music-hall atmosphere which pervaded so many proceedings in connection with the war. He wished he could get away from the blatancy and the vulgarity which so often invested the war.

Mr. Balfour Rises to Explain All.

MR. BALFOUR observed in reply to the pacifists that his lack of receptivity to their arguments was doubtless due to the fact that he has far passed that age at which, according to them, a statesman can be expected to imbibe new ideas. However, altho the pacifists are all much younger than himself he failed to observe that they themselves had any new ideas. He then stated the real obstacle to peace thus:

“The real fact of the matter is, does all this talk about bringing your ideas home to the democracy of Germany and getting peace by inducing the German Majority Socialists to change their opinion—for I presume that is what it comes to—really brush aside the true obstacles to any peace? The true obstacle to any legitimate peace is what has been concisely described as German militarism. German militarism is based not on the ambition of a few soldiers, not, indeed, upon a strictly military caste; it is based unfortunately on the fact that German writers and professors, men of theory and men of action, those engaged in commerce, and those engaged in historical speculation, are all united in the theory that the true policy of any nation which wishes to be great is the policy of universal domination. You may call it militarism, but it precisely expresses the instrument by which



HIS PLACE IN THE SUN

—Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle

that policy is carried out. But the difficulty is that this gross and immoral heresy has spread its roots right through the most educated classes in Germany, and until those roots are eradicated there is very small hope that Germany will willingly become a peaceful member of a peaceful society of nations. How is that eradication to be produced? The evil originally came into being by the facile successes which Germany attained in war, and the only way to eradicate it is to show that war does not always lead to facile success, or to success at all. If you can once make it clear to German minds that in modern civilization the moral view of a majority of nations is sufficient to coerce a recalcitrant member of the human society, then, and not until then, is there some prospect of that peace which all so earnestly desire."

Mr. Balfour on Germany in the East.

PACIFISTS generally were urged by Mr. Balfour to consider what influence Germany now has from the north of Finland right down to the Black Sea. She has gained it by the collapse of Russia. How has she used it? The pose she favors is that of a liberator. Next to being enslaved by Germany there is no worse thing than being liberated by her. Finland now finds herself in the grip of Germany, Germany insisting what kind of government she is to have.

"Germany, as far as I can make out, is stripping her of copper and other materials, and not supplying her with foodstuffs, but garrisoning her with her troops, and attempting to drag her into the war, and to use her as an instrument for further aggression on Russia and still further interference with the forces on whom Russia must depend for her regeneration. Go a little farther south, to the Baltic provinces, Esthonia, Lithuania, Poland

and the Ukraine, and you will find Germany proclaiming herself anxious that they shall be free from Russian domination, but pursuing one end. Steadily, remorselessly, without wavering, without pity, she endeavors by every means in her power, by force, by treaty, by treaty extorted by force to bring these peoples under German economic and military domination, so that they shall be merely her handmaids in matters of commerce, and supply her with troops in times of war. So determined is she to keep these nations under her heel, that, having absolutely the power to rearrange the map of this part of Europe as she pleases, she has been careful not to arrange it according to national or ethnic limitations. I do not believe it is possible to exaggerate the cynical audacity with which she has pursued and



IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

is pursuing this method. She does not want to absorb those countries into the German State, because if she absorbs them as German States she will have to give them German institutions, and they will have representation, for what it is worth, in the German Reichstag, and they would have their place in the German Empire. She wants them to be united under a personal tie to the Prussian Monarchy, coerced therefore whenever occasion requires by Prussian soldiers, with no voice in the Prussian Parliament, and no power of directing Prussian policy."

Contrast Between German Ways and British Ways.

GERMANY has not merely forced Rumania to give immense contributions—indirectly but not less surely—to her war expenditures, but she has got control of all Rumania's industries, dockyards and railways. Germany holds Rumania at this moment not only in military but in economic domination—a domination

which shows no mercy, which will destroy the independence of the Rumanian people, if allowed to stand, for generations, and which demonstrates, if anything is required to demonstrate, that when a German talks of peace he means only a domination compared with which some of the worst dominations of the world seem merciful. Turning to another aspect of the subject, Mr. Balfour observed that Great Britain also has had her measure of territorial conquest. She has occupied southern Palestine. She has occupied large portions of Mesopotamia. She has taken German colonies.

"If you want to know the difference between British methods and German methods, compare the fate of the districts we have occupied with the fate of the districts occupied by the Germans. Wherever we have gone in the course of the war security has been assured, trade has grown, wealth has increased, almost before your eyes. Mesopotamia at this moment, I believe, is growing more corn than she has grown for centuries. Palestine, that part of it at any rate in British occupation, is more prosperous than it has ever been, and if you come to the German colonies I do not think that anybody who has really studied German methods of colonization will be surprised to know that the improvement is great there also.



HE CAN'T BREAK THROUGH

—Murphy in N. Y. American

"Turn your eyes from Palestine and Mesopotamia and look at Poland and Belgium. Germany is not content with the inevitable sufferings which are produced by an army of occupation, or an army passing through any territory. Those sufferings need not be great if the army is disciplined. They may be almost insignificant. German soldiers wherever they have been have produced a desert and left a desert. They have stripped of their machinery, of every means of production, all the great Belgian towns. From the great manufacturing towns of Poland, also, the machinery has been taken. Germany, according to some of those who write on her behalf, has done this in order that Lodz may never again be a competitor with German manufacturers. Poland, Belgium, the Ukraine, all these districts where the Germans have been, show even from the very beginning of the German occupation what a German peace means."

British Liberal Comment on Mr. Balfour's Words.

WITH the British foreign secretary's denunciation of the use to which Germany has put her temporary victories in the East there can be no quarrel, admits the liberal *London News*. His view that before negotiations can be profitable the negotiators must reveal some kind of approach to one another's standpoint is equally incontestable. Nevertheless, it seems to the liberal daily that the German press has shown signs of late of a change of heart. It is a new symptom, for example, for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to state that "general headquarters" is in no wise averse to peace by negotiation. It is remarkable to find the *Bremen Bürgerzeitung* saying: "Black and dark is the hour. No refreshing breath of freedom and civic equality blows through the oppressive night of our discontent." Then, too, the *Vossische Zeitung*, organ of the solidly respectable middle class, admits that the developments in Siberia dispose of all German hope of effecting a diversion by way of India. The *London News* proceeds:

"This is a significant consensus, and as Germany's military success wanes the chorus is destined to grow in volume. It is the evidence of that very disillusionment which Mr. Balfour stipulates as the preliminary to peace. The part of diplomacy is to stimulate the penetration of truth into the German mind. Mr. Balfour referred with ill-concealed contempt to the proposal for a meeting between Allied, enemy, and neutral Labor representatives, and the War Cabinet has gone so far as to refuse passports for Mr. Henderson and Mr. Bowerman to visit Switzerland for a conference with M. Troelstra. The work of converting Germany is apparently to be left to Lord Northcliffe and his directorate of propaganda among the enemy. Such a decision reveals the old diplomacy at its worst, learning nothing, conceding nothing, trusting no agency but its own officialism. While Mr. Wilson pins his hopes on a change of spirit in the German people the British Government resolutely closes the one avenue of access to the German people. The war will not be lost through the Government's obduracy, but it may well be measurably protracted, and the protraction will be reckoned in terms of blood."



THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND

—Rehse in N. Y. World

PACIFISM AND THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY

NOVEMBER was fixed upon tentatively as the date of the general election throughout the British Isles, but important London dailies hint that the event may have to be postponed until early next year. A good deal depends upon the forces of pacifism. They scored heavily when that influential labor leader, J. H. Thomas, induced the trades-union congress the other day to pass his resolution regarding peace parleys. This urged the Lloyd George ministry to initiate peace negotiations when the enemy leaves Belgium and France and accepts the principles of the "internationale." This action, taken so soon after the landing of Mr. Samuel Gompers in England, confirms the belief of the *London World* that the British labor party as a whole has been captured by the pacifists. It is pointed out by this observer that the labor members of the Lloyd George ministry—those not affected by the current pacifism—are being "turned down" by their constituencies. There are, for instance, Mr. Roberts, rejected at Norwich, Mr. Hodge at Gorton, Mr. Wardle at Stockport, Mr. Parker at Halifax and Mr. Barnes at Glasgow. They are strong men who do not think Germany should be let off in the West for the sake of concessions elsewhere. It was for the sake of making headway against this rising tide of pacifism that Mr. Gompers went to England, according to the *London Post*, which is delighted by his appearance in the nick of time. Here are the reflections of the *London World*, which, altho an organ of society, pays attention to what is going on in the world of labor:

"Every week there is a spider's-web dinner at the house of certain members of the Labor Party, to 'meet friends from the country.' Ostensibly it is held to try and cement the differences which exist; really it is a Pacifist move pure and simple to try and capture the party. Apparently those present do not pay for the dinner they consume. Who does? There are very curious rumors in circulation, and, not to put too fine a point on it, there are some very strange influences at work in certain sections of advanced political opinion at the House. It would do no harm if the Cabinet adviser paid special attention to them. There is also talk that just before the next election the Labor Party intend to publish a program to the world—on the lines of the famous Newcastle program of the old Liberal Party. Any such program always settles the chances of the party which puts it forward. Yet the Pacifist members are in favor of it.

"All these maneuvers are of no avail. The electorate as a whole will not trouble about these tactics. It is going to vote solidly for the people it trusts—those who are out to win the war as well as to work for 'the restoration of trade-union privileges'—a legitimate enough cry. It is getting a little tired of politicians of the Henderson type, who are always talking of their international connections and alleging tendencies among the German Socialists most of which seem to be mythical."

Is There an Irish "Deal" with British Labor?

CONFERENCES between John Dillon, the Irish leader, and influential members of the Labor party, are supposed to be in the interests of the pacifism which

The Germans, to make the Russians allies, are willing to offer them anything—except Russia.—*New York Evening Sun*.

Possibilities of the Coming General Election in England from Many Standpoints

would end the war if Germany vacates Belgium and France. This is a part of the program which many labor leaders, notably Mr. J. R. Clynes, declares can not be considered. Mr. Clynes, however, is one of the labor leaders whose position is said to be uncertain, because he does not accept the pacifism of the hour. On the other hand, as the *London Post* admits, organized labor in Ireland has raised itself to a position of importance and influence unknown hitherto. "It has come to a realization of its power of which the Larkin agitation was the first foretaste. The workless day to protest against conscription could not possibly have attained the dimensions and completeness which it did if it had not been for labor organization." The trades-union in England is profoundly influenced by the Irish, far more so than many people in England yet suspect. The pacifism of the British trades-union is in a partial degree a reaction to this state of affairs because many trades in England are under the control of persons with Irish blood in their veins. The deal said to have been effected between the Irish laborites and the British laborites is one which can not be ignored by Mr. Dillon and seems to have influenced the judgment of Mr. Henderson. Many English strikes would be ineffective without the support of Irish unions. Here we have a situation which has only recently been appreciated in England by persons outside the ranks of labor.

The British Labor Minister and His Following.

ONE of the difficulties of dealing with pacifism in the British labor movement grows out of the rebellion of the rank and file against the so-called "political leader." Labor leaders like Mr. Hodge may rise to cabinet rank only to discover that they have lost their influence over their followers. The situation has caused anxiety in France, where the importance of the British labor vote is not misunderstood, but the *Paris Temps* feels confident that the crisis will be tided over. Like all the moderate French dailies, it hails with satisfaction the appearance of Mr. Gompers upon this troubled scene. He finds a complex situation, it is agreed, one that will tax his well-known genius for organization and diplomacy. The somewhat turbulent groups of labor radicals have for months past sought to raise a trade-union agitation against the labor ministers, men who hold office under the British government after a successful career as strike leaders and union organizers. Mr. Henderson was so profoundly influenced by this agitation or rebellion that he somewhat hastily got out of the Lloyd George ministry. The labor radicals of genuinely pacifist proclivities are supposed to be strong in the Independent labor party, the British Socialist party and the pacifist combinations known as the Union of Democratic Control, to say nothing of various "national councils" and "fraternal unions." They are kept in a ferment by the Ramsay Macdonalds and the Snowdens.

We understand the Germans too well to ever conclude a peace by understanding with them.—*Kansas City Star*.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RUSSIA BETWEEN BERLIN AND THE ALLIES

Obscurities of a Situation Created by Secret Diplomacy

OFFICIAL London seemed to proceed all last month upon the theory that "Russia of the Soviets" has ceased to exist. The theory finds little favor with organs of advanced radical opinion like the *London Nation* and the *Manchester Guardian*. Both are mystified by the difficulty of ascertaining the course of President Wilson in the crisis. The foreign office in London is still not quite pleased with the determination of Mr. Wilson to tolerate no interference with the progress of the Russian revolution. He is now believed by not a few foreign dailies to incline towards a recognition of whatever government may emerge from the constituent assembly dispersed at the point of the bayonet by the Bolsheviks and at last accounts existing precariously in secret. On the other hand, "Russia of the Soviets" seems to be fighting for its life. The "council of the people's commissaries" has been issuing orders from various towns, but its membership has been profoundly affected by recent assassinations. Nobody seems to know what has become of that fifth "All-Russian Congress" which decided for the maintenance of the country's neutrality several weeks ago. As for the independent republics in the heart of European Russia, they are cowed by Germany, or the *Paris Temps* is misled. The Finnish government, at last accounts, had failed to secure a majority of the diet in favor of a monarchical constitution. Vladivostok has a government set upon its feet by the Allies. A group of revolutionary socialists is or was lately supreme at Omsk. There is a rule of the soldiery at Harbin, called a provisional government. Amid the chaos proceeds a race between Germany and the Allies for control of any authority issuing from the present political pandemonium.

Bewilderment of the Russian People.

IF the Wilhelmstrasse felt confident that the Bolsheviks could survive the crisis, Russia of the Soviets would be recognized and supported. At least, that is the idea at the Quai d'Orsay, which has long been hostile to the Soviets, according to the *Paris Débats*. M. Pichon, the French foreign minister, is personally disposed to make much allowance for the difficulties of the Soviets. He is compelled to assume an attitude of hostility to the "people's commissaries" because of the influence of England in the councils of Premier Clemenceau. It is fairly certain that the doom of the Soviet government has been decreed in the British Tory circle. There are political reasons why Prime Minister Lloyd George must defer to the Tory influence in diplomatic affairs, a fact fully accounting for the mystery in which this whole business is involved. The actual intervention of the British, backed by the rest of the Entente, takes the form of a movement against German penetration. The peril is very great, as the *Manchester Guardian*, deprecating intervention, admits. The Germans have countered with an expedition of their own, by way of the eastern frontier of Austria-Hungary, to follow one account. There has been a rain of proclamations to the people by all the invaders, each speaking in the name of Russian freedom and independence. A picture

of the chaos in the London *Nation* several weeks ago still corresponds to the actual:

"While this dubious intervention proceeds in Siberia, what will be the German reply? The real stakes are not in Siberia itself. German ambitions, vast and predatory tho they are, have an ample field in the borderland, on the Black Sea coast, and in the Turco-Tartar-Persian regions of the Middle East through which lie the roads to India. The shock of the contending forces must occur somewhere along the vague frontiers of Europe and Asia, in the Urals, on the Volga, or in the Caucasus. If Germany is strong enough to take up this challenge, she must establish herself firmly in 'Great Russia' as a base. Nothing seems certain, save that the area of conflict with all that it involves in starvation and oppression, is being enormously widened. We might have elected to fight out our battle in Flanders, and to decide it by use of the economic weapon. We are now following the reckless German challenge in making the whole East our battlefield."

What the Russian Crisis Is Leading To.

BEHIND the curtain obscuring the Russian scene events of the greatest military importance are preparing. Not only are the forces involved on a larger scale than the public knows officially, but the projects are of the most ambitious kind. They may even change the whole character of the war. So much is obvious from comment in the French and Italian press. The German high command is planning a campaign in European Russia on a vast scale, says the *Rome Tribuna*. The Allies are preparing for the emergency. For that reason the Quai d'Orsay is as vague on the whole subject as is the London foreign office. All the powers have embarked upon an adventure of which each realizes the possibilities and in which the first small moves will count for much later on. There may be millions of men fighting for the Allies in Asiatic as well as in European Russia before the newest phase of this crisis is understood. To state this point of view in the words of the *Manchester Guardian*:

"There is serious danger that, at a moment when the utmost concentration of our power is needed on the western front, we may be drawn into a military adventure of unknown magnitude and possibilities in the Far East and the Arctic. . . .

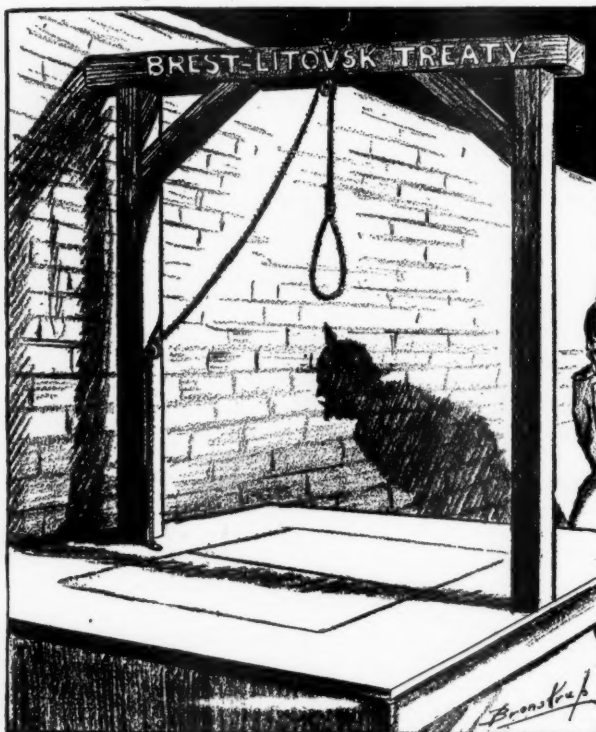
"We appeal over the head of the existing Russian Government to the 'Russian people.' What do we mean by the Russian people? We assume that they are in antagonism to their Government. What proof have we of that? The Bolshevik Government is bad enough, judged by our standards, and has maintained itself, like the old despotic Government of Russia, largely by terrorism, but at least it has endured, and it is not for a foreign power to intervene for its destruction. We profess to leave 'the destinies of Russia in the hands of the Russian people' and protest that 'it is for them, and them alone, to decide their form of government.' Fine words, but they do not square with the facts if, in effect, we overthrow a Government which at least has had sufficient popular support to get itself established and to hold its ground so far in spite of its glaring weaknesses and faults. How far is this intervention to go, and what do we propose to put in the place of the Bolshevik Government

if, as is likely enough, we should succeed in overthrowing it? If internal chaos should supervene, how, having created it, can we refuse responsibility for putting an end to it? What, again, of Germany? Naturally, when attacked by the Allies, the Bolshevik government will invite assistance from the enemy of the Allies. Are we prepared to employ sufficient forces in the interior of Russia to disrupt this combination? It would be a considerable task. And what precisely are the gains which we propose to ourselves from these maneuvers?"

Is the Eastern Front the Vital Front?

HERE and there one finds a military expert intimating in papers like the *Paris Gaulois* that, after all, the vital front is the eastern front and not the one in the West. The powers have been obliged to recast their grand strategy in a hurry. The mysteries of Russia are the consequence. When the curtain rises an amazed world will find rival armies clashing in the East as they do at present in the West. This affords us an entirely fresh theory of the German retirement. The general staff is calling its forces home for the sake of a demonstration eastward. There is a powerful military party at Rome which has from the first argued that Germany could be taken in her most vital flank if the Allies would move through Russia. Here we have the explanation of German anxiety on the subject of Finland. Were the country captured for the Kaiser, there would be no European route left through which the Allies could safely or easily penetrate into Russia. From Finland the routes by Murman and Archangel could be threatened if not cut off. An eastern front is in process of establishment, then. The *London Nation* says:

"How far that is a sound military proposition even the inexpert may doubt. If you must have a cockpit, there is



AN APPROPRIATE FRAMEWORK

—Bronstrup in *San Francisco Chronicle*

something to be said for choosing an arena with roads and rails, of limited extent, which lies at your door. The economist could tell the soldier the difference in relative cost between a gun or a company in Flanders, and a gun or a company in the Urals. Apart from these technical calculations, however, we confess that we are more moved by the prospect of the human misery which the choice as battlefield of an already starving and chaotic Russia must cause, and by our sense of the risk with which Russian democracy is threatened. We have every confidence in Mr. Wilson's intentions. He has yielded, however, to pressure which at first he resisted, and we have less confidence that the event will answer his expectations. The pressure which deflected him, whether conscious influences or the drift of events, will not be relaxed, and it is pressure which tends certainly to a propertied, probably to a monarchist, restoration in Russia."

What the Russians Think of It All.

MAKING due allowance for the difficulties of discovering the state of opinion in Russia, the Socialist *Avanti*, in touch with the revolution, says that two currents of opinion are for once united. The workers and peasants and soldiers, backing the Soviet, oppose alien intervention. The constituent assembly, voting whenever and wherever it gets a chance, repudiates intervention. The only friends of intervention in Russia are the so-called "cadets," friends of a democratic socialism, and the "cadets" lean to Germany. This in-



AMATEUR NIGHT

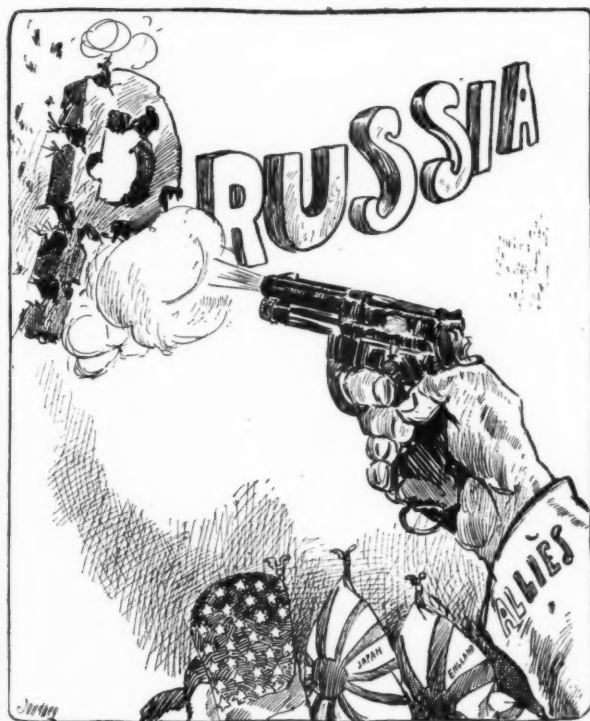
—Rehse in *N. Y. World*

formation may be received with a certain reserve. The important thing is to determine what the Russian people will do. They are represented in the Socialist press of western Europe as not at all despairing of the Soviet. They feel that the Soviet is their own government, the organ of the peasant and the worker. The Allies have combined to overthrow it. It may as a consequence

fall. Hence the western allies are unwittingly throwing revolutionary Russia into the hands of Germany. This is the analysis of Maxim Litvinoff, whose career as "plenipotentiary representative of the Russian Federative Republic of Soviets" in England has been so troubled. The judgment of the Northcliffe press is given in this extract from the *London Mail*:

"Since the Bolsheviks turned Russia into a welter of anarchy there has been no more confusing situation than exists to-day. Only one fact is certain: the Bolsheviks are in league with Germany. They have just concluded a compact with the German Government by which that Government agrees not to steal more of Russia than it has already taken and sets free the Bolshevik forces for action against the Czecho-Slovaks.

"In a long series of telegrams our special correspondent in the Far East has warned the Allies that if Siberia is to be saved help must be sent swiftly and on a generous scale.



CLEANING UP RUSSIA
—Donahay in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

The Czecho-Slovaks are in a perilous position. If they are defeated by the German and Bolshevik forces gathering against them, the great railway routes leading to Persia, the Indian frontier, and other vulnerable points of the British Empire will fall into German hands. The effect of this on the war in the West must be serious. We might have to detach a considerable number of men from the French front to the Near and Middle East and to withdraw a large tonnage of shipping at present engaged in the transport of the American Army for the purpose of moving them."

What the Quai d'Orsay Thinks of Germany in Russia.

HINTZE, who went from the navy to the Wilhelmstrasse, must be tearing his hair over the Russian ruin, says the Quai d'Orsay, speaking through the *Paris Temps*, always inspired by the French foreign office. Germany must hit upon something new in the way of a trick in Russia—East and West. In the far East German policy was merely one of liquidation. Out of



THE AURORA BOREALIS
—Cassel in *N. Y. Evening World*

the fragments of what was the Russian Empire, Germany fashioned territories to be annexed, like Courland, buffer states like Poland, protectorates like Finland, colonial domains like the Ukraine. This was no simple application of the negative principle of Austria: divide and rule. The Germans boast that they have a constructive idea. They divide to digest. This immoral system had a great blank. It left wholly out of account the great mass of the Slavs—those Slavs who people Russia in the center and at the north as well as Siberia. The Germans, full of confidence in their own strength and filled with contempt for the Slav character, temporarily abandoned these immense regions to the Bolshevik decomposition, like a bird brought down with a shot and allowed to flutter a little while. In exactly the same way a former Margrave, ancestor of the Hohenzollerns, having conquered the town of Brandenburg and the present site of Berlin, allowed the barbarians in the country around to remain a while in their primitive freedom.

More of the German Game in Russia.

IN dealing with the ruins of Russia, the Hohenzollerns realize that times have changed, says the *Paris Temps*. The formulas of the twelfth century, piously as they may be cherished by the officers and professors at great headquarters, are really a trifle too rough and ready for nowadays. As the Chemnitz *Volksstimme* admitted with chagrin not long ago, the treaties of Brest-Litovsk displaced in Russia a frontier that has not been talked about at all—that which separates the Russian partisans of peace at any price from the Russian partisans of a national resurgence. Lately, explains the *Volksstimme*, it was among the conservative Russians that we found the frontier between the partisans of peace and the champions of war. Only the Octobrists and the Cadets were enthusiastic for war "until Constantinople is taken." Now the frontier in question is displaced toward the radical political groups in Russia. The

conservative wing of the Socialist party is in accord with the bourgeois national parties so far as the Brest-Litovsk treaties are concerned. They are repudiated with scorn. Thus did it first dawn upon the German mind that the peace forced upon revolutionary Russia was a boomerang. The decay of Bolshevik power has been greater since the *Volksstimme* wrote. The towns and territories in which the Germans felt strong have been retaken by rebellious Russian patriots. Germany can no longer afford a policy of slow decay and quick digestion. She can not wait to devour Russia by morsels. The relations of the Wilhelmstrasse with the Baltic countries or with the Ukraine are but a part and a minor part of the Russian problem that Germany must now solve entire, as one. No wonder the *Vossische Zeitung* insisted that the important thing to Germany was not her relations with frontier states or buffer states cut out of Russia, but her relations with Russia as a whole. Kühlmann was kicked out of the Wilhelmstrasse and Hintze was kicked in because the admiral had been a German agent at the court of the dead and gone Czar and the luckless Kühlmann understood only the Anglo-Saxons.

Giving Away the German Game in Russia.

HINTZE would have been haughty to the Russians if there had been any Hindenburg victories. The military events of the past six weeks enable Hintze and the whole Wilhelmstrasse to see that it would be dangerous to let Russia organize herself against Germany.

While it may be true that no turn can be possibly made for the worse in Russia, Russia can find more new ways of staying just like it is than any other nation in recent history.—Kansas City Star.

FOCH'S DETERMINATION TO HOLD THE INITIATIVE

VIEWING the operations in the western European theater as a whole from the great victory of General Foch in August until the middle of the month now closing, the leading military experts explain them as an exemplification of the French theory of pursuit. It is well known, says the expert of the Paris *Gaulois*, for instance, that Foch, until last July, adhered closely to his policy of permitting the enemy to develop his conception. The reserves were thrown in at the right time, as the event proved. It required courage to hold off so long, but Foch never lacked that. Once the reserves had been thrown in, with the result of winning the success with which all the world is familiar, the pursuit had to be organized. Foch has pointed out again and again in his lectures at the war school that after a decisive victory there must be a swift and energetic pursuit. The enemy must be kept on the run night and day. He must be allowed no time, no opportunity to reform his scattered and flying divisions. He must retire with as little of the aspect of an organized army as possible. The events of the last six weeks are merely an attempt to demonstrate this truth. The Germans have been fighting rear-guard actions as they go back. It is useless to deny, observes the expert of the *Temps*, that a high degree of tactical skill has been shown by the Germans in this retreat. They have evaded their enemy again and again, but their move-

The *Kreuz-Zeitung* blurted out everything, commenting on the presence of the Allied troops at Murman and Archangel. "This enterprise shows that Germany, here as elsewhere, can not follow a policy directed at once against England and against Russia. Germany must take sides either for or against if she does not want these two powers to form a durable union at last." How much, sneers the *Temps*, was that observation emphasized by the beating the Germans got lately in the West! But upon whom will Germany lean in Russia in order that the Russians may become her allies? The *Kreuz-Zeitung*, a profound student of the Slav question, urges an abandonment of the Bolsheviks. "If their rule be really bankrupt, we must no longer uphold them and we must seek a new point of departure." That, says the *Temps*, was the classic method of Frederick the Great. When the lemon is squeezed, throw it away. The argument is enforced by the military expert of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, a radical sheet at that. The Bolsheviks have no artillery. Their troops are undisciplined. Their officers are incompetent. Thus we have the *Tageblatt* for the radicals and the *Kreuz-Zeitung* for the conservatives, with all kinds of dailies in Germany between them, saying the Bolsheviks must be dropped. The masses of Russians must be converted to the principle of "authority," even if a blood bath be necessary. It is the design thus manifested by all parties throughout Germany, says the *Temps*, a plan to crush freedom in Russia under the Hohenzollern heel, that alone inspires the action of the Allies in Russia, an intervention that must be speedy.

Monarchies and republics may come and go, but the Russian citizen still maintains his traditional prowess at assassination and bomb-tossing.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

Military Experts of Europe on the Strategy of the Immediate Future

ment backward has been steady and persistent. The Germans have their army still in being. This does not, indeed, minimize the importance of the victory, as the comments in the German press sufficiently denote. Nevertheless, there is no use in blinking the fact that the general conducting the German retirement has shown capacity in extricating his forces from a most perilous position.

The Pursuit and the Initiative at the Front.

INCESSANT as has been the pursuit, Foch, as his mind has been read by the newspaper experts abroad, never loses sight of the second phase of his well-known theory of war. He must not lose the initiative. A pursuit must be continued as long as there is an organized enemy to pursue, but it must not be prolonged to a point that threatens the initiative. The enemy naturally watches, as he fights his rear-guard action, for an opportunity to wrest the initiative from the pursuer. The German retreat has been conducted by an officer famed for his swiftness in seizing a fleeting chance. The controversy arising out of the new state of affairs may therefore be summed up simply: Is it the best course for the Allies to "mark time"? The suggestion has been put forth by various experts. The theory is that the Allies in the West should put forth

their best efforts to accumulate men and material. The suggestion finds no favor with the competent commentator who analyzes the situation for the *London Westminster Gazette*. What, he asks, will be the value of men and of material if meanwhile the blunder be committed not alone of giving the enemy a breathing space, the very thing he needs most, but of treating the energy and the freshness of the American troops as of no account. He proceeds:

"This reduction of the war to a matter of arithmetic, and nothing more, is of all errors one of the worst. It is totally fantastic and false. Our first concern is to hit the enemy hard, and keep on hitting. Hard hitting does not exclude the business of adding to our resources in the field. It is the best way of speeding up the additions. No mistake could be so bad at this stage of the war as that of hesitation and inertia; and no mark of incompetence more pronounced. Playing into the enemy's hands would not be war; it would be imbecility. Treating the morale of your forces as of no moment is imbecility. Neglecting the moral effect on the enemy of the élan of your troops is imbecility.

"Let us be quite candid. The German offensive might have gone on had the Americans not appeared in the field in strength. The issue of it might have been doubtful. But the appearance of the Americans in time enough has killed it. To pretend the contrary is, by implication, to belittle the Americans. Their weight and value have already turned the campaign right round. Not yet, however, have their weight and value been fully felt. Both, rightly applied, will tell much more. The suggestion that owing to newness to staff work they need time to fit their necks to the collar is on a par with the suggestion that the expanded British Army could not be relied upon to fight well. The American troops, as it is, are equal to any in the world. It is not a disadvantage to come to the tactics of to-day with an open and alert mind; it is an advantage. If experience means having been brought up on the tactics in vogue in 1890, the less there is of it the better. On this matter the public attitude is thoroughly sound. The public believes in American intervention out-and-out, and the public is right. The *New World* has in literal truth redressed the balance of the Old, and the balance has been redressed once for all."

Place of the New Offensive in the Allied Strategy.

PRECISELY what the new single command is in France and precisely what it is not have both been clearly revealed by the present Foch offensive, says the military expert of the *London Times*. There is no superseding of this general or of that. There is not the slightest interference with the commands of General Pershing or of General Mangin. In one important operation both the French and the British were under the command of Sir Douglas Haig. Before long the Americans and the British and the French may be under the command of a Briton, or the British, the French and the Americans may all come under the authority of General Pershing. The attack is a part of a general plan of campaign and not something decided upon in consequence of an accidental turn of events. The taking of the initiative away from the Germans in the first place was no piece of "good luck." It resulted simply and logically from the arrival of the Americans, and the unified command was arranged

beforehand. The unified command alone made possible the tactics of the attack, consisting of a short bombardment instead of a prolonged one in the first stage, followed by an attack by tanks in large numbers. The cooperation of air service with railway service and the unity of the staff work are the other important results of this now famous "sole command." The most important of all the factors in the events of the past six weeks is named by the expert of the *Manchester Guardian*—speed:

"It would not be going too far to say that the secret of success in this western campaign is swiftness of attack on successive sections of the front. Ludendorff has taught the world two things this year: on the one hand, that a surprise on a great scale is still possible and is the only road to victory; on the other, that a delay of weeks between each blow allows the enemy to reorganize his forces, seize the power of attack, and take advantage of any fault that his opponent has committed. Activity and speed, said Napoleon, are the virtues which win wars. Marshal Foch in this battle is applying the maxim which Ludendorff, whether of his fault or under the duress of circumstances, has too much neglected. If it be asked how this intensity of attack is to be kept up, the reply is that it depends on a combination of several factors: on numbers, on mobility resulting from an efficient organization of the front in respect of roads and railways, on a sound intelligence service reporting on the distribution and intentions of the enemy, and on leadership at every stage. With these at our disposal we can better the best achievements of the Germans."

Are the Allies Under Foch Too Sanguine?

EFFORTS are made here and there by the European military experts to deprecate an excessive optimism. Mr. Lloyd George himself has urged the British public not to expect too much from Foch's retention of the initiative and from the speed of the successful pursuit. Neither is it fair, says the expert of the *London Telegraph*, to be expecting so much of the Americans, despite the brilliance of their beginning. The reply to all this, says the expert of the *London Express*, is to consider the quality of the leadership. The war has reached a pass which makes the capacity of the command a matter of the utmost importance. If the fruits of the great victory are not fully gleaned, the inference will be that there is incompetence in the supreme command, that Foch is, after all, not such a genius as we have been taught to believe. To return to the comments of the brilliant expert of the *Westminster Gazette*:

"In the fullest sense of the word, this is a decisive battle. The mistakes made by the German command have been profound. No absurdity could be more gross than the suggestion that, having suddenly awakened up to that fact, as this evacuation, which is pure waste, tho unavoidable, reveals, the German command would make matters still worse by plunging into some coincident enterprise. They have to clear up this mess first, and they have not cleared it up yet by any means. They have to ascertain how much it will cost them to clear it up, which at present can only be guesswork. And do not let us be led away or impressed by such extravagant assertions that the enemy's strategical position is superior to our own."

It would be possible to believe in the break between the Hun and the Turk, if the Turk had a friend on earth to take the German's place.—*St. Louis Republic*.

If a successful retreat of a dozen miles stirs German military critics to such admiration, what will be their raptures when the Army gets to Berlin?—*Springfield Republican*.

EFFECTS OF THE PANIC IN GERMANY

IT was foreseen in the Italian press that the German Crown Prince would deliver himself of something in the nature of a proclamation on the subject of the recent military setbacks. He has been talking not only to newspaper correspondents within the past few weeks but to Reichstag leaders. He minimizes all "retreats" but he confesses that the Americans have proved an unexpectedly efficient and annoying enemy. The development is worthy of close scrutiny for reasons set forth in the *Tribuna*, the *Giornale* and other Roman dailies. What strikes a student of German affairs, the *Tribuna* notes, is the obscuration of Emperor William implied in the self-assertive tone of his heir. For an explanation we are referred to the expressions of contempt for American intervention expressed by Emperor William last spring. Precisely what his Majesty said appears in different versions, but all agree that America as a belligerent was scouted in the imperial speeches which incidentally took the form of an implied slur upon President Wilson. The words of his Majesty were believed at the time to have been matured and deliberate. The judgment of the naval magnates had been secured beforehand. The general staff gave its approval to the theory that no American army of effective strength could be landed in time to sway the destinies of this year's campaign in western Europe. The Emperor's words were implicitly accepted as final by German public opinion. The disillusion brought about by the events in northern France has been great. The Germans generally do not doubt the good faith of his Majesty, but his information turns out inexact and his opinion has proven valueless.

Loss of Confidence in the Judgment of William II.

IT is a most unusual thing, we are reminded by the Italian dailies, for an heir to the throne of Prussia to assert himself in the present fashion of the Crown Prince. However, something had to be done to restore lost prestige. The Crown Prince comes forward to tell the German world that the enemy has not won so much after all, but he incidentally contradicts his father. Emperor William, having spoken officially and with the imperial voice, could not eat his own words. Meanwhile the admiral who thought the submarines could keep America off has had to go. Chancellor von Hertling, who has spent so much time at great headquarters, left hurriedly for his estates in Bavaria upon the plea of illness. The great Junkers, heads of such powerful families as Schönaich-Carolath, Hatzfeldt and Oppersdorfs, are reported to be streaming into Berlin with a view to some fundamental change in the Prussian representation in the Bundesrat. The territorial aristocracy of Prussia, as journalistic Rome believes, is reconsidering its position. The alliance with the military magnates may be ended, suspects the *Tribuna*, for some of the powerful families in Junkerdom have long entertained doubts of the imperialism into which William II. was led by his friends among the financial barons of the

One cheering feature of the situation is that Germany's friends seem to hate her about as much as her enemies do.—*Ohio State Journal*.

The Prestige of the Hohenzollern Dynasty Believed in Europe to be Almost Gone

industrial region. For the first time since the war began, a great crisis is in process of solution with little or no reference to the prerogative of Emperor William.

Would a German Revolution Help the Cause of the Allies?

REVIVAL of the idea that Germany may soon pass through a revolution is not necessarily compatible with the interests of the western allies, observes a writer in the *London Post*, and the subject is considered from this point of view in the Swiss and Dutch papers, some of which deem a great upheaval imminent. The assumption that a revolution at Berlin would help the Allies is too hasty, it seems. At this moment the governments of the various states—especially in Bavaria and Saxony—are having the greatest difficulty in keeping a rebellious and discontented population in something like order. In Prussia the task of maintaining the traditional subjection to constituted authority has had to be abandoned. The protection of royal personages, of arsenals and ammunition plants is entrusted to specially selected troops whose fidelity is assured by peculiar privileges and unusually high pay. It seems no undue statement of the case to the *Paris Temps* to conclude that the German forces at the front were in at least one sector weakened by a hurry call for men to keep the population at home in order. There is a suspicion that withdrawals from advanced positions were dictated by the exigencies of this crisis. It is to the interest of the Allies, a military expert notes in the French daily, to maintain the situation thus suggested. A revolution might not work out at all to the taste of the British government or the French government and in any event it merely helps the Hohenzollerns to be able to say that England wants a revolution in Germany. It is reasonably certain, therefore, that the Junker press errs in its statement that the western powers are plotting an overthrow of the present German government.

The Failure to Convince the German People.

SUMMING up western European press opinion as a whole, the view prevails that the Germany of the fatherland is in the shadow of a great tragedy due to a fatal misconception of the American factor in the war. The militarists throw the blame upon the diplomatic establishments, as is shown by the recent full discussion in the German press of the responsibility for the mistake. The organs of the German bourgeoisie—the *Vossische*, for instance—incline to censure the military and naval establishments. The German people, at any rate, see that their position is critical because of the combination of British sea-power with American man-power. Unless that combination be broken within a measurable period, Germany must lose the war. That is the view in the highest circles at Berlin as interpreted in the press of England, France, Italy and to some extent in the neutral countries.

It is doubtful if eating her own words about the American Army is affording Germany any substantial sustenance.—*New York World*.

THE JUGO-SLAVS AND THE WAR

By LIEUTENANT C. Y.

[This article is the work of an accomplished soldier and diplomatist who has served with distinction the race of which he writes so informally and lucidly. The views set forth are those of the writer and are not in any sense endorsed by CURRENT OPINION.]

I.

THE PEOPLE

THE Jugo-Slavs—that is, the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes—through their origin, their language, their literature and their aspirations, comprise one and the same nation. It is perfectly natural that they should wish to unite to form a national and free state of their very own. They have many times expressed this longing in different forms—Serbia and Montenegro to begin with, by the great sacrifices to which they have consented in recent wars for the final liberation and unification of all Jugo-Slavs. The Serbs, the Croats and the Slovenes of Austria-Hungary have likewise manifested this feeling through the voice of the Jugo-Slav committee and through the Jugo-Slav deputies in the Zagreb diet and in the parliament at Vienna, wherein the Slovenes have placed themselves at the head of the movement.

The Jugo-Slavs appear in history under three designations: Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. However, these are not three different peoples. Sprung from the same origin, speaking the same tongue, dwelling in a contiguous territory, having the same customs and above all the same national aspirations, Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are a single nation designated by a common name—Jugo-Slavs (south Slavic people).

The Jugo-Slavs came in the course of the sixth and seventh centuries from the trans-Carpathian region into their present country.

They number about fourteen millions, of whom five millions are in Serbia and Montenegro, seven and a half millions in Austria-Hungary, while a million and a half dwell for the most part temporarily in the two Americas and the British colonies. There are some forty thousand in the kingdom of Italy.

In Austria-Hungary they inhabit Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, including all the islands, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Istria, Carniola, besides Carinthia and southern Styria, Gorizia-Gradiska, Trieste, Bácska (Banat) and Syrmia (the districts of South Hungary).

The western portion of the Jugo-Slav territory is occupied by the Slovenes, the center by the Croats and the east by the Serbs. But this must be understood only in a general sense. In reality the Serbian and Croatian elements on the one hand and the Slovenes on the other are mingled in various regions.

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The Slovenes were the first to succeed in founding an independent state. The beginning of the ninth century witnessed the birth of a Serb state and the birth of a Croat state. There were still other outlines of Jugo-Slav states, but all collapsed. The Slovenes succumbed the first to Charlemagne in 773. The Croats chose the Hungarian king for their own ruler after the extinction of their national dynasty in 1102. The Serb state, which saw its greatest glory under the Emperor Doushan, lost its independence in the famous battle of Kossovo in 1389. The Slovenes and the Croats fell under Austrian domination, and the Serbs under that of the Turks.

The whole history of the Jugo-Slavs is filled with struggles against the Germans, the Magyars, the Turks and the

Venetians. The perpetual combats against invaders and oppressors prevented them from achieving their unification.

By means of a glance at the map of Austria-Hungary it is easy to discover that all the Jugo-Slav lands under the Hapsburg dominion form a territorial block with no rupture of continuity. Now this block is shared between the two portions of the monarchy, comprising eleven administrations and fourteen different legislative systems.

This parcelling has for its object to establish in the Jugo-Slav nation—which is one—water-tight compartments so that one may be sundered from another and all unification of the Jugo-Slavs be thus prevented.

True to the principle, "divide and rule," the Germans and Magyars have always exploited and exaggerated trifling differences that may exist, notably between the Serbs and Croats. By fomenting them and aggravating them, sometimes to the point of open hostility, the Magyar Count Khuen-Hedervary managed, while Ban or vice-regent, to martyrize Croatia for twenty years, from 1883 to 1903.

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The storm which had already long rumbled, suddenly burst with a violence that threatened much. In various parts of Croatia, the troubles degenerated into riot. The detested Magyar governor hastily quitted the land. Dalmatia on the Adriatic and the other Jugo-Slav lands spontaneously joined the Croatian movement of which the result was evident in 1905 in a coalition of all the political parties, Serbs and Croats, proclaiming once more the indissoluble unity of the two branches of the nation. This coalition took root rapidly in the other Jugo-Slav countries. It embraced almost the whole of our nation placed under the Germano-Magyar yoke. Unity became for the people a national dogma.

The advent of Peter Karageorgevitch upon the throne of Serbia put an end to the vassalage of Serbia as regards Austria-Hungary. It denoted a wonderful moral as well as military and economic renaissance of the kingdom of Serbia. It also brought out more and more sharply the function of Serbia as a Jugo-Slav Piedmont.

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Realization of Jugo-Slav unity presented itself in two alternatives. It could be achieved from within or else from without the Austro-Hungarian frontier. In the first event, the two independent Jugo-Slav states—Serbia and Montenegro—must enter into the orbit of the Danubian dual monarchy, the Jugo-Slav countries to form a third state side by side with Hungary and Austria. This triune solution has been attributed to the late Francis Ferdinand, heir apparent, but evidently this is an error, for it is quite opposed to the anti-Slav sentiments of the Hapsburgs who have always deemed themselves German princes. In that capacity they have handed over their Slav subjects on the one side to the Austrian-Germans and on the other to the Magyars. Moreover, we see the Hapsburgs already long behind the chariot of their conquerors and former rivals, the Hohenzollerns. How is it possible to ascribe a friendly Slav policy to them?

There remains then only the possibility of Jugo-Slav unification outside of Austria-Hungary, a direct peril to her territorial integrity, which she hastens to ward off. She takes action against the two domestic centers of the movement. One of these, the interior, is among the Austro-Hungarian Jugo-Slavs. The other, exterior, was the kingdom of Ser-

bia. Hence we see atrocious persecutions directed against the one and an implacable diplomatic and economic war against the other.

The domestic persecutions took the form of countless trials for high treason. Of these the one at Zagreb, the principal city of Croatia, and another known as the Friedjung trial, are the most notorious instances but not the most ignominious. In the one instance as in the other the affair was carried out by means of false witnesses in the pay of the government and by means of false documents.

II.

THE PROBLEM

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, thus, conducted an unprincipled campaign, on the one hand against her own Jugo-Slav subjects, and on the other against Serbia, with the object of crushing the Jugo-Slav movement for unification. This movement seemed to it a domestic peril and a foreign obstacle. If this unification were accomplished, it would destroy the sovereignty of the German-Magyars and the latter were in no way disposed to abdicate. From the foreign point of view, the territorial integrity of the Hapsburg monarchy was threatened by the attraction which Serbia exercised over the Jugo-Slavs oppressed by the Germans and Magyars. Furthermore and especially, Serbia barred their way to expansion towards Salonica and Constantinople. The way leads there by the valley of the Morava and Vardar—two rivers of Serbia. Serbia accordingly must become what she had been in the time of the two last Obrenovichs, the dynasty before the present one: "an Austrian vassal, or disappear."

But it was not only in Austria that the tempest against Serbia was gathering. The storm rumbled still further off.

One can read clearly to-day the thought of Bismarck in letting Austria alone after the victory of Sadowa. Prussia proposed to absorb her entirely later on. Germany pushed Austria-Hungary towards Salonica, Constantinople and the Aegean, but she regarded her as her own hand extended. As a first step towards the eastern goal, she caused the concession to Austria, in the treaty of Berlin, of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

Germany was then in the highest degree concerned with what went on in Austria-Hungary, interested in all that affected the latter. The Jugo-Slav movement, threatening to domestic harmony, might weaken the military might of Austria-Hungary, of whom Germany meant to make use at a propitious moment. Germany thus wanted war against Serbia to protect Austria-Hungary from the domination by military force with which the Jugo-Slav movement threatened her, and to thrust aside, by the crushing of Serbia, the principal obstacle to her pan-German design.

The assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was a happy pretext to let loose war upon Serbia. The pan-Germans welcomed the assassination at Serajevo as a gift from God. We may be sure that after the victory of our allies there will be found in the archives of Vienna documents that will clearly show that the authors of the crime were the German-Magyars themselves.

Serbia is reproached with being the cause of the war. It is true in the sense that through geographical situation and as standard-bearer of the Jugo-Slav movement she was an obstacle to the Berlin-Bagdad pan-German design.

This hideous pan-Germanism has nothing in common with the principle of nationalities.

* * *

Pan-Germanism must be laid low. If it be laid low, Prussian militarism, which is but its instrument, will be beaten at the same time.

But it will not be enough to vanquish the monster. Its return must be prevented. How? To prevent its coming back, let us see where it would go.

One of the aims of pan-Germanism is its own expansion

to the southeast. Salonica and Constantinople are but a preliminary stage. It aspires to horizons more distant, Bagdad, the Persian Gulf, the Indies.

The kingdom of Serbia would afford the first dyke against the formidable pan-German wave. On two occasions, Serbia, the little David, expelled the Austrian Goliath from its frontiers. But in the end, without aid from any quarter, it succumbed to the aggression of the four coalized bandits, the Germans, the Austrians, the Magyars and the Bulgars. The dyke broken, pan-Germanism drew near, by way of crushed Serbia, of Austria-Hungary, of Bulgaria, of Turkey tamed, to the realization of its sinister dream. After the collapse of Serbia and the ensuing consequences, the critical importance of this little country is evident to all eyes.

Obviously, we must set up the dyke again, the biggest possible dyke, for that which existed, the Serbia of before the war, has proved utterly inadequate.

Austria-Hungary must be disjointed. Before rebuilding the dyke we must reduce the force of the waves to which it will oppose itself. Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria must be torn from the German embrace. These two states have lost their independence and are at present only German vassals.

Especially Austria-Hungary! Germany has laid her hand upon the army, upon the diplomacy, upon the economic life and even upon the civil powers of the Hapsburg empire. This empire includes twelve million Germans and ten million Magyars, while the rest is Slav and Latin. Now this remnant of twenty-nine millions is the sworn foe of Germany. Despite this, they are forcibly enrolled in the Austro-Hungarian armies and fight for a cause they detest.

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Such is the fact. If Austria-Hungary remains, this monstrous phenomenon will reproduce itself in the course of another war. To render it impossible, we must cut the twenty-nine millions out of the Austro-Magyar block, that is to say, out of Germany.

But the preservation of Austria-Hungary, even reduced to the Austro-Magyar block, would be a capital error. After the detachment of the Poles, the Ruthenes, the Roumanians and the Italians, who would pass to Poland, to Russia, to Roumania and to Italy, the Czecho-Slovak group would constitute an independent state, while the Jugo-Slavs would unite with Serbia and Montenegro.

There would then remain the Austro-Magyar block. The official census of twelve million Germans and ten million Magyars is much falsified to the detriment of the other nationalities. Moreover, there are two million Germans scattered in dribbles in Hungary and two other millions of Germans disseminated in the Czech countries or within the historic and strategical frontiers of Germany. These four millions would be sundered from the principal group of the Austrian Germans exactly as the Magyars of Transylvania would remain outside the national group.

The two groups, German and Magyar, would thus emerge considerably reduced. A way must be found of withdrawing at least the Magyar group from the German magnet. This means would be available only in the event of the total destruction of Austria-Hungary.

M. A. Chervin has already spoken in France of a corridor that will unite the Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slavs. He says: "To free the Slavs of Austria-Hungary is obviously the first thing to do. To unite them is the indispensable conclusion that will put the seal on their independence and the tranquility of Europe. This can be arrived at only by creating the corridor of communication that I have imagined and which will comprise the territories of the comitats of Moson, Sopron, Vas and Zala. On the other side, in effect, this corridor will separate Hungary and Austria and on the other it will permit the territorial union of the Czech and Jugo-Slav countries."

There is still in France and above all in England a current of sympathy for the conservation of Austria-Hungary.

Has she not fulfilled in history, it is urged, a pacific mission in holding together in peace so many heterogeneous peoples who, otherwise, would have devoured one another, which would have in turn brought on unfortunate international shocks? Can she not continue to play this part in the future? What a mistake! The peace in Austria-Hungary is the peace of a graveyard. A German-Magyar minority oppresses and odiously exploits the majority of different origin under the patronage of the Hapsburgs, themselves having at their disposal four formidable instruments of corruption and oppression. These are a miserable bureaucracy, a rapacious aristocracy, a tamed clergy and an army servilely dynastic. It is just because the oppressed peoples wish to free themselves that this so-called peace is a source of ineradicable domestic convulsion and of exterior conflict.

It is likewise affirmed that if the majority be dominated by the minority, everything will be changed by universal suffrage. It is overlooked that this has operated in Austria for some years already without any change in the general situation. The electoral geometry, that is the partition of electoral districts, is effected in such fashion that the national minority emerges represented by a greater number of deputies than the majority! Other similar devices profoundly modify the good faith of universal suffrage.

Others would preserve Austria-Hungary because she is Catholic and as a counterpoise to Protestant Prussia. But has Bavaria in any respect whatever counterbalanced Prussianism? And the Hapsburg Catholics, have they not been docile accomplices of the Protestant Hohenzollerns?

There are some who remember the words spoken by the Czech historian and statesman Palacky, speaking of Austria. He said: "If Austria did not exist, she would have to be invented." It is forgotten that Palacky, having subsequently better understood the inanity of this famous Austria, remarked, speaking of the Czechs: "We existed before Austria, we will exist long after her."

* * *

Besides the Austrophiles, there are still, among the Allied nations, Bulgarophiles, who would be quite disposed to conform to the Bulgars, in a separate peace, the possession of all they just (under such odious circumstances) ravished from the Serbians.

The Bulgars would ask nothing better. They have for the moment no interest in continuing the struggle. They realize well the danger menacing them from the Allies and by way of Salonica. They would be delighted to digest in tranquillity the big piece they have just swallowed to fall later, at a propitious moment, upon the Greeks and upon Roumania. For their ambition is of the vastest kind. They dream of an empire laved by three seas, assuring them domination in the Balkans. Their plan for the Balkans is what the pan-German plan is for Europe and the world. They are pleased to play in the Balkans the part of imitators of the Prussians. In reality they are but a tentacle of the unclean octopus of the Spree. They are an advance-guard of Germany and hence as dangerous and as pernicious as the latter.

By diplomatic indirections, in which they are past masters, they half hold, even after their crime, friendships in the Allied lands. In conformity with their spirit of duplicity, they have always two irons in the fire. They are with the Germans. But if the affairs of the latter go ill, they will abjure Ferdinand Coburg and sacrifice Radoslavof.

III.

THE SOLUTION

LET none therefore be deceived by the "realists" of Sofia. Ferdinand suits the Bulgars admirably and they want him for their king.

In fact, why should the Bulgars be favored at the expense of the Serbs? Why continue a maladroit diplomacy vainly seeking dubious friends at the expense of the Serbs, who

sacrificed themselves for the cause of the Allies, at the expense of the Greeks, who detest, and with reason, the Bulgars, and to the horror of the Roumanians who loathe them?

And can it be that morality, right and justice have really lost all their value? We have before us Serbia and Bulgaria—probity and crime, sacrifice and selfishness. It is suggested that the bandit be told: "Keep what you have stolen," and to the victim: "He did well in robbing you." Has the generous blood of millions flowed to sanction such ethics?

Hence, aiding Bulgaria means giving more strength to Germany, who makes use of it for her Bagdad-Berlin plan.

* * *

There are some who fancy that a resuscitated Serbia could accomplish the task of acting as a dike against the pan-German flood towards the Southeast in the future. The resurrection of Serbia would be the reestablishment of the situation before the war. Why have we this terrible war? Because Serbia opposed herself to pan-Germanism, which aims at Constantinople and, through Austria-Hungary, at Salonica. Serbia was too feeble to resist. How could she be stronger after the agony that ravaged the land and slew more than a quarter of the population? A Serbia merely resuscitated would not be capable of surviving.

Consequently there is talk of a greater Serbia as a recompense for her superhuman sacrifices for the common cause and the tragical misfortunes that have beaten upon her. But are there compensations for such sacrifices and such sufferings? Besides, a Serbia, even a greater one, would still be impracticable. There must now be something besides a mere Serbia that is reestablished and aggrandized.

Serbia has assumed the glorious task of delivering the entire Jugo-Slav race—Serbs, Croats and Slovenes—from the foreign yoke. It is thus not a matter for her of conquests, of territorial aggrandizements, of outlets upon the sea more or less important. It is a question of deliverance and of the union of the whole race in a Jugoslavia, in a state made up of all Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

* * *

The Jugo-Slav race had in the past the mission of serving as a rampart to the West, notably against the Turks. It fulfilled this mission gloriously at the price of its independence. Another mission not less glorious has devolved upon it through the action of destiny: that of going on guard against the enemies of the human race who would reduce civilization to slavery and even submerge civilization itself.

The creation of a Jugoslavia is a European necessity and one of the conditions of a durable peace.

If it be not created, this war will have been in vain. Not only will the door be left ajar to pan-Germanism, but there will be left in the Balkans the virus of revolution as a perpetual threat to the peace of the world.

For the Jugo-Slavs wish to be slaves no longer. They too have, like the other peoples, a right to union and liberty, to happiness and a place in the sun. No power in the world will succeed henceforth in tearing from their hearts the national ideal. They seek union in liberty and liberty in union. The Jugo-Slav movement has extended everywhere with such force that one can see and hear nothing but Jugo-Slavism—a wave that rolls like a tide of the sea and carries before it all that it encounters.

* * *

The enemy must be beaten. To succeed there must be integral victory. They must all be beaten: Germans, Magyars, Bulgars and Turks. There must be no exception—no separate peace. There must be complete victory. A half-victory would be a defeat and a disaster. The enemy would speedily regain his strength to rush afresh upon us.

This integral victory may be expected with absolute confidence. It is indeed certain, for the Allies in a common magnificent effort are making numberless sacrifices to bring it about.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

FOUR AMERICAN ADMIRALS WHO ARE ALL AT SEA AND MAKING GOOD

AMONG those, under and apart from Admiral Sims, who are "steering" the Stars and Stripes to victory by sea are four Rear-Admirals, Hugh Rodman, Henry B. Wilson, Albert P. Niblack and Herbert O. Dunn. They are known as the "big four" in the navy battle-line, and while quite dissimilar in personality they have the common, or perhaps we should say, uncommon quality of making supereminently good. Rear-Admiral Rodman went across last Fall to take command of the Battleship Division of the American Naval Forces cooperating with the British Fleet, and one of his first official acts, so we read in the *World's Work*, was to pay his respects to Admiral Beatty, commanding the Grand Fleet. "I don't believe much in paper work," Beatty is quoted as saying. "Whenever you have anything to bring to my attention, come and see me." "I'll do exactly that, Admiral," responded Rodman. "I'm not much of a pamphleteer myself." The expression tickled the Beatty sense of humor and was repeated, with the result that the story has spread merrily through the British Navy. His reputation as the wit of the American Navy has long been as wide as the seven seas, and,



REAR-ADMIRAL RODMAN
He is "not much of a pamphleteer" but he knows how to handle dreadnaughts.

we read, in any sort of contest to determine who is the most popular flag officer it would hardly be fair to most of the other contestants not to handicap Rodman. He is "Uncle" or "Cousin" Hugh to half the commissioned personnel. A good many of these relationships are real, too, for Admiral Rodman hails from Kentucky where they go strong on kinship, and has been the personal friend of every Kentuckian in

Congress or other public office for the last forty years. A characteristically Kentucky attribute is his keenness for outdoor sports, especially shooting. Some of his Navy friends declare that his ability to mark down and stalk game is almost uncanny and compares with the exploits of Daniel Boone. Yet:

"A man of strong and forceful personality, Admiral Rodman leaves a permanent impression, and a friendly one, upon everybody with whom he comes in contact. He is one of the men whom nobody forgets who has once met him. Always cheerful, he has the faculty of imparting cheerfulness to others around him. A thoro optimist, he sees always the bright side of things and is never downcast for long."

Admiral Rodman was born in 1859 and entered the Naval Academy at sixteen in 1875. His career at Annapolis, as one of his classmates tells it, was devoted mainly to devising schemes to outwit the instructors. However:

"Once in actual service he showed a remarkable mastery of the practical details of his profession, winning the confidence of his superiors as he won the affection and enthusiastic cooperation of his subordinates. Every officer and man who ever served with him swears by him. As a junior officer he had rather more than the average amount of sea duty in important posts. As a captain he commanded successfully the *Connecticut*, the *Delaware*, and the *New York*, was captain of the Mare Island Navy Yard, in charge of operations at Panama, member of the Navy General Board, and director of the Panama Railroad Company. He won his Rear-Admiral's rank in 1917, and has since commanded four different battleship divisions of the Atlantic Fleet, including his present detail."

COMMANDING American Forces based on the French Coast, is how the present job of Rear-Admiral Wilson is officially designated at Washington. It's a big enough job, too, for there is more traffic up and down the French coast and in and out of French harbors nowadays than ever before in all history. His sobriquet, "Stormy," earned at Annapolis, has clung to him, and his name, we read, is becoming a household word with the French coastwise and seafaring populace. Among them he is building a tradition of goodwill coupled with ability that compares

Rodman, Wilson, Niblack and Dunn, Next to Sims, are Keeping a Clear Lane to France

with the similar link between the two nations that Pershing and his soldiers are forging farther inland. For, says the *World's Work*:

"French merchant captains, from fishermen to freighters, swear by the American patrol and have learned to follow its convoys up and down the coast and in and out of harbors day and night, under all sorts of weather conditions, secure in the knowledge that the Americans have



REAR-ADMIRAL WILSON
His nickname is "Stormy" and it has become a household word on the French coast.

actually learned their way fully as well as the Frenchmen know it themselves. And there have been few acts of the Americans in France that have made a better impression on the French people than did the Christmas appeal sent by Admiral Wilson to all the American ships on the French coast last December: "The Commander of the patrol force feels that it would be a privilege on the part of the officers and men of our force if we shared our Christmas with the widows and children of (here he named the old French seaport which has become the chief American base) to whom this war had brought so many hardships. It is therefore suggested that each ship and the base make a small contribution for the purpose. Such sum as may be subscribed will be given to the proper French authorities for distribution, with a Merry Christmas from the American Navy."

The fund that was raised was a big one—bigger by far than the Admiral, who is an excellent organizer and a fine administrator, had anticipated. In his fifty-eighth year Admiral Wilson is declared to be one of the handsomest, if not the handsomest man in the American Navy.

REAR-ADMIRAL NIBLACK is in command of Squadron Two of the American Patrol Fleet under Admiral Sims in European waters. Twice in his career as an officer of the Navy,

the *World's Work* reminds us, he has been detailed for service at Berlin, and, as Captain Niblack, was given perhaps more of an opportunity than other naval attachés to see the German navy from the "inside," for "the Kaiser took a personal liking to him and on more than one occasion manifested his friendly interest."

"Two qualities that have much to do with Admiral Niblack's success as a Navy officer and his selection for his present important post are his forcefulness and his habit of making instantaneous decisions and acting upon them without hesitation. This, of course, implies a thorough groundwork in the theory as well as the practice of his profession, and that, his Navy associates concede unhesitatingly, he has to an unusual degree."



REAR-ADMIRAL NIBLACK

He knows the German navy as does no other American commander in European waters.

It goes without saying that a man with these qualities is popular with his

professional associates. The sympathy that was felt and expressed some three years ago when the accidental grounding of his ship, the *Michigan*, off the Jersey coast cost him the loss of five numbers in rank was neither perfunctory nor transient. The ship was uninjured and floated at next high tide—but Navy regulations call for a court-martial when a ship runs aground and Captain Niblack was found technically guilty of negligence and sentenced to be reduced twenty numbers. Secretary Daniels limited it to five numbers and sent him back to command the *Michigan*. Detail to the General Board of the Navy was followed by his promotion a year ago to Rear-Admiral. He is in his sixtieth year.

REAR-ADMIRAL DUNN, who has been concerned in more than one spectacular engagement since his detail to duty in European waters last November, is described as "forceful without being noisy about it." Also as a *beau sabreur* who is "as precise in his manner and methods as he is in his personal appearance; dignified without being aloof, genial without being familiar," the sort of commanding officer who wants everything "ship-shape and Bristol-fashion." Recently, it is recounted, a U-boat captain thought he would inflict a little *schrecklichkeit* upon the inhabitants of the Azores, a Portuguese possession. He approached Ponta Delgada harbor and fired several shells into the town. He had not no-

ticed that an American warship was lying in the harbor, hidden from view by the sea-wall. Just how the war-ship fired over the breakwater and gave the apostle of *kultur* a swift and fatal dose



REAR-ADMIRAL DUNN

He is a *beau sabreur* who is "forceful without being noisy about it."

of his own medicine has been told by Admiral Dunn in an official report not yet made public in detail.

Admiral Dunn has one hobby—a farm on Long Island Sound, not far from his birthplace at Westerly, Rhode Island. He does not profess to be a farmer but, we read in the *World's Work*, "the cultivation and development of the little place which he owns and which, until he became a widower a few years ago, was as much home as any place can be for a Navy man, fits in with his quiet and studious tastes." In amusements, Admiral Dunn has the reputation of being one of the best bridge players in the service.

QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND IN THE STRESS OF WAR

IT was observed of Queen Mary of England by an American journalist long before the war that she had a New England conscience. Time seems to confirm the judgment. Studies of her character, appearing in British papers, indicate in Her Majesty the sort of woman so precious to our native novelist, William Dean Howells. The Queen is primarily a well-bred Christian lady with very correct views regarding the position and the duties of a wife and mother. She is neither brilliant nor beautiful, and the fact is set forth in English newspapers with all the native candor. On the other hand, Queen Mary is undoubtedly very popular with her subjects of all sorts and conditions, because she is essentially one with them. She is approaching her fifty-second year and her hair is visibly turning gray but she has had the rare good fortune to inherit such an extraordinarily good constitution that not for many years, according to *London Truth*, has she been obliged to put off an engagement on account of ill health. The marmalades and jams distributed by the Queen personally

among the wounded soldiers are in some cases put up with her own hand and in every case under her personal supervision. The entire royal household is held strictly to food cards, and the prohibition of alcohol drinks has been absolute for some time.

Queen Mary is said, as a result of the war, to have a wider personal acquaintance among young soldiers than any other woman in England. She departed markedly from established etiquette when a youth in the ranks was invited to dine at the royal table at Buckingham Palace. Her visits to the hospitals are not at all systematized, according to the *London News*, and they are sometimes made without any warning. Her Majesty puts on soft slippers over her boots before she enters a ward. In more than one instance, the youth to whom she smiles or speaks has no idea of the identity of the visitor. An Australian lad, at whose dictation she wrote a letter to his people at home, was amazed to learn, some months later, that his amanuensis in the hospital was also his Queen. She is the first Queen of

A Lady Whose Traits Make the Court of St. James's Seem Puritanical

England for generations to be seen carrying packages and knitting in public. Her physical endurance is almost incomprehensible, and if we may trust some accounts of her life in war-time she can go twenty-four hours without sleep and never exhibit a trace of weariness. She is said likewise to have unusually good eyesight.

The absence of anything showy in Queen Mary's private life is not, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, the consequence of the war. She manifests none of that passion for sports of all kinds which is so characteristic of the English generally. She is not enthusiastic on the subject of horses and she is suspected of secret hostility to the races. She does not care for the opera. In fact, there is a story in circulation to the effect that she expressed surprise before the war at the vogue of Wagner. The sort of entertainment known over here as "vaudeville" does not appeal to the Queen in the least. Here again her intellectualized, not to say Puritanical, taste, which is well understood in England, is choicer than that of her people. All the music halls

in London, it is hinted, would be closed at once if the Queen could have her way. Nevertheless, she is no enemy of the theater. Her enjoyment of the modern drama is even intense. Among her favorite playwrights is one American—Clyde Fitch. The Queen appreciates a good comedy intensely, as is manifest from the relaxation of her ordinarily serious, not to say stern, expression when the acting and the situation are alike good.

If Queen Mary were a private individual, she would be deemed quite bookish, altho not literary, as that term is ordinarily employed. She likes to shut herself up in her own apartments with a volume of memoirs or a study of some eminent author or artist. Emperor William is said to boast of his intimate knowledge of history but those who know Queen Mary best declare

that she is decidedly his superior in this respect. Her Majesty is easily absorbed in autobiographies that enter minutely into the personal aspects of life during great historical periods. She is fond of reading the letters of people like Shelley or Lady Mary Wortley Montague. On the other hand she seems to have read very little fiction, at any rate, in recent years. The imaginative side of the Queen's mentality has, apparently, been extinguished by its practical tendency. Much of this is the result, the English papers say, of her early intimacy with a very practical Frenchwoman, a Madame Britka, who formed her mind from its earliest period. This gifted lady directed the mind of the future Queen, the Manchester paper says, in the direction of serious reading like memoirs. Works of this sort are read

aloud to Her Majesty when she is knitting or sewing and form the subject of conversation with her ladies in waiting. In these conversations the Queen is said to reveal the well-known indifference of British royalty to nice points of grammar. She will say "It's me," and "That's her," but she never says "Nope," as the Prince of Wales is alleged to do.

It should be admitted in the interests of historical accuracy that Queen Mary is not popular with the "smart" set in English society. She is accused of manifesting certain dislikes—some would call them prejudices—too plainly. Being almost destitute of the histrionic instinct, the Queen is unable to mask her feeling behind a display of graciousness to those whose modes of life occasionally overshadow the quiet tone and temper of the court. She is held responsible by some of the organs of the smart set for the abolition in England of the regulation garden-party, with its "smart" frocks. It is affirmed of the Queen's taste in dress that it is her own, neither fashionable nor unfashionable, and it certainly created a sensation among the Parisiennes on the occasion of her Majesty's last visit to France. Her costume sustains no discoverable relation with the fashions of the period, a detail of importance to a class of London tradesmen who profit much from constant competition to be up to the minute in these very matters. In view of the traditional dependence of British tradesmen upon the court as the mould of fashion, the refusal of the Queen to concern herself with it has left the field open to all sort of aspirants to the fame of Beau Brummell and the "great" Duchess of Devonshire. The pace is thus set by a pseudo-fashionable element split into cliques, each asserting itself as the real thing. Those who know the court best agree that there is no "smart" set recognized as such by the royal family to-day, and this is ascribable to the personal influence of Queen Mary.

Probably no Queen of England was ever so addicted to letter-writing as is the lady now on the throne. It seems from all accounts to be her only medium of intimate self-expression. The epistolary style of the Queen is said to be very genuine and unadorned, but every letter is sincere and characterized by depth of feeling. The Queen's favorite correspondent is said to be her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, but she writes fully to all her children as well as to a circle of friends. The letters are said to disclose a well-informed and even elevated mind, prone to dwell upon the serious aspects of life. They are written in the Queen's own characteristically English hand and are dropped in the post in the usual way.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST GIFTED LETTER-WRITERS

Queen Mary of England spends some of her time in correspondence with her friends and relatives. Her epistolary style is so much admired that she has been compared with Madame de Sévigné and Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

GAY AND JOHNSON ARE TWO MIRACLE MEN OF THE ARMY

Chiefly Responsible for Landing Million Soldiers in France Months Ahead of Schedule

WHEN the war began there was a pedagog at Harvard University expounding the principles of business efficiency as dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration. In the office of the Judge Advocate General of the Army at Washington there was a young captain of cavalry acting as a law officer and buried in the usual mass of army red tape. To-day one of these men is Dean Edwin F. Gay, Director of the Division of Planning and Statistics of the United States Shipping Board and head of the Imports Bureau of the War Trade Board. The other is Brigadier-General Hugh S. Johnson, Director of Purchases, Supplies and Storage—a major division of the general staff. They are the two men who are chiefly responsible for putting a million American fighting men into France six months ahead of schedule.

Dean Gay, writes Charles Michelson in the *New York World*, thought out the plan by which nearly a million tons of additional shipping was made available through a scientific system of reducing imports and saving cargo space. Without those ships the achievement would have been impossible. General Johnson, adds the writer in the *World*, worked out the system for coordinating all the vast purchases of the War Department and made it possible to supply promptly every unit of the expeditionary forces with every necessary article of equipment. Those who profess to believe that the so-called swivel-chair warriors who occupy desks at Washington are all rubber-stamp executives should study the career of Hugh S. Johnson, who has risen to the rank of Brigadier-General at the age of thirty-seven. He is the youngest Brigadier since Civil War times. A native of Kansas and appointed to West Point from Oklahoma, he entered the Military Academy in 1900. The story is that he narrowly missed securing the coveted admittance to the Academy because he was only an alternate and his principal was ready to enter when it was discovered that the other boy had falsified his age and was really over the limit. On graduating as Second Lieutenant Johnson was assigned to the old First Cavalry, patrolling the border in the Southwest. It was 1911 before he advanced to a First Lieutenantcy, for promotions in the army in those days were slow. Five years later we find him with General Pershing on the trail of Villa in Mexico, and the following year he was with General Crowder in the Judge Advocate's office. Then came his opportunity. For:



HE IS THE YOUNGEST BRIGADIER-GENERAL SINCE THE CIVIL WAR
At thirty-seven, however, Hugh S. Johnson is given credit for working out the Registration Plans and Draft Regulations.

"When General Crowder was assigned the great task of raising an army by the draft, he took with him to his new position his brilliant young administrative officer. General Crowder in his report gives Johnson credit for working out the registration plans and draft regulations. Some of the memoranda which Johnson prepared on knotty questions came to the attention of the general staff, and the young Captain, who meantime had become Colonel Johnson, was being closely watched by those 'higher up.' When the pinch came in March and the War Department was reorganized with a Division of Purchase, Traffic and Supplies, Johnson was seized upon as the ideal director and simultaneously was made a Brigadier."

It is around this young Brigadier that a wonderful machine revolves. If, for instance, a great order for steel

comes from General Pershing to be manufactured into ordnance in France, Johnson has to see that there is not the slightest hitch in getting it turned out at the mills and getting it "over there." If it is locomotives, steel rails, horses, uniforms or what not, it is his particular responsibility to see that it gets there, and all this involves many problems. He must see that the cars are at the factories to get the material to seaboard and that the ships are in port to start the material overseas. It was principally his genius for organization, we are assured, that made it possible to equip and maintain three army corps in France. Meantime, rumor has it that more than one cable has come from General Pershing asking that the former cavalry man be sent to him.

SOLF: THE MAN WHO MAY BE CHANCELLOR

ANYONE could see as long ago as last winter that Wilhelm Solf was a rising man at Berlin by the readiness with which he shaved. A man's importance in Germany, observes the *Avanti*, is revealed by the condition of his beard. Shaving-soap is at a premium and only the "all-highest" and the military magnates can get the real kind. The common herd must either let the beard grow or put up with common soaps that hurt the skin. Wilhelm Solf, after a lifetime spent in the service of the colonial office and the foreign office in hot climates like those of India and Samoa, finds his skin in a most sensitive condition. He is forced to use the most delicate of French shaving-soaps. If he can not get them, he must allow his beard to flourish. Latterly, according to the foreign newspaper gossips, he has resumed the habit of shaving. This proves to the initiated that he is powerful with the militarist aristocracy and can get scented soap—as much as he wants—from the vast supply stolen for the Crown Prince in France last year.

However, even the most discerning of the European newspapers which tell tales of the Herr Doctor, had no idea that he ever could be Chancellor. He is a man of no family to speak of. Twenty-five years ago he had cheap lodgings in Berlin, not far from the Palace, and he studied remote themes like Sanscrit and comparative philology. He grew up to be a real Herr Professor, observes a writer in the *London Mail*, with the spectacles, and the long frock coat and the pointed beard. He had a most remarkable instinct or aptitude for Oriental verbs and vocabularies. He prosecuted his linguistic studies to the exclusion of every other ambition, making a tour afoot through Russia that he might reach Persia, where he subsisted for two years as best he could. Solf seems never to have had in his youth one powerful friend. He was too poor to be a "one-year" soldier and for some reason he was denied leave to cut short his period in the barracks for the sake of his university studies. They were hard days for the philologist.

He returned from his pilgrimage with a mastery of the ancient and modern Asiatic languages so absolute that to this day the legend of his prowess lives on in the university at Berlin. The Wilhelmstrasse was at that time meditating one of its assertions of imperial policy in Persia and in India. A great mass of illegible correspondence had been brought in from Bokhara, Turkestan, and even Afghanistan. A find of some sort had

been made, according to the despatch accompanying the documents, many of them in mystic and cabalistic characters. Kiderlen-Wächter, then a mere attaché at the Wilhelmstrasse, had heard of Solf's amazing linguistic attainments. He suggested that the impecunious young man be paid a small sum for turning the Asiatic prose into German. The result was amazing in two ways—first as a revelation of the true state of affairs in the Asiatic dominions of the Russian czar and of the British king and next as a display of erudition on the part of Solf. He had only lately got back from his own Persian pilgrimage. He was taken on at the Wilhelmstrasse, partly as a translator, partly, as the French dailies hint, as a spy, and partly as a subordinate in the bureaucracy with vague intimations of a chance to rise. Thus runs the French version of Solf's beginnings. Poor, without influence, not noble, with a widowed mother dependent upon him, and having no financial prospects outside of a university professorship, Solf vegetated long.

Before Solf had been in the foreign office ten years, to follow another version of his career, he had created a sort of bureau of far eastern affairs. He attracted the attention of both Dernburg and Helfferich, who believed that Germany's future lay less upon the water than in the heart of Asia. When Dernburg rose to influence and was placed at the head of the colonial office in Berlin, he wanted to give Solf a governorship like that of the Herrero country or Samoa. Helfferich, we read in the *London Post*, thought Solf would be more useful as a spy in India. To Calcutta, accordingly, Solf went, as an agent of the foreign office. It is possible that too much has been made in some organs of the French and British in the far East of the activities of Solf among the disaffected in Bengal. He was accused of giving clandestine aid to seditious native papers. At any rate, his residence in India as an agent of the Wilhelmstrasse was one of mysterious boycotts in which the Viceroy himself was made to look odious. There has always been much mystery regarding the origin and the direction of the native revolts in India throughout this exciting stage of far eastern affairs. Solf fell under suspicion but nothing was publicly alleged against him. He was a master of "Hindi," who explained his friendships among the leaders of proscribed movements as the result of his well-known enthusiasm for the treasures of their national literature.

Solf had written with brilliance and

A German Professor, Unknown to His Countrymen, Who Knows the Far East Well

learning on such subjects as Persian prose and the Sanscrit origin of Greek moods and tenses, for he is a real scholar but, in the opinion of the suspicious Paris press, he is a trouble-maker in the far East for every country but his own. His period of residence at Samoa in the capacity of governor is but an additional chapter in a secret and sensational history. He clings to the theory that England and the United States between them cheated Germany out of the best isles of the Pacific. All these things are put aside to-day, observes the *Paris Temps*. Solf—he is an Exzellenz now—looks upon the Asiatic continent as the true field for the exploitation of the German genius. If he actually becomes Imperial German Chancellor, as the *Débats* warns us, there will be a great concession in the West and a triumph of the Easterner in all councils at Berlin.

It is quite difficult for newspapers like the *Temps* to imagine "Willie" Solf in the post of Bismarck. He would have to be made "von" Solf, we read in the foreign press, and some consequences of his humble origin and lack of early social advantages would have to be overlooked. He is still in the prime of life and his children are not old enough to be in the 1920 class, for he was too poor to marry until about ten years ago. The Solf home is a true bourgeois retreat, and the correspondent of an Italian daily who traveled two miles out of Berlin to have a talk with "Willie" found him watering his potato plants in a small kitchen garden. Solf makes, on the whole, a pleasing impression. His tall, clean-cut figure is surmounted by a square Teutonic head from which the hair retreats in grayness and shagginess. He blinks his eyes, which are a very dark gray, and his speech is excessively bookish and professorial. He has a clear, loud voice, and his speeches in the Reichstag are successful but never powerful. He can not debate. His utterances have the copy-book style and he flourishes notes and memoranda. He is very serious and deliberate and if he be interrupted in a sentence or a speech he must go back to the beginning and say it all over.

There is much to confirm the judgment of the *London Post* when it pronounces Solf an official automaton, a piece of bureaucratic mechanism rattling off set speeches. He has never, points out the *Débats*, been independent at any stage of his official career. He has fitted into a system to which he came as an outsider. He shows traces of his uncourtly origin in the awe with which he regards the court.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"LIGHTNIN'"—A COMEDY OF CHARACTER AND STATE LINES

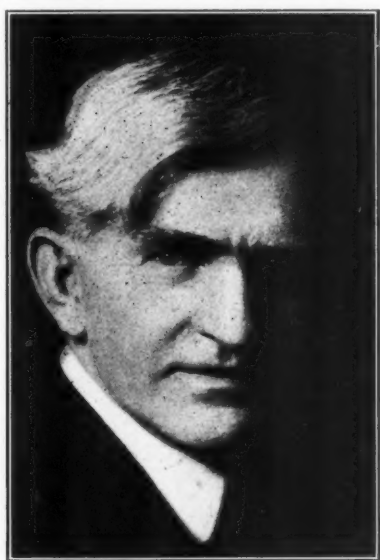
YOUNG American dramatists who wish to write a Broadway "hit" can study no one to better advantage than Winchell Smith. The author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Boom-crang," "Turn to the Right!" and such great hits, written as a rule in collaboration, is a veritable wizard in producing plays that are deservedly popular. His is a talent for extracting corking entertainment from the homely dramatic situations which have been doing service in plays innumerable all these years, as the critic of the N. Y. Times notes. His plays usually do not contain a single situation which is dramatically new, yet their power for sheer entertainment is seldom surpassed. A Frenchman, M. Georges Polti, wrote a book to prove that there are only thirty-six dramatic situations. Mr. Smith, we believe, might dispense with the last thirty of these as quite superfluous, and devise a play with the remaining half-dozen that would strike American critics and audiences as decidedly fresh and worth while.

As a matter of fact, the latest Smith "hit," written in collaboration with the actor, Frank Bacon, depends quite as much for its success upon the fine acting of Mr. Bacon in the title rôle of Lightnin' Bill Jones as upon the dramatic wizardry of Winchell Smith. Moreover, there is decided freshness, if not absolute originality, in this comedy of a state boundary line—of that astonishing Hotel Calivada, located squarely on the line dividing California and Nevada, a veritable house divided against itself and yet somehow held together by the very frailty of its inhabitants.

In the opinion of that somewhat recalcitrant critic, Louis Sherwin, of the N. Y. Globe, the character portrayed by Frank Bacon is a really new stage portrait, not only plausible and alive, but amusing and fresh. "This quaint and curious character—how odd it seems to be using those adjectives about anything connected with a Broadway play—is really worthy of Edward Lear. And yet so entirely plausible that after ten minutes of the engaging current of nonsense that pours out from him you are prepared to swear that you have met his like half a dozen times. Good nonsense is an art in itself, as seldom appreciated as it is seldom achieved."

To other critics, Frank Bacon's characterization recalls Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle.

Lightnin' is the very quintessence of masculine frailty, a nondescript failure who has seen plenty in his time and is not averse to talking about it. To follow the N. Y. Times: "Is crime the subject under discussion? Lightnin' has been a detective. Or if law comes up, Lightnin' has been a judge. Should the conversation veer to bees, Lightnin' is none the less at home. He drove a



JOE JEFFERSON'S SUCCESSOR

Frank Bacon, as author and actor of "Lightnin'," has created a character as delightful as Rip Van Winkle, according to the metropolitan critics.

swarm of bees across the desert in the dead of winter, and without losing a bee. When not reminiscing, Lightnin'—perversely thus named because of a deep and abiding laziness—is ex-officio proprietor of a run-down hotel on the border line between Nevada and California. That is to say, his wife is the proprietor; Lightnin' himself puts in his time roaming the hills, regaling his cronies with accounts of his exploits, most of them imaginary, and spending his pension money—he had been the first man to enlist, of course, in '61—for liquor."

The prolog is placed in the cabin of young John Marvin, a law student, in charge of a lumber camp in Washoe County, Nevada. He and his mother have been victimized by land-sharks.

Frank Bacon Creates a New Character that Suggests Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle

He is trying to cut lumber from the land these sharks have obtained, to deliver to Rodney Harper, to whom it had been sold. Young Marvin is threatened by arrest by the sheriff of Washoe County. While he and Harper are discussing the situation, Bill Jones, with whom Marvin has struck up an acquaintance, comes to his cabin. Lightnin', as he is called, has been drinking somewhat heavily. The conversation turns upon the amazingly successful hotel conducted by Mrs. Jones:

JOHN. Mr. Jones is a hotel proprietor.

HARPER. That so?

BILL. Got the best hotel on the Lake!

JOHN. Sit down, Bill!

BILL. No! Can't stop! Got to be home at supper time, to see everything's going right.

JOHN. What time do you have supper at your hotel?

BILL. Supper's at . . . what time is it now?

JOHN. Nearly seven.

BILL. (After a moment's thought.)

They can get along without me. I got everything sys-sysmitized.

JOHN. (Looking at him sharply.) I'm afraid you've been drinking, Bill.

BILL. No! Just saying good-by to the boys out there. They're breaking camp.

JOHN. And they wanted to have you take a few farewell drinks.

BILL. I didn't like to hurt their feelings. (To Harper.) Railroad man?

JOHN. (Smiling.) Oh no! Mr. Harper's the man I sold that timber to.

HARPER. Does he know about it?

JOHN. Bill knows the property belongs to the railroad and he's been a little worried.

BILL. (Looking at Harper.) That's the best timber in Washoe County—except a piece I got. (John prepares supper.)

HARPER. (Looking at him amused.) Is your place in Nevada?

BILL. Some of it is and more of it's in California. The State line runs right through my hotel.

JOHN. (Fixes coffee.) You've heard of 'Lightnin's' hotel, haven't you, Mr. Harper?

HARPER. I'm afraid not.

BILL. I guess you're the only one. The biggest hotel company in California's trying to buy it.

JOHN. He just got back from the East, Bill. He would have heard of it if he'd been at home.

HARPER. Why, what about it?

JOHN. Well, you see Bill's house was on the State line and his wife got the idea of turning it into a summer hotel. It's right on the lake front.

BILL. I give her the idea!

JOHN. So they enlarged the house, called it the Calivada Hotel and got ready for a rush of guests, and nobody came. But just when it looked like a failure and they were about ready to close up, the miracle happened.

BILL. It wasn't no miracle! I knew it would happen all the time.

HARPER. What was it?

JOHN. Women began to arrive and they all wanted rooms on the Nevada side and they wanted them for six months.

HARPER. The Reno divorce brigade!

JOHN. Yes. Of course, everybody knows what a woman goes to Reno for, but at Bill's hotel she can get a room on the Nevada side and make her friends think she's at a California resort. So, instead of failing, the Calivada's a big success. Of course this is Bill's story.

BILL. No, it ain't! I can tell it better than that. John's never seen the hotel.

JOHN. I haven't had time. And we haven't known each other long.

HARPER. Oh!

BILL. I never saw him till I happened to come by here a month ago.

HARPER. Oh! Been in this part of the country long?

BILL. (*Sitting on corner of table.*) Came out during the gold excitement. (*Harper winks at John.*)

HARPER. And you didn't happen to be one of the lucky ones?

BILL. Lucky? I located more claims than any man that ever came out here. I'm a civil engineer.

HARPER. You ought to be a mighty rich man.

BILL. I was always cheated out of my share.

HARPER. How was that?

BILL. Crooked partners.

HARPER. Couldn't you do anything to them?

BILL. I shot some, put all the others in the penitentiary—except one.

HARPER. What happened to him?

BILL. He died before I got him.

The land-sharks, in the meantime, have discovered a valuable waterfall on the Jones property, and scheme to get it away by the exchange of some worthless securities. Marvin hears of this scheme, and the lesson he has learned as a victim inspires him to save the Joneses. Besides he is in love with their foster-daughter, Mildred Buckley.

The first act takes place in the lobby of that strange hotel so appropriately named the Calivada. Two strips of carpet running down the middle of the room divide the two states. Prospective divorcees register and room on the Nevada side. Other guests live in California. The plans of the wily lawyers who are planning to acquire the Jones property with its ideal location and waterfall, valuable for the erection of a power-plant, are proceeding smoothly. Mrs. Jones is fascinated by the mirage of a life of ease and prosperity in San Francisco—she is, in reality, the drudge of the establishment, and her worthless husband is an added burden.

To the hotel comes John Marvin, pursued by the sheriff. He gives Lightnin' some sound advice:

JOHN. Has she signed the deed?

BILL. I dunno!

JOHN. Well, you haven't, have you?

BILL. No!

JOHN. Well, don't! And tell your wife not to.

BILL. Why, what's the trouble?

JOHN. Do you know this man Thomas?

BILL. Yes.



STANDING ON THE STATE LINE

A great deal of the fun in "Lightnin'" is derived from the fact that the Hotel Calivada is half in Nevada and half in California. Here is Lightnin' Jones in a state of indecision.

JOHN. Well, he's trying to rob you. The stock he's going to give you isn't worth a dollar.

BILL. What'll I do about it?

JOHN. Tell him your wife won't consider selling until you consult your lawyer. Then I'll talk to him.

BILL. What'll I tell him?

JOHN. That you won't sell until you consult your lawyer.

BILL. I'd have told him that anyway. (*Picks up trunk.*)

Raymond Thomas, this young lawyer for the land-grabbers, and his associate

Everett Hammond proceed with their machinations. The legality of the sale demands the signature of Lightnin'. Upon his refusal, they try to create a state of domestic warfare between Lightnin' and Mrs. Jones. Realizing the influence of John Marvin, they notify the sheriff of his presence in the hotel and of the opportunity to arrest him there. Everything goes on as they wish it to, when Lightnin' Bill interrupts the proceedings. The climax comes with the attempted arrest of John Marvin, who steps across the center of the room into California, and thus escapes capture:

BILL. Hold on, Thomas! Mother ain't goin' to sell the hotel until I consult my lawyer.

MRS. JONES. Bill—do be quiet! What in the world's the matter with you?

BILL. But, Mother—they're trying to rob you.

MRS. JONES. Bill!

MILLIE. Daddy!

MRS. JONES. You apologize for saying such a thing to Mr. Thomas. Apologize this minute. (*John comes down Nevada stairs.*)

JOHN. There's no need for an apology, Mrs. Jones. Bill's right. (*Hammond goes to door and beckons Sheriff.*) Mrs. Jones, you . . .

SHERIFF. Is your name John Marvin? (*John turns and eyes Sheriff for a moment.*)

JOHN. Don't interrupt me now!

SHERIFF. You better not get fresh with me.

HAM. That's the man you're after, Sheriff.

SHERIFF. I got a warrant for your arrest.

MILLIE. Oh!

JOHN. I can't be bothered with you just now. Now I—

SHERIFF. None of your lip! Now, come along—

JOHN. (*Throwing him back.*) Take your hands off me—

SHERIFF. Now you're worse off than you was before . . . resisting an officer of the law. . . .

JOHN. Law! Don't you know any more about law than to try to serve me with a Nevada warrant when I'm in California?

BILL. By Jimmy, that's right! Come over into your own state, Sheriff. It's safer.

JOHN. (*As curtain descends.*) Now understand, Bill—they can't get a good title to this place without your signature, so don't you sign any paper till you see what they're after. . . .

One of the guests is Mrs. Margaret Davis, a vaudeville dancer, who has injured her foot. She confesses that she always wanted a divorce, but as she and her husband were "booked solid" she never was in one city long enough to establish a residence. The injured foot has given her this opportunity. The same evening she lends Mrs. Jones one of her evening gowns in order that that hard-working woman may experience the joys of her future

ladyhood, a condition of hard-earned leisure to be brought about by the sale of the hotel. Mrs. Jones decides to discipline Lightnin', and to direct him not to obstruct the sale. Otherwise they must come to a parting of the ways:

MRS. JONES. Now, Bill Jones, we'll come to an understanding.

BILL. Don't you feel cold?

MRS. JONES. (*Almost in tears.*) No, I'm hot all over at your insulting me before those gentlemen. (*Cries.*) Makin' fun of me because I tried to look presentable for once in my life.

BILL. It's getting late, Mother, and you're all tuckered out. Now you go upstairs and put on some clothes and go to bed.

MRS. JONES. Oh! (*Harper comes rushing down California stairs.*)

HARPER. (*Joyously.*) It's all right, Lightnin', it's all . . . (*Sees Mrs. Jones.*) Oh, excuse me. . . .

BILL. It's only Mother. No wonder you didn't know her.

HARPER. Oh, Mrs. Jones—how are you, ma'm?

BILL. (*To her.*) He's number four, Mr. Harper.

HARPER. (*To Bill.*) The letter fixed it, thanks to you.

BILL. I told you, didn't I?

HARPER. (*To Mrs. Jones.*) A little misunderstanding between me and my wife; but it's all straightened out. (*To Bill.*) We're getting away early in the morning. Thought I'd like to pay your bill to-night.

BILL. Mother's treasurer.

HARPER. Oh! (*In front of desk, Mrs. Jones behind.*) My wife and maid came this afternoon. I got in to-night.

MRS. JONES. Five dollars.

HARPER. That's too cheap. . . . Here. . . . Keep that check. That's near enough. (*Hands her check. Starts to go.*) Good night and thank you again, Lightnin'—oh, here. . . . (*Turns back, offering Bill a flask.*)

BILL. (*Motioning him away.*) Not now! Not now! (*Harper slips it into Bill's coat pocket.*)

HARPER. (*Running up-stairs.*) Good night. Good night. (*He goes. Mrs. Jones comes to Bill holding out check.*)

MRS. JONES. Where did he get that?

BILL. Eh?

MRS. JONES. Your pension check! You got him to cash it and you said it hadn't come. You've been buying whiskey with it.

BILL. No! I ain't.

MRS. JONES. (*Pulls flask from his pocket.*) How did that get in there? (*Indignant.*) Huh!

BILL. I declare I can't get used to your lookin' like that.

MRS. JONES. You may not have a chance to, Bill Jones.

BILL. What do you mean?

MRS. JONES. (*Turning and dropping flask on desk.*) I mean I won't stand it, Bill. I been working my fingers to the bone for years and now that I've sold the place, I'm entitled to a rest and you shan't stop my havin' it. Mr. Thomas is going to take Millie and me to San Francisco to-morrow and if you'll sign that deed, he'll bring you with us. If you don't,

you'll have to look out for yourself awhile.

BILL. They both told me I'd have to get out. Do you want me to get out, Mother? Is that what you mean?

MRS. JONES. I mean just that, Bill. I'll give you just one chance to do the right thing. (*Going up-stairs.*) And if you don't, I'm through with you. (*She goes. Bill gets hat and coat from couch, comes to desk, starts to put flask in pocket, changes mind, stands it out of the way. Goes to door, turns, comes quickly to desk, pockets flask and goes out.*)

The second act is devoted to one of the most amusing court scenes in American comedy. The judge, Lemuel Townsend, is madly in love with the vaudeville artist Margaret Davis, who is defended by Raymond Thomas. The judge considers Thomas his rival. The case against John Marvin as a timber-thief is also on the calendar. And finally there is the case of Jones vs. Jones, for Lightnin' has been sued for divorce. Lemuel Townsend refuses to allow Thomas to appear as Mrs. Davis's attorney, and refuses to grant her a divorce decree until Thomas retires from the case and the superior judge himself, casting aside the impartiality of the court, manipulating the evidence, coaches the temperamental lady himself, and then graciously grants her a decree. As she weepingly leaves the court-room, the judge is so affected that he grants a temporary recess and goes to comfort the lady. He invites her to luncheon, and before nightfall has made her his own bride!

The Jones case is finally called. John Marvin appears for Lightnin'.



A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF

Mrs. Jones is standing squarely on the state line. Her lawyers, who are in California, are urging her to divorce Lightnin', who, standing in Nevada, is amazed at her decision.

Millie Buckley, who has quarreled with Marvin, is called to the stand. Marvin examines the witness, and so madly in love with her is this young man, he uses his questions to make the most violent love to her, until ordered to desist by the judge. Then, when he is grilling Hammond, it turns out that he isn't an attorney at all. The act ends:

JUDGE. You have no standing in this court. If you wish to remain you will take a seat on the visitors' bench—

SHERIFF. (*At gate.*) This way!

JOHN. But, your Honor, the defendant has a legal right to plead his own case.

JUDGE. Yes, he has!

JOHN. Then, if your Honor please, he will take up the examination.

JUDGE. (*To Bill.*) You have the right to do that if you care to. (*Bill rises.*)

JOHN. (*Leading Bill to lawyers' table.*) He does, your Honor.

SHERIFF. (*To John.*) You come out here. (*Indicating visitors' bench.*)

JOHN. I am witness for the defense, your Honor.

JUDGE. Then sit there! (*Indicates witness-bench. John sits in front row. Bill at lawyers' table looks about room shyly, pauses. To Bill.*) Examine your witness!

BILL. What's the matter with him? (*Goes up and looks Hammond over.*)

JUDGE. Have you any questions to ask him?

BILL. (*To Judge.*) The things John asked him was allright. (*To Hammond.*) Answer them!

JUDGE. You mean the testimony he has already given?

BILL. I got a right to ask 'em over again, ain't I?

JUDGE. Yes. (*John whispers to Bill.*)

HAMMOND. Do I have to go all over that, your Honor?

JUDGE. Would your replies be the same?
HAMMOND. Certainly!

JUDGE. (To the stenographer.) Reinstate the cross-examination questions put by the defendant. (As John comes to Bill and whispers, Hammond rises from the witness stand.)

HAMMOND. (To Judge.) Is that all?

BILL. No—hold on—I got some more questions for you. (John whispers questions for Bill to ask. Bill listens, nods and says in low tone.) Yeh— (Bill looks at Hammond with air of importance.) Ah—Hammond—you—you—wait a minute— (Bill bends over and John whispers to him again. Bill stops him before he has finished.) All right—I know! You said you went after Mr. Marvin with a sheriff.

HAMMOND. I did!

BILL. And you said the sheriff had a warrant for his arrest.

HAMMOND. Yes.

BILL. (Bends over John, whispers, Bill nods.) What was the charge against him?

HAMMOND. Trespass.

BILL. (Looks at John puzzled.) Where was he trespassin'?

HAMMOND. On the property of the Pacific Railroad Company.

BILL. If he was on their property, what did you have to do with it?

HAMMOND. I went at the request of the President of the road.

BILL. Why, you sold the railroad land he was trespassin' on, didn't you?

THOMAS. (Jumping up.) I object to that question. This is a—

JUDGE. (Breaking in.) Mr. Thomas, you and your witness have been accused of conspiracy. If I were you I'd allow the witness to answer that question.

THOMAS. Your Honor, I don't propose to defend the witness and myself from a ridiculous charge at this time. We are not on trial. This is a divorce action.

JUDGE. Objection overruled. If there is any conspiracy about this action we want to know it. Answer the question.

HAMMOND. (Angry.) I purchased the property for the railroad, acting as their agent. (John whispers to Bill.)

BILL. Are you a real-estate man?

HAMMOND. Yes, I'm in the real-estate business.

BILL. You told me and Mother you was in the hotel business.

HAMMOND. I am. I am President of the Golden Gate Hotel Company. (John whispers to Bill.)

BILL. Do you know why Mother agreed to sell her place? (Pause.) I can answer that one for you. It was because they started puttin' up a big hotel right next to hers and she thought she was goin' to be put out of business. You made her think so, didn't you?

HAMMOND. No—certainly not!

BILL. You had it all staked off.

HAMMOND. We were considering that site, if that's what you mean?

BILL. You know what I mean. (John whispers, Bill to John.) Yes, I'm goin' to. (To Hammond.) Has your company got any other hotel besides Mother's?

THOMAS. I object—

JUDGE. Overruled.

HAMMOND. At the present time that is the only hotel we have.

BILL. Did you ever have any other?

HAMMOND. No, the corporation was only recently formed.

BILL. You bought the hotel through Thomas, didn't you?

HAMMOND. Yes.

BILL. And who did you buy the railroad land from?

HAMMOND. Mr. Thomas. He was the owner of that property.

BILL. When did you buy it?

HAMMOND. About a year ago.

BILL. (To John excitedly.) We got him! (To Judge.) Did you get that, Judge? He swore he never saw Thomas until he met him at the hotel.

HAMMOND. I never did.

BILL. You bought land of him and never saw him about it?

HAMMOND. Never! I had correspondence with him.

BILL. And you called me a liar? (John whispers again.) There's a waterfall on the property you got from Mother, ain't there?

HAMMOND. Yes.

BILL. And you knew a power company wanted it?

HAMMOND. No.

BILL. Didn't they make you an offer for it? And before you say anything I'll tell you we know they did. (Pause.)

JUDGE. Did you have an offer for the water-rights on this property?

THOMAS. I protest against this.

JUDGE. Sit down and keep quiet. You're beginning to make me believe in this fraud story.

BILL. Then let him go on talking.

HAMMOND. Judge Townsend, I absolutely refuse to submit to this any longer. To sit here and be made to look like a criminal.

BILL. Well you look natural!

HAMMOND. (Jumping up and speaking to Judge.) Do you expect me to stand for this?

BILL. You can sit down if you want to. I'm all through with you. Mr. Marvin's goin' to get up there now.

JUDGE. Mr. Thomas may not have finished with the witness. (Hammond sits.)

THOMAS. I've nothing to ask him.

BILL. (To Hammond.) Then get up and let Mr. Marvin have your seat.

THOMAS. I refuse to continue the examination of the witness because all this absurd testimony has no possible connection with the case in point. But I propose to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the insinuations against the integrity of the witness and myself are not only groundless but malicious. And I shall do this at the first proper opportunity. (Hammond has come from the witness-stand and now joins Thomas.)

JOHN. (At witness-stand.) Your Honor, Mr. Thomas will have that opportunity at two o'clock this afternoon, when the Pacific Road's action against me comes before this Court. At that time I will submit positive documentary proof that Hammond was engaged by the Pacific Road to purchase a certain tract of land. That he first arranged to have Thomas buy that land and then bought it from Thomas, for the Road, at a greatly advanced figure. I will prove that these men learned of valuable water-rights on the Jones property and then got control of it by falsehoods and trickery. I will prove—

HAMMOND. Just a moment, Mr. Marvin—it will be most interesting for you to

prove your statements—at two o'clock. I must remind you again, however, that you are not a party to this divorce action and have no standing in this court. If the plaintiff wishes you for a witness you may be sworn.

BILL. No, I don't want any witnesses for the divorce. I didn't know anything about it 'til I got here. I knew I was separated but I didn't know I was sued. But I've been thinkin' it over since and I can see Mother's right—mostly. That thing he read (pointing to Walter) said I got drunk—well, that's true, I guess; then it said I—I abused Mother—(looks down a moment, thinking, then raises his eyes)—that ain't true, and I don't believe Mother ever said it. But then it said I failed to provide. That's the one that's on my mind. I have failed, Judge, I've been goin' right along failin' to provide and doing nothing about it. And the bad part of it is I don't see much chance to provide—now I do think of it. It's hard gettin' a job when you look old and so you ain't wanted—around much—I can see Mother ought to have a divorce. She and Millie can get along better without me—and I'm all right—I can go back to the Home and stay there until—until—that's all I had to say, Judge.

MRS. JONES. (Getting up suddenly.) No, Judge! Please don't give me a divorce if you can help it! Please, Judge! I don't want it! I didn't know what I was doing. They said it was the only way I could take care of Bill and myself in our old age, but they was just telling me lies! (She turns to Bill.) Bill, I've done you a wrong and I can't blame you if you never look at me again—but I didn't mean to, Bill—I—I—didn't mean to, and if you'll forgive me and—take me back—I'll try all my life to make up for it! Will you? Will you, Bill? (She holds out her arms to him.)

BILL. Did you get that six dollars I sent you?

(Mrs. Jones throws her arms around Bill who stands and submits unwillingly.)

The last act takes us back to the hotel that evening. Bill Jones succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between his foster-daughter and John Marvin. The land-schemers have been effectually routed. Judge Lemuel Townsend and his bride order a supper for everyone. Lightnin' Bill and poor Mrs. Jones are happy again in their awkward way, tho Bill—and this is one of the charms of the comedy—is by no means reformed. He is still looking for the eternal whiskey-flask. He still knows that he it is who has saved that valuable property and the Jones family from utter and irrevocable ruin. As Mr. Sherwin gratefully exclaims: "Thank God, nobody reforms... Lightnin' Bill is just as amiable a liar and rum-hound in the last act as in the prolog. The villainous real estaters remain real estaters to the end, even if they are foiled by the young leading man. There is no uplift, no sermon, no harangue to the gallery." The curtain descends upon Lightnin' Bill's self-satisfied explanation: "I fixed it!"

THE MUSICAL AWAKENING OF JAPAN

EAST is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," is the notion which seems to explain our accepted attitude concerning oriental music. Saint-Saëns compared the music of the Chinese to the howling of his dogs, and even recent travelers to Japan have returned with the conviction that its music is not music at all, at any rate according to our conception of it. The clue to this lack of appreciation would seem to be found in Lafcadio Hearn's discovery that "even as other tongues vary, so varies this language of tone combinations. Wherefore melodies which move us deeply have no significance to Japanese ears, and melodies that touch us not at all make powerful appeal to the emotions of the race whose soul-life differs from our own as blue differs from yellow."

The only way to have this music interpreted to the western world is, obviously, for a Japanese to absorb into his consciousness a western musical vocabulary so complete that through it he might express his nation's musical soul. That, if we are to believe *Musical America*, is precisely what has happened in the case of Kosçak Yamada, the first Japanese graduate of the Tokio Academy of Music to become a composer, now on a visit in America. Having proved himself capable of sustained creative activity in the western forms, he is now, in the light of his European understanding, successfully interpreting to us the folk-songs and art music of his race. The result of his labors is nothing short of the establishment of an *entente cordiale* between eastern and western musical art, the consequences of which, in broadening our artistic horizon, may prove as far-reaching as our awakening to the beauties of Japanese prints.

A volume of settings of Japanese folk-songs by Mr. Yamada, and a set of "Japanese Art Dances," freely transcribed by the composer, are about to be published in New York. A preface to the former, by Torao Taketomo, informs us that most of the songs are centuries old, yet are still sung by the Japanese of the present day. Thus a "Cradle Song," a "Boatman's Song," and a "Counting Song" bear the literary traces of the sixteenth century. Another number, a "Buddhist Chant," belongs to a species called *imayo*, which became current at court late in the eleventh century and corresponds somewhat to our medieval *rondeau*. The name *imayo* means "modern style" and appears to indicate that the texts, taken

from a folk-lore dating from time immemorial, are treated in a style which in the eleventh century was considered modern!

Mr. Taketomo remarks in the course of his article that "the beauties of these songs are so different from those I have learned to enjoy in western music that I feel that, unless properly presented, they are difficult for foreigners to understand." "Yet," he continues, "if a Claudel or a Loti had ever heard the drowsy note of the 'Cradle Song' its memory would suffice to awaken appreciation for the work of my friend."

The secret of the success of these transcriptions lies in the ingenious method by which the melodies have been translated, so to speak, into western terms. Mr. Yamada first of all avoided the natural pitfalls of Europeans in providing a harmonic background for these tunes. To force these delicate, almost fragile, melodies into the strait-jacket of our diatonic four-part harmony would be impossible without pulling them out of shape, as it were. For, to begin with, they are not based on our European tonalities, and are entirely innocent of the "tempered" scale of the modern piano. Moreover such a process would do violence to their spirit. Like all folk-songs these wild flowers of the Japanese genius are primarily melodic. But, while all European melodies carry with

The First Japanese Composer to Write in the Occidental Forms Interprets Nippon's Music to the West

them a harmonic implication, the significance of Japanese music, like that of Japanese art, is essentially linear. Therefore, in providing a support for these melodic lines, other lines should be added rather than solids (harmonies), and the only European method by which that may be done is counterpoint. Counterpoint is the art of combining musical lines horizontally; whereas harmony combines sounds in a vertical sense. To "harmonize" a Japanese melody in the ordinary way would be like "correcting" a Japanese print according to the rules of perspective. It would deprive it of its individuality.

The best vindication of these settings is, perhaps, the fact that even when sung to the accompaniment of the piano they still exert their original charm upon native Japanese. How much the spread and the increasing appreciation of European music in Japan has to do with this it is of course difficult to say. For we must not forget that the modes of Oriental music are not the same as ours and that its intonation is more nearly in accordance with the laws of acoustics. Hence, to unspoiled Japanese ears our well-tuned piano must sound out of tune. However, the five-tone scale, which is the foundation of so many of our folk-songs, notably those of Scotland, forms also the basis of many Japanese tunes. In this more primitive musical material we may therefore recognize a sort of funda-



A MUSICAL TRANSLATOR

Kosçak Yamada, the Japanese composer, adapts the folk-songs and art music of his race to the musical idiom of the western world. New York is to hear an orchestral concert of his results.

mental affinity between the races. In an introduction to the "Three Japanese Art Dances" Mr. Frederick H. Martens writes:

"The music of these dances shows that logical coherence, that affinity with the scales of the West which characterizes much of the music of Japan. . . . In modal character the melodies have something in common with the ancient Greek music; they employ the same exact notes, which yet have no definite expression and no harmonic affinities. There is more or less shifting of the tonic; its relation to fourth and fifth varies; yet fundamentally this Japanese music is based on the same principle upon which modern music rests—the essential division of the octave into fourth and fifth, and the sequence of tones on these intervals. And, while all the Oriental music is theoretically based upon a pentatone scale, in practice its possibili-

ties for color and expression are extended far beyond a five-tone limit."

These "Art Dances," it should be noted, represent an important department of Japanese musical composition, which is peculiarly cogent to a recent development in our own music. For they are not folk-dances or social dances, of which Japan has also its share, but dances written expressly for artistic interpretation by professional actor-dancers, such as our modern artists of the ballet. It is significant, also, that Mr. Yamada, in close association with such dancers as Michio Ito, is producing art dances—ballets of intimate character—which combine the mystic and symbolic qualities of the Japanese dance with the rhythmic vigor of the Occidental ballet, foreshadowing a new phase of the ballet-pantomime

which is threatening to supersede the opera, and which not unlikely will be a combination of Oriental and Occidental elements.

The musical *rapprochement* between Japan and the West is, of course, likely to be of the greatest importance to Japan herself. Already several music schools on the European model are flourishing in the larger Japanese cities. A Philharmonic Society in Tokio, founded and conducted by Mr. Yamada, is prospering under imperial patronage. Mr. Yamada's pupils, including princes of the blood, are already producing original music in Occidental style. It is said that the third son of the present emperor plays both the piano and the violin acceptably and is counted on to become a liberal patron of the art.

ARNOLD BENNETT'S MISOGYNOUS COMEDY OF BRITISH "SHE-SNOBS"

AT last a play worth writing about! exclaims William Archer of Arnold Bennett's new comedy, recently produced in London. He admits that "The Title," as the play is named, belongs rather to the realm of dramatic journalism than to dramatic literature. What it does is to express, with a great deal of good-humored wit, the feelings of all sensible men upon one of the minor scandals of English public life—the reckless lading out of "honors." To Mr. H. W. Massingham of the London *Nation*, the play seems rather to be a satirical exposé of the "she-snob." Mrs. Arthur Culver ached to be called "my lady" by her servants. Arthur, who was controller of accounts, was strongly opposed to the acceptance of one of those cheap baronetcies periodically ladled out to rascals and nonentities by the Government. Mr. Archer recalls that John Galsworthy refused the same "distinction," and thereby retains the distinction which is inalienably his own. "Literature is always a good card to play for honors," remarks one of the Bennett characters. "It makes people think that Cabinet Ministers are educated."

But the misogynous attitude toward the British she-snob runs through Mr. Bennett's comedy as a *leitmotif*. To follow Mr. Massingham:

"For the period of the rapid and brilliant second act, it looks as if we were in for a regular sex-duel on a fine old battleground. Mr. Culver was to be wheedled, bullied, maneuvered, and marched into a baronetcy, so that Mrs. Culver, Snobness avowed and unabashed, might have her ears deliciously tickled with her parlor-maid's 'My lady.' Win or lose, it would be a bonny fight. Culver, perhaps, was a little on the weak side, a conscientious

objector to titles, but by no means an absolutist, and much too fond of his fascinating squaw. Nor did he seem to have decided the rather vital point whether the acceptance of a title (i. e., of an artificial State-made distinction between one man and another) was a good act of citizenship or a bad one. Still, he was sound on the main issue. The Government, having an unavoidable rascal or two on their Honors List, conceived that it wanted whitening, and had selected him, the respectable Culver, for a job he by no means approved. And that makes a very good dramatic issue. Woman's instinctive appetite against man's prudential morality. An unequal encounter? Yes; but an old and a deep one. And stated by Mr. Bennett with wit and insight.

"But somehow the battle never comes off. Mr. Bennett's second act, as I have said, revealed a brilliant offensive on Mrs. Culver's part, ably seconded by a lady secretary, determined henceforth to typewrite for a baronet, and failing him, to desert him for a peer. Threatened at once with a widowed bed and a silent typewriter, it certainly looked as if Culver would be beaten. His defences, never as solid as they looked, were not manned with resolution. Short work was made of the point that it would not look well for his name to appear side by side with that of the scandalous Jones. 'So you are thinking of your club all the while! Just like a man to put his gossip before his wife!'"

The spirit of the battle that thus rages in the Culver household over this momentous issue is brilliantly illustrated by the dialog from the second act quoted in the N. Y. *Nation* by Mr. Archer. Mr. Bennett's lines hit the nail on the head with delightful accuracy:

MRS. CULVER. I know you're wiser and stronger than me in every way. But I love that. Most women wouldn't; but I do. (*Kisses him.*) Oh, I'm so glad you've

at last seen the force of my arguments about the title.

CULVER. (*Gently warning.*) Now, now! You're behaving like a journalist.

MRS. CULVER. Like a journalist?

CULVER. Journalists say a thing that they know isn't true, in the hope that if they keep on saying it long enough it will be true.

MRS. CULVER. But you do see the force of my arguments!

CULVER. Quite. But I also see the force of mine, and as an impartial judge I'm bound to say that yours aren't in it with mine. . . .

MRS. CULVER. Arthur, you're playing with me!

CULVER. No doubt. As a mouse plays with a cat.

MRS. CULVER. Surely it has occurred to you—

CULVER. Stop! You had till four o'clock this morning to deliver all your arguments. You aren't going to begin again. I understand you've stayed in bed all day. Quite right! But if you've stayed in bed merely to think of fresh arguments while I've been slaving away at the office for my country, I say you're taking an unfair advantage of me, and I won't have it.

MRS. CULVER. (*With dignity.*) No. I haven't any fresh arguments, and if I had I shouldn't say what they were.

CULVER. Oh! Why?

MRS. CULVER. Because I see it's useless to argue with a man like you.

CULVER. Now that's what I call better news from the Front.

MRS. CULVER. I was only going to say this. Surely, it has occurred to you that on patriotic grounds alone you oughtn't to refuse the title. I quite agree that honors have been degraded. Quite! The thing surely is to try and make them respectable again. And how are they ever to be respectable if respectable men refuse them?

CULVER. This looks to me suspiciously like an argument.

MRS. CULVER. Not at all. It's simply a question.

"The Title" Satirizes the Reckless Lading Out of Cheap "Honors"

CULVER. Well, the answer is, I don't want honors to be respectable any more. Proverb: When fish has gone bad ten thousand decent men can't take away the stink.

Here man is of course in the end defeated by the insatiable she-snob. Mr. Bennett suggests that all women should be made ladies and given titles, in order that the business of government and the conduct of war might go on without their conniving interference. The weakness of his comedy lies in the fact, declares Mr. Massingham, that the acceptance of the title is brought about by external circumstances:

"The baronetcy is accepted after all, and for a reason with which neither Mr.

nor Mrs. Culver has anything to do. It turns out that his refusal will make the Government ridiculous, for in that event he discovers that the offer of a title will be made to his own daughter, under her pseudonym of 'Samson Straight,' or to the swindler from whom that pen-title was derived. But in war-time Governments must not be made ridiculous, even when they are most so. So away goes the duel of sex, the sublime figure of the snob-woman. She, indeed, is triumphant. But the victory is not really hers; it is the fault of fatality.

"Now, I do not complain of Mr. Bennett because he has not given me the kind of political play into which I expected 'The Title' to develop. But I am rather concerned to ask why, having chosen the resplendent subject of Snobbery, it did

not so interest him as to dominate the minor motives of the play and to exclude the mere effect of drollery into which it finally slips. The answer is, I think, that Mr. Bennett is only slightly and incidentally interested in politics. He sees it as part of the human game, but as a rather silly part. You would never guess as you listened to the pleasantries of 'The Title' that the class at which they were aimed had drenched the world in blood, or that they had ever been the subject of such ruthless satires as 'Gulliver's Travels' or 'Candide.' Mr. Bennett, too, like Swift or Voltaire, examines politicians through a microscope. But his gaze is altogether too genial and abstracted. 'Nice enough fellows; rather childish; Government nowadays is a bit of a joke, isn't it?' he seems to say."

MUSIC AS MEDICINE

MUSIC is being used to hasten the recovery of our wounded. Its efficacy as a healing factor is being demonstrated from day to day, and among the many lessons being gained from the world-war we are achieving a new knowledge which may, on the one hand, modify our hospital practice, and, on the other, change our whole attitude toward music—still widely regarded as a luxury and a non-essential.

This practical demonstration of an old theory has stimulated new discussion among its exponents. The whole matter is treated exhaustively in two essays in the *Musical Quarterly*, one by James Frederick Rogers, the other by the late Eva Augusta Vescelius, until her recent death the president of the National Therapeutic Society. Both of these authorities review the history of musical therapeutics from ancient times, and cite many classic and modern authorities. But, from Plato and Aristotle to the French physicians of the nineteenth century, the evidence is couched in terms as fanciful as their methods were empirical.

The question has now been raised to the stage of scientific concreteness, and this bids fair to develop into regular methodical practice. In the course of Dr. Rogers's article we learn that in recent years attempts have been made to set up a systematic music cure; also, that at least one "dispensary" for the free exhibition of musical medicine to anyone who might be interested has been conducted. Moreover, a monthly magazine of musical therapeutics was launched within the last decade.

After examining the evidence with the disinterestedness of an outsider Dr. Rogers sums up the case as follows:

"Music produces its effects upon the human body, first, by means of vibrations

of the air, which vary in number, force and complexity; by rhythmic repetition of sounds; by successive utterance of sounds of different pitch which somehow make a peculiar appeal to consciousness, hold the attention, and evoke emotional change; and lastly, by a simultaneous utterance of many sounds, which heightens the effect of the 'ideas' expressed by the composer. Music produces its effect, then, by the use of sounds, which may be varied as to pitch, intensity and quality, and which may be strung together continuously and rhythmically in melody, or interwoven and combined in all shades of harmony."

Miss Vescelius, a partisan and therefore more enthusiastic, asserts at the outset that "when the therapeutic value of music is understood and appreciated it will be considered as necessary in the treatment of disease as air, water and food." Her directions for giving musical treatment, the most interesting part of her essay, would perhaps be dismissed as unscientific were it not for the fact that they are based upon prolonged experiment. Here are some of the most specific:

"Select for your tonic a beautiful rhythmic composition. Do not play it all, if there are several movements demanding change of key and tempo. Quiet fear and apprehension by changing the thought and arresting the attention, and leave a pleasing musical impression to be sung silently in the heart over and over again long after the music has ceased.

"For fever, high pulse, hysteria, arrest the attention. Play softly and rhythmically to bring the pulse and respiration to normal."

"Fear is dissipated by music awakening in the listener the consciousness of the all-enveloping Good. A high nervous tension is relieved and nerves are relaxed under the spell of a composition that swings the body into normal rhythmic movement. Sluggish conditions of body and mind are eliminated by the rhythmic waltz, polka or mazurka—music affecting the motor system."

Modern Scientific Experiment is Proving the Old Theory of Its Value as a Therapeutic Agent

That the cures thus effected are not wholly mental, but have a physical basis as well, is indicated by the statement that "one who is not especially fond of music is often benefited by it during sleep." One of the author's experiences which seems to substantiate this curious assertion concerns a sufferer from nervous prostration:

"Almost a mental wreck from worry over financial losses, he slept but little and his dreams were so distressing that he feared for his sanity. He professed a dislike for music. When we ventured to try it in connection with metaphysical treatment we found that simple, rhythmic melody and harmony produced beneficial results. We played and sang music of such character every evening, continuing half an hour after he had fallen asleep. At the end of a few weeks he was enjoying normal health."

The weight of argument in favor of music, not only as source of health but as a factor in moral regeneration, is, according to this authority, so great that her plea for the installation of regular, scientific musical treatments in hospitals and in prisons seems altogether justified. She concludes her valedictory with an appeal which will hardly pass unheeded:

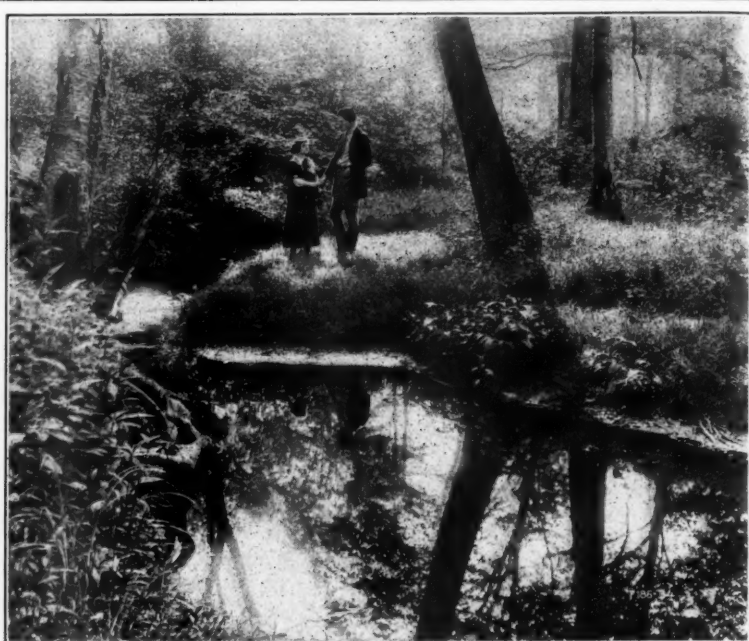
"After the present great war is ended, a flood of humanity will doubtless pour in upon our shores—men and women fresh from scenes of horror, broken in fortune, broken in body, heartsick and homesick for the fatherland left behind. They cannot understand our language or our American ideals at first, but music is a universal language, a harmonizer, comforter, educator. Cannot we musicians devise some way of helping these, our brothers and sisters? Can we not see that places are provided where nightly they may hear good music, listen to their own folk-songs, join in singing them and be taught our community songs, which will teach them a love for the country of their adoption more quickly than can anything else?"

WHY THERE'S NO HOPE FOR ART IN THE PHOTODRAMA

THERE is no hope for a new art in the photodrama. None at all. Furthermore, the movies are in a bad, an extremely bad, business way. No dividends. Inevitably the business drifts into a few hands and, so we are told by William Marion Reedy in his *Mirror*, there is one motion-picture octopus (Lasky) that has put its tentacles around all the smaller fry and is gradually crushing them to death or elsewhere. If any of them are holding out, or on, they will have to come in shortly, the editor of the *Mirror* goes on to say, or stay out in a cold like that of interstellar space. Why?

"Even the scenario writers have to do their writing at the company office, punching a clock as they come and go. They write what the directors tell them to write. There was that film version of 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' in the last act of which a surgeon performs an operation on Quasimodo and straightens him out and marries him to Esmeralda. There's the film that gives 'Tess' a happy ending. The stuff is written to the taste about thirteen degrees below the Laura Jean Libby standard; maybe fifty degrees below Harold Bell Wright. Still movie-dom awaits another 'Birth of a Nation.' Griffith can't turn the trick again, for the reason that he can't find the subject. The Civil War story is our folk-lore of to-day. Everybody has it soaked into his consciousness. Everybody, therefore, was a spontaneous, sub-conscious collaborator with author and actors in 'The Birth of a Nation.' That's why it is the greatest American film play yet produced. The latest estimate of the number of scenario writers now in pernicious activity is, say, 3,500,000. Such waste! Yet all of them hope to write the scenario that will make a million dollars. Vain hope. Scenarios are now written mostly by people who are paid from \$25 to \$75 a week. The writers work like reporters in a city room. They write what they are told to write from this book or that book that has made a success, and without regard for the original author's feelings. Don't go near a movie made out of one of your old literary favorites. . . . The movie is written and acted to the esthetic latitude and longitude of the people who think the

Maybe, a Shrewd Critic Ventures,
the Government Should Take
Them Over for Their Own Good



A BROOKSIDE IDYL THAT GIVES CHARM TO A PHOTOPLAY
One of many beautiful scenes in which Marguerite Clark holds the mirror up to Nature in "Out of a Clear Sky."

story of the Yankee dentist who took care of the Kaiser's teeth is great literature. The future of the movie is educational, illustrative of facts in science, in productive processes, in showing how work is done."

There is some hope of dramatic values in the talking movie, this critic concedes, with regard to introducing tone color of the human voice, but "the movie magnates are hostile to that invention." The "talking" picture, he thinks, will come into vogue in the evening lecture courses conducted by the boards of education throughout the country. But "the movie gives no sign of developing a new and good drama or new and good actors."

"Think of the things the movies have done to some of the world's great stories! I tremble for what they may do in giving heart interest and punch to lessons in botany and physics and other things to the illustrative teaching of which they are

to be applied. They may give us science in the fashion of the Hanlons' 'Voyage en Suisse' or 'Fantasma' or the 'Heinegabubler' cafés, with cuspidors on the ceilings, pictures upside down on the walls and electroliers sprouting from the floors, that were part of the gay life down-town a dozen years ago. The movie is in the hands of men entirely great at putting anything into them that will get money out of them. Maybe the government should take them over. That's the cure for everything now. It may be all right but there's one big thing wrong with the cure; it's too dog-goned German in its method and in its 'psychology.' We have too much 'psychology' these days. Everything is psychologized; that is to say, Germanized. Psyche means soul. A German soul? Egad, there is a contradiction in terms for you! When you come to think of it, the movie is the most mechanistic thing that ever came along to monkey with 'soul.' We've got to beware of what it may do to us in brutalizing catering to sheer sensation."

VAST AND RAPID EXPANSION OF MOTION-PICTURE INDUSTRY

DENYING the boast of many producers that the motion-picture industry is fifth in point of magnitude in the United States, despite its phenomenal growth in fifteen years, and declaring, in the face of many complaints to the contrary, that the war has greatly benefited it, F. B.

Warren, writing in the New York *Evening Post War Industrial Supplement*, states some interesting, if not startling, truths in discussing the past, present and future of the screen-drama. What originally was an industry replete with romance and skylarking adventure has now, we are told, become a prosaic merchandizing

14,000 Theaters in America
Are Hard Hit, Yet "The War
Has Helped the Business"

business—still far from being perfect and requiring the organization capacity of leaders such as have been created in other industries like oil-refining and selling and steel-making and selling. A leader himself in the industry, the writer goes on to say:

"No present-day motion-picture manufacturer has the mental calm to agree

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IT LOOKS LIKE A DESERT BUT IT'S REALLY AN OCEAN BEACH

Clever photography has succeeded in creating a perfect illusion throughout this Arcraft picture, "Bound in Morocco," in which Douglas Fairbanks has a new world of adventures.

with me in the declaration that the world-war has been a good thing for the factors of the industry that are destined to be permanent. However, this is quite true. Prior to the war the producers of pictures were running wild in their extravagances. Many of the amounts invested in single pictures, amounts about which any normal-minded person would be skeptical, were almost as great as the producers claimed. These producers, knowing with a fair degree of accuracy what could be obtained in the United States and Canada through the sale of the product, had the world at large to rely upon for a tremendous additional income per picture. They had reached the point where it was a common habit to figure that the American receipts could defray the costs of production plus a profit, and the gross returns from foreign sales would represent an additional element of profit or 'velvet,' providing their pictures were made for amounts below the sum total of the American revenues. Such a view-point was bound to en-

courage extravagance and wastefulness. The world-war has worked a change. It has forced the manufacturers of pictures either to learn business methods and management personally, or to go outside of their industry and seek business men who have been through the schools of experience that other industries provide."

At the outbreak of the war, the center of foreign film-trade quickly shifted from London to New York, but "the recent restrictions adopted by the American Government with relation to export promise to deprive the United States of being the seat of the principal film export market of the world." In the chairman of the Bureau of Public Information the writer finds "the one barrier against the elimination of this market"; and records that:

"There are in the United States, on the basis of accurate estimates, 14,000 actively-

operated theaters, picture gardens, or air-dromes in the country, and about 750 such places in the Dominion of Canada. Of the American theaters, it is my personal computation that about five per cent. of these are in a state of change; that is, changing from one management to another, closed for repairs, closed as unprofitable by one owner and not yet reopened by some other purchaser seeking profit and adventure."

Consequently:

"In an investment sense, motion-pictures are dangerous for the man or woman of small capital. They are invariably bad in a stock sense, especially at this time, for those persons who would or could buy a few shares only. Monetarily the cinema is a big man's business, requiring daring, ability and patience. Those who have the patience and wait for their rewards and profits will receive them from those companies that are soundly conducted and ably managed."

LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

BOUND IN MOROCCO. Famous Players-Arcraft, 5 reels: Douglas Fairbanks, listed in the program as The Boy, is "bound in Morocco" by an angry Basha and the story is built upon his efforts to free himself and to rescue The Girl from the Basha's harem. There is a plentiful amount of riding and fighting in the desert, and these scenes peopled with horsemen in picturesque Arab garb are marvels of photography.

THE GREAT LOVE. Lasky-Arcraft, 7 reels: D. W. Griffith has scored another marked success in this pictured love story of Jim Young of Youngstown, Pa., and Susie Broadplains, a little English girl whom he meets after joining the first Canadian army. Robert Herron, in the part of Young, is the boy before his baptism of fire—the man afterwards. His performance constitutes almost perfect acting. And Lillian Gish, as Susie, who passes from girlhood to womanhood in the course of the picture, shows the transition with the same artistic excellence. Miss Gish is the center of some beautifully-lighted close-ups, back-lighted and dimmed as with mist. Henry Walthall, as the villain, further justifies his reputation as the greatest actor on the screen.

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH. Metro, 5 reels: The story furnished by the Edith Wharton novel of the same title makes an attractive basis for a screen production. It is the tale of an orphan who lives with an aunt who constantly reminds her of the necessity of making a wealthy marriage. This together with her love of luxury causes her to discourage the attentions of a lawyer of moderate circumstances who has always professed love for her. In the course of events she is placed in a compromising position by the husband of a friend who, knowing that his wife is to be absent, invites her to dine at his home. At this point of the story husband and wife become familiar with the fact that each is in love with another. In attempting to befriend the wife of the man who has compromised her she becomes an outcast, and at the point of chloroforming herself she is rescued and becomes betrothed to her lawyer lover.

LEST WE FORGET. Metro, 8 reels: This patriotic picture, in which Rita Jolivet, the French actress who survived the sinking of the *Lusitania*, is the central figure, has been produced with a lavish expenditure of money. The result is generally artistic and justifies

the outlay. However, the scenes following the sinking of the *Lusitania* are not as interesting as those that precede it. They degenerate into ordinary melodrama and the spectacle of the heroine strangling the German diplomat with a cord seems a poor revenge on one of the men who plotted the destruction of the ill-fated liner.

OUR MRS. MCCHESENEY. Metro, 5 reels: Magazine readers need no introduction to Emma McChesney and her creator, Edna Ferber. Last season the celebrated traveling saleswoman was transferred to the stage with Ethel Barrymore in the rôle. This screen version, in which Miss Barrymore also appears, is quite as entertaining as was the play.

THE CHANGING WOMAN. Vitagraph, 5 reels: That master of the short story, O. Henry, returns to his South American stamping ground in this picture which attempts to illustrate the subtle influence that danger and the vast solitudes of the mountains have upon the nature of a woman who is light and volatile when surrounded by the flattery and attention she constantly craves.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

IMPORTANCE OF TRIVIALITIES IN DEALING WITH SPIRITS

MANY wonder why mediums are required at all in the investigation of "psychical phenomena." Why can not any individual obtain messages for himself from the great beyond? Surely, if a dead son would return to anyone, it would be to his father or mother. He would scarcely communicate himself through a total stranger, one who is illiterate or unable to use the English language. The answer to such objections, says Hereward Carrington, an expert in the psychic field, is simple. Why does electricity travel along a copper wire and not a board fence? Because the copper wire is a conductor of electricity and the board fence is not. Similarly, peculiarly constituted individuals seem to possess that individual quality or make-up which enables them to perceive or to receive messages from the other world—a faculty lacking in most of us. A great medium is certainly as rare as a great mathematician or a great painter or a great poet. His genius runs to psychical sensitiveness in the same way that the genius in the other instances mentioned ran to mathematics or to poetry or to painting.*

The ability to communicate may be just as rare. Not every one who wishes to send messages from the "other side"—even assuming that he continues to persist and longs passionately to do so—can manage to transmit his message through a psychic or medium:

"The ability to impart messages in this manner is probably just as rare a gift as mediumship on our side; and only when two such kindred souls get into touch with one another, under the most advantageous circumstances, can clear messages come to us from the great beyond.

"And this explains to us why it is that more messages have not been sent than have actually been received. The answer is just this: That the ability to communicate may be rare,—no matter how much the departed one may wish to send word to those still in the body. There are doubtless many 'difficulties of communication' which must be taken into account—and these have figured largely in discussions published in technical psychical books, and in the *Journals and Proceedings* of the Societies for Psychical Re-

search. Intra-Cosmic difficulties; the difficulty of controlling the brain and nervous system of the medium; of influencing the mind of the medium; of regulating and controlling the automatic flow of thought of the communicator; the tendency, apparently, for the communicator to lapse into a dreamy, confused mental state, while communicating, owing to the difficulties involved—these and many more obstacles have been described and discussed; and the interested reader is referred to the literature upon the subject for the details. Suffice it to say here that there are doubtless great difficulties—so great, indeed, that many cannot overcome them at all; and only certain individuals, under certain conditions, succeed in overcoming them completely and forcing a message through to us in this world.

"Again, it has been stated that a man who is suddenly killed experiences difficulty in gathering himself together, as it were, mentally, after his arrival on the 'other side,' and that it often takes him days or even weeks—as measured by our time here—to recover himself completely.

"There is nothing irrational in all this: in fact, it is precisely what we should expect, judging by analogy."

On the physical side it has now been established that there is no pain at the moment of death under normal circumstances. The pains of dying are the pains of living—not of death itself. Death is painless. Without going into the detailed evidence, collected in the works of authorities like Doctor Robert McKenna, it may be affirmed that while wounds are painful the death that may result is never so. Clear consciousness may be maintained up to the very moment of death. The mind seems as clear as ever if the body be shattered or torn or wasted by disease. This is a proof of the power of spirit to manifest itself through matter. If consciousness were actually obliterated, it would be difficult to believe that it could be conscious of its own obliteration. If, on the other hand, it were merely withdrawn from the body, the facts would readily fall into place. This would likewise enable us to understand many puzzling facts in connection with epilepsy, states of unconsciousness and the like which are very difficult to account for on any material basis.

"We are born into this world helpless, completely dependent upon others for our sustenance; we find those here who are ready to help us. May it not be that

Details That Excite Suspicion May Be the Very Proof Required

there are those who will likewise help us when we too cross the 'Great Divide,' and pass into the next sphere of activity? Psychical science and the doctrine of spiritism say that this is so. Psychical science tells us that there is an ethereal body—a sort of spiritual counterpart of the physical body, and that this leaves the gross body, at death, and passes into the spirit-world by a process which has been minutely investigated. Scenes of tremendous activity are being enacted, we are told, over a battlefield; for thither the souls of fallen heroes return to help those who have just 'died.' Help and assistance are given to newly-arrived spirits in this way.

"But of all this, of course, orthodox science knows nothing, any more than orthodox theology. To science, death is the end of all,—the end of life, of mind, of consciousness, of the one we knew and loved. To science, as understood to-day, life becomes extinct, at the moment of death, just as a candle-flame becomes extinct when the candle is snuffed. Life being supposedly dependent upon chemical combustion for its energy and existence, it of course ceases with the cessation of the activity which generated and maintained it! And altho there are many facts, viewed only from the purely physiological side, which seem difficult to account for on this view, or are even wholly opposed to it, this is nevertheless the view all but universally held; and such a view, being essentially materialistic, at once excludes all possibility of life existing apart from the physical body with which it was formerly associated."

All the more orthodox sciences of to-day are, of course, materialistic. No one thinks nowadays of suggesting that "God" has anything to do with a problem of chemistry or physics—altho the inner essences of the forces utilized and employed in these reactions remain entirely unknown. Even in biology, where we trench upon the province of life itself, the distinct tendency is toward some possible chemico-physical explanation. Yet even here it must be conceded that the doctrine of "vitalism" has of late years experienced a notable revival. Nevertheless, the tendency of the age in all these things is toward a materialistic scheme of things. Only philosophers and theologians are found holding back and contending that there may be something else in the world than matter and energy.

"Psychology has likewise come to be more and more materialistic in tone, with

* PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA AND THE WAR. By Hereward Carrington. New York, Dodd Mead & Co.

the gradual acceptance of the doctrine that 'the mind is a function of the brain,' and dependent wholly upon it. Abnormal psychology has supported this doctrine and completely upset Plato's idea of the essential unity of the soul. In short, there is no department of science, as organized to-day, which can claim any knowledge or any proofs of the soul's survival, while the general tendency of its teaching is all the other way.

"The simple argument of science runs as follows: 'Wherever we find life, it is invariably associated with a material (living) organism, a body. When that body is destroyed, the life functioning within it is destroyed also. It becomes extinct, goes out like the flame of the candle, and is no more. If you choose to believe that life persists after the destruction of the body, well and good; but where is your proof that it does so? Until such proof be adduced, I shall refuse to believe that it actually does so—just as I refuse to believe anything else, in the absence of facts.' And this position is one which no amount of philosophizing and hair-splitting sophistry can overcome, or answer."

How is this position to be refuted or how answered? Only by meeting the scientific man upon his own ground and producing the evidence he demands. This evidence can be obtained in one way only—by the establishment

of psychic phenomena proving that life and consciousness continue to persist after the death of the body. Could we produce evidence that life and mind actually do persist in this manner we should have answered the scientist. We should have produced the facts he demands and at the same time have answered many metaphysical questions depending for their solution upon this fundamental problem. It is the test applied to the theory of the scientist who asserted that there is in the atmosphere a gas called argon. He was called upon to isolate it for the benefit of skeptics and in their presence. The scientist sets here an example to be followed in the field of the psychic. We have to prove the persistence of individual identity after the death of the body. We "isolate" that personal identity and get in touch with it—allowing it thus to prove that it is the personality we once knew. How is this evidence to be attained?

Suppose you are conversing with some one over a telephone. You can not see or touch that individual. You only hear him. Suppose a doubt arises in your mind that it is John Smith with whom you are talking, even if the voice says it is John Smith. He

would have to tell things known to you and to John Smith and to you two alone.

"Remarks about the weather, philosophical or moral disquisitions, would not do; any one might give them. You would want decisive and conclusive proof that the person claiming to be John Smith was really there, talking; and detailed personal facts relating to the memory and personal identity of that individual would be the only kind of evidence which would convince you that he was really there. If detailed enough and convincing enough evidence of this character were obtained, you would probably say: 'Yes, that's John Smith all right! No one else could know that! He is surely at the other end of this wire, talking to me!'

"And this is precisely the sort of evidence we require in our psychical investigations. We require trivial, personal details, relating to the personality we once knew; perhaps some sign or password; and if all this were obtained, we should feel that we really had proof that the person claiming to be there was actually there,—communicating with us,—through the instrumentality of the psychic or medium we were employing for the experiment.

"If we can prove the persistence of individual human consciousness in this manner, then a spiritual world of some sort is established; and communication with that world is likewise established."

GROWING FAINTNESS OF THE NEW STAR

THE new star—Nova Aquila—that blazed out some months ago from its previous insignificance is still diminishing in brilliance. It is but repeating the history of all the other brilliant "novae" before it. Not one of these new stars has retained even a suggestion of the splendor to which they once attained, writes Dr. C. S. Brainin in *The Monthly Evening Sky Map* (New York). The most recent of this class of variable stars to attain great brilliance was that which flashed out in the constellation of Perseus in February of 1901. This star came up rapidly from the twelfth magnitude until it was brighter than Capella, but it was not as bright as Nova Aquila. Doctor Brainin adds:

"Our new star is the brightest since Kepler's Nova in Ophiuchus, which appeared in 1604 and which was observed to be as bright as Jupiter. The most brilliant temporary star on record is Tycho Brahe's Nova, which appeared in the constellation of Cassiopeia in 1572 and was said to have been as bright as Venus and visible for a time by daylight. One of the most rapid changes in brilliancy recorded was that of a star which appeared in the group Cygnus in November, 1876. This star increased in brightness from practical invisibility to a second magnitude in less than four hours. It remained so for sev-

eral days only and then gradually sank to the fifteenth magnitude. The number of novae recorded is naturally very small, and most of these were too faint to attract general attention such as these mentioned above. Up to the time of the introduction of photography into astronomy only ten cases of temporary stars were recorded, and since then about 20 have been added to the list, most of which were not of remarkable brightness."

We may as well admit, says Doctor Brainin, that no completely satisfactory explanation of the sudden rise in brilliancy of these stars and their subsequent fading has been proposed. There are, however, two theories in the field, each of which is exceedingly instructive and interesting:

"One is a star-collision theory and the other is akin to the explanation of the sudden brilliancy of meteors. The former theory requires that two stars pursuing their orbital courses through space come either into contact with or very near to one another. If they actually were to collide, one can immediately understand that a tremendous amount of heat would be generated and the starry matter raised to an enormously high temperature. If they did not actually collide, there still would be a great gravitational effect of one upon the other which might produce such a result. But the stars are too sparsely distributed in space to have collisions even as often as the appearance of

A Mysterious Flash in the Sky That Fizzled Out and Stimulated Theorizing

the novae. For this hypothesis to hold we must suppose a very large number of dark, i. e., invisible stars, and that is not in agreement with other requirements."

Turning to the second theory, Doctor Brainin writes:

"When a meteor in its course through space suddenly enters the earth's atmosphere the friction engendered thereby is so great that its speed is greatly diminished. The energy of motion thus lost is turned into heat energy and is sufficient to raise the meteoric material to incandescence and to produce its consumption. We can also picture to ourselves a star rushing with great speed through space (the sun is a star and has a velocity of 12 miles per second) and coming suddenly into a region of space occupied by attenuated matter of some sort. This might be a dark nebula such as we believe to produce the starless regions of the milky way; or it might be something like a cloud of 'cosmic dust.' As soon as the rushing star enters this matter its speed is slackened and heat energy developed. Among the difficulties with this theory are the following: The extremely rapid rise of brilliancy of temporary stars requires a quick slowing down of the motion, which, in turn, demands a more dense nebula than is known to exist, and, secondly, the fact that the star remains at its brightest only a very short time requires a very thin nebula. It may, of course, be that one of these theories accounts for some of the novae."

DIFFICULTY OF THE CORRECT STANDING POSITION

THE average man is very apt to forget that he cannot assume a position of stable equilibrium and a position which assures a perfect mobility unless his feet are so placed as to furnish at once a stable pose and a ready pivot and fulcrum. Such is the view of Professor F. Matthias Alexander in his remarkable volume called "Man's Supreme Inheritance."* The most perfect base for the standing person, he says, is obtained by setting the feet at an angle of about forty-five degrees to one another. In all other erect positions (the defects become exaggerated as this angle is decreased) it will be found that there is a tendency to hollow and shorten the back and to protrude the stomach. If any effort be made to avoid these serious faults in posture such effort will only result—unless the feet are removed to the correct position—in a stiffened, uneasy, unstable attitude.

When the ideal position has been realized the difficulty of attaining it by each individual has still to be undertaken. Professor Alexander says:

"In the first place, to allow a pupil to assume, of himself, a certain standing position, means that his own perceptions and sensations are given the sole onus of bringing about the coordination upon which such standing position depends, an onus which they are quite unable to bear.

"The perceptions and sensations of all who need respiratory and physical reeducation are absolutely unreliable. It is the teacher who should have the responsibility of certain detailed orders, the literal carrying out of which will ensure for the pupil what is then the correct standing position for him. I emphasize this last, because no one stereotyped position can be correct for each and every pupil. When the person so employs the different parts of his body that one can speak

* MAN'S SUPREME INHERITANCE. CONSCIOUS GUIDANCE AND CONTROL IN RELATION TO HUMAN EVOLUTION IN CIVILIZATION. By F. Matthias Alexander. With an introductory foreword by Professor John Dewey. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co.

of his 'harmful position in standing or walking,' it is only by causing the physical machinery gradually to resume correct and harmonious working, thus changing the position from time to time, that serious harm can be averted and satisfactory results secured. I may point out, moreover, that in trying to assume the 'proper standing position' at the outset, the pupil unavoidably puts severe strain upon the throat, thereby paving the way for throat, ear, and eye disorders."

Take the case, for example, of a boy who stoops very much, and combines a sinking above and below the clavicles with abnormal protrusion of the shoulder-blades. If he is told to stand up straight he will at once make undue physical effort to carry out the order thus crudely given. The result will be that his shoulders will be thrown backward and upward, the shoulder-blades still further protruded and the front

and the upper parts of the chest unduly elevated and expanded. There will also be a narrowing, a sinking and a flabbiness of the lower dorsal and posterior thoracic region with corresponding fixed protrusion and rigidity of the front chest wall, undue arching of the lumbar spine, shortening of the body and harmful stiffening of the arms and neck, instead of the fullness, broadness and firmness of the back with free mobility of the chest walls, resulting in normal curve of the lumbar region and comparative lengthening of the spine.

With the arms hanging vertically, the relative position of that part of the thorax where the lungs are situated will be seen to be in front of the arms instead of being as it should be behind them. In such a position, the boy feels helpless and tires rapidly, owing to imperfect coordination, and any attempt to accustom him to this erect posture will ultimately result in deterioration rather than improvement.

Now the narrowing and arching of the back

Art of Managing the Feet in Repose Baffles Many Otherwise Competent

is exactly the opposite of what is required by nature—widening of the back and a more normal and extended position of the spine. Moreover, if these conditions of the back be first secured the neck and arms will no longer be stiffened and the other faults will be eradicated. In order to obviate the evils the boy must be in a position of mechanical advantage, from which a pupil, by the mere mental rehearsal of orders which his teacher will dictate, can ensure the posture specifically correct for himself, altho he is not, as yet, conscious of what that posture is.

"There can be no such thing as a 'correct standing position' for each and every person. The question is not one of correct position, but of correct coordination (i. e., of the muscular mechanisms concerned). Moreover, any one who has acquired the power of coordinating correctly, can readjust the parts of his body to meet the requirements of almost any position, while always commanding adequate and correct movements of the respiratory apparatus and perfect vocal control—a fact which I demonstrate daily to my pupils. Continual readjustment of the parts of the body without undue physical tension is most beneficial, as is proved by the high standard of health and long life of acrobats. It is a significant fact that the very reverse is the case with athletes, showing that undue muscular tension does not conduce to health and longevity."

The primary principle, then, in attaining a correct standing position is the placing of the feet in that position which will insure their greatest effect as base, pivot and fulcrum, and thereby throw the limbs and trunk into that pose in which they may be correctly influenced and aided by the force of gravity.

"The weight of the body, it should be noted, rests chiefly upon the rear foot, and the hips should be allowed to go back as far as is possible without altering the balance effected by the position of the feet, and without deliberately throwing the body forward. This movement starts at the ankle, and affects particularly the joints of the ankles and the hips. When inclining the body forward, there must be no bending of the spine or neck; from the hips upwards the relative positions of all parts of the torso must remain unchanged. When the position is assumed, it is further necessary for each person to bring about the proper lengthening of the spine and the adequate widening of the back. The latter needs due psycho-physical training such as is referred to in the two extracts quoted above.

"This standing position as now explained is physiologically correct as a primary factor in the act of walking. The weight is thrown largely upon the rear foot, and thus enables the other knee to be bent and the forward foot to be lifted."



HOW TO STAND

The feet are here placed in the ideal position for obtaining perfect equilibrium. Right or left foot may be in advance without affecting the correctness of the pose.

WHY SCHOOL-TEACHERS FAIL TO TEACH SCHOOL

ONE of the greatest of the many difficulties of school-teachers arises from their failure to distinguish between discipline and teaching. The two things are totally different. Discipline is not an end in itself. The business of the teacher is to teach; but he too often thinks that his main business is with discipline. The reason so many school-teachers do not manifestly fail is largely because so little scholarly knowledge is insisted on or expected. Almost any teacher can keep just ahead of the class and this is all the average school principal seems to want, if only the teacher has a fairly impressive personality and can exercise control of some sort over classes. Teachers as a rule are not skilful in their mode of phrasing questions. The novice is particularly weak. At the start, his lesson-questioning is almost entirely of the lesson-hearing type. He asks too many questions. Doctor Stephen S. Colvin, of Brown University, from whose paper in *School and Society* these points are extracted, adds:

"All teachers waste time during the recitation; some experienced teachers waste at least fifty per cent. of their time, while novices not infrequently waste more. I recall one teacher, who has since made a pronounced success, who frequently spent thirty minutes of the recitation period in history in dictating an outline for the study of the new lesson; another who sent half of his pupils to the blackboard in geometry and questioned the remaining half on topics that were not vital, apparently for the purpose of killing time, and who later permitted the pupils to recite their proofs in a voice almost inaudible, so that the class as a whole got no benefit out of the exercise; a third who confined all of his attention to the pupil who was reciting with the result that each pupil got on the average less than three minutes' attention during the forty-five-minute period; a fourth who talked most of the hour while the class remained stolid and mentally inert; a fifth who spent one entire period in conducting a demonstration in physics that only the pupils in the front rows could see; and so on."

Doctor Colvin recently analyzed some five hundred questions asked by teachers in their first year of high-school experience. These questions he had taken at random from a much larger number that he personally observed and recorded. Out of this total number he found about five per cent. that could be considered in any way genuine thought questions. Over one-quarter required no more definite answer than "yes" or "no." Over three-quarters were purely informational or "quiz" questions. About

twenty per cent. were so suggestive in their phrasing that they were questions in form only. Eight per cent. were definitely faulty in their English. In thirty per cent. of the questions there were useless repetitions and rephrasings. While there were some unreasonably long and complicated questions, the majority averaged less than eight words and the replies to these averaged four words, indicating that they were asked in a hurried and ill-conceived way and that the recitation lacked poise and valuable mental reaction. At their best, the teacher's questions are merely incentives to guessing, with a fifty per cent. chance that the pupil's answer will be right—thus saving immediate embarrassment for all concerned.

Very few beginning teachers and all too few teachers of experience possess the ability to bring home to their pupils the remote phases of a subject. Teachers fresh from college in particular are prone to use big words far removed from the working vocabulary of the average high-school pupil and to state facts and principles in terms of generalities. Doctor Colvin has been surprised to find even the sciences taught in this manner with little reference to the realities upon which they are founded. The beginning teacher of science in particular does not realize sufficiently the value of the class demonstration, the importance of conducting it so that all can easily see what happens and the absolute necessity of having it work. There are ample opportunities for illustration in other fields too, but few novices realize the importance of stimulating the imagination in such subjects as history or literature, of using diagrams and graphs in the social sciences or even of so simple a matter as the use of adequate maps and pictures. Such questions as are asked seem to contain bewildering and vain elements of repetition. For example:

"Tell me why you think that is so; why do you think it is so? What is your reason for believing it correct? State your reasons."

"Is this substance soluble? In what is it soluble? Do you know whether it is soluble or not? Have you tried to find out?"

"Give me the exact date of Shakespeare's death. Was it before or after Bacon's death? Have you looked it up? Do you know?"

Of the type of questions asked by teachers in high schools which are without value as a stimulus to thought, Doctor Colvin cites:

T. "Have I bisected this line?" P. "Yes."

The Obstructed and the Explosive Will in Relation to Discipline

T. "Is the line erected at this point perpendicular?" P. "It looks to me as if it was."

T. "Did Macbeth show any bravery in the first part of the play?" P. "Yes, he seemed to be brave."

T. "Was he brave when he saw the ghost of Banquo?" P. "No, he was frightened."

T. "Did he have the courage to commit the murder of the king?" P. "No, his nerve seemed to go back on him."

T. "Was Lady Macbeth more resolute than her husband at this time?" P. "Yes, she seems so."

T. "Do you like this chapter?" P. "Yes."

T. "Does it make you respect the hero?" P. "Yes."

T. "Do you feel friendly toward him?" P. "Yes, I like him on the whole."

The fundamental difficulty responsible for the failure of so many teachers to teach, especially in the case of young teachers or inexperienced ones in high schools, is that of discipline. The problem of discipline is vital because without reasonable control of the class nothing worth while can be achieved and because the success or failure of the teacher is so largely judged by the one question: Can he hold his class and maintain reasonable order and attention? When the inexperienced high-school teacher has disciplinary troubles, these can be traced to his lack of self-confidence. He is afraid of himself and of his pupils. He can not adequately imagine consequences. He lacks capacity to picture what is likely to occur. He does not know the first symptoms of disorder. He does not initiate the proper habits of class attention and provide the necessary routine from the outset. He lets matters drift until the class has acquired bad habits and the situation has become critical. Then he often acts too late. A typical example of the evil can be given:

"An experienced teacher of history was attempting to conduct a recitation in current events by means of a cooperative class exercise. There was a class chairman, and various individuals were making reports on assigned topics, while others were expected to participate in the discussion. The work was distinctly poor and the class was listless and in mild disorder. However, the teacher kept completely in the background and in no way attempted to direct the course of the proceedings. I advised him to interfere actively, but this he seemed very loth to do, offering various excuses. He showed by his whole attitude that he lacked courage; he was afraid to take a hand. Finally, he made some comments in a weak and timid manner, but the only effect that this had was to make matters worse. At last when the class was reaching the stage of aggressive dis-

order, I urged upon him the necessity of acting with vigor. For a moment he wavered in a hesitating and helpless way, then of a sudden he burst out in a perfect furor of scolding and passionate anger."

Too many teachers base erroneous inferences upon the fact that routine deadens and kills. There is a proper routine as well as a fatal one. Hence teachers often miss the truth that only through order is freedom and spontaneity possible. On the other hand while no teacher can hope to succeed without discipline, while effective class-control is imperative if there is to be good teaching, it is not good teaching itself. Unfortunately, it is often mis-

taken for such both by teachers and by supervising officials. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the young teacher looks upon himself as a pronounced success if he has only succeeded in the initial problem of class-control, and this delusion is so widespread in the pedagogical world that it remains but dimly conscious of the vital matters that relate to the technique of teaching.

Doctor Stephen S. Colvin, whose words carry great weight in the world of education, is one of the eminent psychologists of the age. He has contributed for years to the leading psychological, philosophical, educational

and literary journals of more than one country. He is a high authority on human behavior from the standpoint of the specialist. His views, therefore, while presented in a fashion that may seem sensational to some who are unfamiliar with the subject of teaching, do not lack the weight of authority. Doctor Colvin is not yet fifty years old but he has been a college professor for a very long time.

It would perhaps be inaccurate to say that he agrees with the school holding that nothing worth knowing can ever be taught. He seems to cling to the Greek theory of the teacher's function as a glorification of knowledge.

IDEAS IN CAMOUFLAGE FROM DAME NATURE

THE main lessons of military importance that can be learned from nature are said by Lieutenant Walter C. Kiplinger in *The Infantry Journal* to be along the lines of protective coloration and concealment. As in the war now raging, it is of the utmost importance to both the hunters and the hunted among animals to be inconspicuous. For the hunter to be seen means possibly one meatless day too often, while to the hunted it means death. Consequently, the whole animal world has worked out a scheme of concealment and protective coloration that is well-nigh perfect. It is too vast and broad to be more than touched on here, but let us go into a few of its main principles.

The vast difference between being seen and being observed is one of the first of these principles. Movement attracts attention, so we find that when danger threatens, most wild things stop in their tracks and "freeze," a lesson which the patrols in No Man's Land have already learned when the star shells go up.

"The next is avoidance of sky-line, an old military principle, but one which was constantly ignored in the maneuvers at Brownsville in 1916, and probably often happens at the front. Men seem to forget that the sky, for all its blueness, is nothing but light, and an object of any color shows up as a prominent black silhouette. It is rarely that one sees a wild animal trotting along a ridge.

"Again we have been hearing much about the avoidance of solid colors and the proper tinting of places where shadows fall white in the painting of military equipment. A study of the deerskin in your den will show you that it is darkest in the center and shades off through buff tones to pure white on the edges. The adult deer, like every other animal of the forest, where the light comes mostly from above, is darkest in color on the back where the light is most direct, and white or lightish colors on the belly where the

shadows fall. The reason for this is that an object may match its background exactly, but if part of it is in shadow, that part will appear darker. Put a potato a moderate distance away from you on the earth that it matches entirely and you will not have much difficulty seeing it, but carefully peel the underneath half and it becomes almost impossible to distinguish it from the background of earth."

So the third lesson is the lighting of shadows. Mark the next body of troops you see at a distance and you will notice that, next to the fact of movement, the thing that enabled you to pick them up was probably the dark shadows between the legs and under the hatbrims. Considering the various positions the soldier has to get into, there is probably not any way we could avoid shadows on our men's uniforms, but there are many special situations in Europe that are analogous to ones already solved in the outdoor world. The small birds and animals that form the prey of hawks have just as much to fear from aerial observation as supply trucks, and some of the color patterns they carry on their backs might be well worth adopting.

"However, in studying an animal's coloring we do not want to forget its usual environment. A zebra or a tiger standing in an open plain is extremely conspicuous, but put the tiger in his jungle of yellowish grass and black shadows, or the zebra in his brushy thickets, and the case is different. The animals, by the cruel process of elimination, have, without volition on their part, been made to adapt themselves to their surroundings. Desert animals wear the mottled colors of the sands, the arctic animals the white of the snows, and so on, each to his environment.

"Then, too, the animals do not hesitate to change uniforms when the circumstances require. The little fawn with his weak, spindling legs cannot run far, and needs must spend most of his time lying down close to the ground; so he dresses in a spotted sniper's coat to imitate the round spots the sun makes on the forest floor when it shines through the trees.

Pretty soon, tho, his legs grow stronger and sinewy, and he feels that he can depend upon them; he accordingly leaves his mother's care and sallies forth for himself. When he is on his feet his spotted ground coat becomes extremely conspicuous from the side, so our little fawn, grown up, changes his sniper's uniform to one scientifically designed for field service."

It is hard to believe that there is any such thing as useless color-marking in nature. Every spot and every mark is either for warming or else it is camouflage. The white tail and the rump of our buck deer may seem an exception, but as the American artist, Thayer, pointed out in his article in the *Scientific American* in 1912, if you drop down on your hands and knees and look at the fleeing buck from the view-point of a timber-wolf following the buck's trail, you will find that the white "V" breaks up the outline into something wholly different from a deer, and that he blends with the sky in a manner most perplexing, for his outline is broken. Lieutenant Kiplinger thus concludes in *The Infantry Journal*:

"The science of breaking up telltale outlines seems to be rather well developed in Europe, but while they have realized that even so admirable a color as our olive drab is quite visible in a solid block of any area, and have blotched and streaked their equipment, they do not, judging from the few samples we have received at the training camps, seem to have paid much attention to the ultimate blending of the colors used. A mixture of different splotches of color will always blend into their mean. For instance, a checker-board of blue and yellow squares at a distance will appear to be green, checks of yellow and red will make the board appear orange-colored, and so on. This law is observed in nature, but some of the indiscriminately-used, outline-breaking combinations used abroad oftentimes blend into a general color that at a distance offers more or less contrast to the background."

The Military Expert Can Profit From the Example of Wild Life

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DISCLOSURES OF THE NEW GEOLOGIC TIME

ADJUSTMENT of two lines of evidence—one supplied by the new physics and the other by the new geological time—serves as the basis for a fresh table of geologic time stated in years. Such a table, says the eminent geologist, Doctor Joseph Barrell, is comparable to the first crude measurements of the distances of the stars in space. The progress of research will continually refine the determinations and lead to a higher order of precision. On the present data, what is known to geologists as Cenozoic time is determined as between 55,000,000 and 65,000,000 years long. The Mesozoic time covers between 135,000,000 and 180,000,000 years. Paleozoic time endured between 360,000,000 and 540,000,000 years. The total of these maximum and minimum figures indicates that the beginning of the Cambrian era was between 550,000,000 and 700,000,000 years ago. This may seem to be a wide latitude, admits Doctor Barrell, but he adds (in his study of rhythms and the measurements of geologic time) that the ratio of the minimum to the maximum is no greater than those estimates now current. The important conclusion arrived at by Doctor Barrell is that time since the beginning of the Cambrian period is from ten to fifteen times longer than has been generally accepted by geologists. Doctor Barrell* proceeds:

"Surprising as it may seem, the date known with the greatest precision lies far back in pre-Cambrian time. From Norway, Texas, Quebec, and German East Africa uranium minerals associated with granites give an age which approximates to 1,120,000,000 years. In the Scandinavian nomenclature the granite is post-Bottnian. In Quebec it is later than the Laurentian granites and is probably post-Sudburyan (post-Temiscaming).

"This is the age, consequently, of the second great granitic invasion of known geologic time. The Laurentian granites, the first great invasion, may have an age as great as 1,400,000,000 years.

"These measurements of the length of the several eras give a basis for estimates of the mean rates of erosion and sedimentation. In the pre-Cambrian they point to the existence of long periods of quiet, during which the continents were baseleveled. The profound revolutions, marked by folding, magmatic invasion, and regional metamorphism, were relatively brief periods closing long eras marked by diastrophic quiet and low continental relief.

"Another aspect to be considered lies in the relations of organic evolution to this great expansion of time. If it be assumed that the lowest forms of life began short-

ly after the earth's surface was fitted to support them, then instead of evolution being compressed into less than a hundred million years, it is stretched out over a period of the order of 1,500,000,000 years. . . .

"Altho evolution may advance by saltations and is accomplished through the establishment of new or the dropping of the old Mendelian factors, yet the building up of the organization of the metazoa implies the sifting out of favorable combinations from chance variations by a process of natural selection. Only in this way can organisms become organized and efficiently adjusted to their environment. But this requires numberless generations living in the relatively brief times of changing environment and resulting organic stress."

Closely connected with this expanded view of terrestrial duration is the relation of geologic time to organic evolution. If life originated at an early period on this earth and was not derived from germs driven by the pressure of light from other worlds, protoplasm must have existed at first as mere molecules of very complex nature. The initial preservation of the successful protoplasmatic combination was owing to the fact that the world was as yet without predatory organisms. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, in this basal evolution was the establishment of the principle of inheritance, residing in a marvelous mechanism by virtue of which the descendants start life with the capital of efficiency acquired by their ancestors and sifted by selection through all previous time. Without inheritance there could be no progress, but powers of inheritance mean an in-

Our Ideas of Evolution and of Solar Energy Alike Affected by Figures in Billions

comprehensible complexity in the ultra-microscopic structure of the cell. Considering the stages that have to be passed through, the child is marvelously like the parent. The wonder is not that there is so much variation but that there is so little. Doctor Barrell elucidates further:

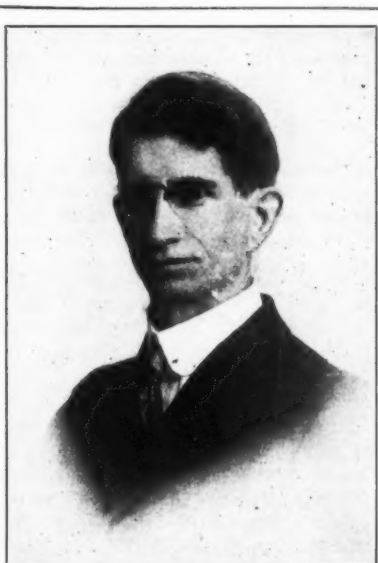
"Yet this development of the metazoan is only a higher expression of powers already evolved in the protozoan. The evolution of the habits of conjugation, of the exchange and combination of Mendelian factors, of the habits of precisely similar growth generation after generation, are all parts of a protoplasmic machinery which had to become established before even protozoan progress was possible. This machinery could not rapidly evolve. Like all later advances, it must have been the result of numberless variations, the efficient sifted out by the elimination of the unfit. It would seem that the vast length of the early pre-Cambrian ages was none too long for the accomplishment of this half of evolution of which we know so little."

Turning to a better-known side of the subject, the evolution of the vertebrates, Doctor Barrell believes the geologic record shows that the great advances coincide with changes in environment:

"The advances represent modifications of older structures and their combination to new ends and with increased efficiency. The variations must come from within by modifications of the germ plasma, and these, once established, are carried forward and perpetuated through the stability of inheritance. But the efficient variations, representing improved adaptations to a changing environment, must be sifted out from inefficient and degenerative variations by natural selection leading to the survival of the fittest. The same principles doubtless led to the long upward journey in the organization of the protozoa.

"If evolution were due only to internal changes, to the mere sloughing off of inhibiting Mendelian factors, it might proceed with rapid pace; but if, as the geologic record testifies, it waits on environmental change and requires a transformation of unrelated organs with mutual support and efficiency, as seen in the organization of lungs, circulation, and limbs—needed to transform the fish into the amphibian—then evolution must proceed with surpassing slowness. Millions of generations must cross the stage of life to furnish again and again the chance combinations which are seized on by nature at times when the environment exerts a critical and selective pressure. These forces which make for evolution work intermittently, not continuously. Degeneration rather than evolution is the result where nature ceases to drive and organisms are left to procreate freely.

"Viewed in this light, it seems impossible to compress the evolution and



THE NEW KEEPER OF OUR GEOLOGIC TIME

Joseph Barrell, one of the world's greatest geologists, thinks we must go back billions of years, instead of mere millions, for the true scientific standing point.

* RHYTHMS AND THE MEASUREMENTS OF GEOLOGIC TIME. By Joseph Barrell. Bulletin of the Geological Society of America.

deployment of Cenozoic mammals, gained through the march of many successive faunas, into any such limited time as 3,000,000 years. Ten times this seems none too long. In fact, fifty or sixty million years, giving perhaps from ten to twenty million generations, may have been needed for the transformation of the generalized mammal of the basal Eocene through the many successive faunas into the varied life of the living age.

"Lyell regarded 20,000,000 years as a probable length of a geologic period required for the transformation of species. Darwin thought 200,000,000 years too short for the accomplishment of organic evolution. It would appear that they were conservative in these expressions of opinion and that this expansion of geologic time should be welcomed by the biologist as well as by the geologist."

The recognition of this larger magnitude of geologic time, we are further reminded by Doctor Barrell, opens up

sharply another problem, the source of solar energy.

"But the sun is only one of the numberless host of stars, and the source of its energy is a far-reaching cosmic problem. To warm the earth through the vast length of geologic time, gravitational condensation of the solar mass is found to be totally inadequate. The energy supplied by the atomic degeneration of uranium and thorium would have ample endurance in time; but, even if the sun were composed entirely of these elements, their decay could not supply the quantity of energy which is daily expended. Geologic time brings to light, consequently, the evidence of unknown sources of energy, cosmic forces which must constitute a fundamental factor in any satisfactory hypothesis of stellar evolution, a factor which has not as yet been taken into full consideration in its bearings. Even if, as a lesser difficulty, it should be sought to deny the validity of the radioactive

measurements of the earth's age, escape can not be had from this conclusion, for various lines of purely geological evidence indicate an age many times greater than that which could be granted if the solar energy were due simply to contraction of the sun's mass. The depths of geologic time leave us face to face with the unknown."

Doctor Barrell believes likewise that the extension of geologic time will stimulate the scientific imagination and be productive of fruitful speculation in many fields. The evidence is clear that we are a very old, old planet and the older the planet the more vital it is made to seem. There is something fallacious in the idea that age counted in billions means decrepitude in a planet.

Geology has inferred that its long periods denote senility, but in reality they suggest a rejuvenation. There is a period of incubation for the planet.

A METEOROLOGIST'S CON- TEMPT FOR ARTIST'S CLOUDS

IT might be thought, observes London *Nature*, that in landscape scenes artists would devote at least as much attention to the sky and the clouds above as to the hills and the valleys below. That this is not the case will be painfully evident to the meteorologist or even to the ordinary intelligent observer of nature who visits the Royal Academy and makes but a cursory examination of its walls. Let it be granted at once that there are notable exceptions, but the conclusion cannot be resisted that to many artists the clouds form a very subsidiary part of the picture, and are put in to produce what to the artist's eye is presumably a pleasing effect, but without the least regard to natural truth.

The majority of the clouds appearing in this exhibition belong to the strato-cumulus or fracto-cumulus type, tho, as would be expected, the hard convection cumulus, the most striking of all clouds, is not neglected. Perhaps the most remarkable feature is the almost entire neglect of high clouds of the cirrus and cirro-cumulus types, which produce some of the most beautiful effects in nature.

"Cirro-cumulus is shown in one or two sunset pictures, and a not entirely successful attempt has been made in one case to depict the sun shining feebly through an alto-stratus veil; but true cirrus is almost entirely unrepresented. In 'The Passing of Autumn' the meteorologist may think that he detects a fragment of false cirrus showing up against a rather fine cumulus, but the remaining clouds in this picture spoil what might otherwise have been a successful cloud study. True cumulus should surely be a cloud type which would lend itself to the artist's needs without any departure from the forms provided by

nature; but in many cases these clouds are given the most grotesque and unreal shapes, which completely spoil the picture to the observant lover of the country. On the other hand, some of the most successful clouds in the exhibition appear in B. W. Leader's 'The Weald of Surrey' and A. R. Quinton's 'The Road Over the Downs, Sussex,' where clouds of the cumulus and strato-cumulus types are both true to nature and blend admirably with the peaceful scenes depicted. Less peaceful, but with an equally admirable effect, is A. W. Parson's 'Rolling from the West,' where similar clouds are depicted over the sea. In the most prominent picture of the second gallery, 'Cader Idris,' H. Hughes-Stanton includes clouds of the cumulus type which, in their hard outlines and rather unnatural coloring, are very jarring when inspected from any of the nearer parts of the room; but if the picture is viewed from the greatest distance possible the effect becomes more attractive, and the lights and shadows of the clouds blend into one another in a more harmonious whole. A very similar effect is produced in the smaller work by the same artist, 'Welsh Hills Near Barmouth.'"

When looking at a wide stretch of country, adds the organ of science from which these points are taken, the most attractive effects are often obtained on a day when the sky is covered with detached clouds of the cumulus type, causing a bright contrast between the light and shade on the country below. A scene of this kind is depicted by Bertram Priestman in 'The Walls of Langstrothdale,' but to the critical observer the whole is spoilt by the unreality of the clouds themselves, tho the shadow effect on the ground is more successful. The only type of cloud which is almost uniformly well dealt with is where the "clouds" appear as

mountain mists, and one concludes that artists must subject this type to much more study than the clouds in the sky above. Some of these mountain-mist effects are notably good.

"The high cloud at sunset in B. W. Leader's 'Still Evening' raises an interesting speculation as to the probability of the conditions shown being true to life. Bands of high clouds are brightly tinted pink in the rays of the setting sun, whereas other clouds in the same part of the sky, but at an apparently higher level, are illuminated, but without color. The writer does not remember a case of this kind coming under his observation, altho it appears not to be impossible. The interesting and quite common case where the high clouds are illuminated with a pink glow, while the lower ones have already passed into the shadow of the earth, does not seem to have attracted the artist's imagination. Very interesting information as to the relative heights of different cloud layers may sometimes be obtained in these circumstances."

Observers often, in dealing with nature herself, have difficulty in deciding to which of the artificial types of the international classification a cloud belongs, so infinite are the varieties which occur, but all meteorological observers who visit the Academy, concludes the authoritative organ of science in England, will undoubtedly give a sigh of relief that they are not expected to classify the strange shapes which appear in the sky in "Evening," to mention one case only, tho it does not stand alone. In "Wind From the South" the artist presumably set out to portray falling snow; but surely with a title so meteorological he might have given more careful attention to the meteorological elements in his picture.

Shocking Ignorance of Natural Phenomena in London Exhibitions

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

WHAT HAPPENS TO SOLDIERS KILLED IN BATTLE?

A "startling radicalism" pervades the thinking of the armies, William T. Ellis notes in one of his recent articles upon religious conditions in the countries at war, published in the *Boston Transcript*, the *New York Tribune* and other papers. "Conventions," he says, apropos of a visit to our soldiers in France, "have lost their grip. Nobody cares a cootie for 'orthodoxy,' as such. Old usages and old creeds seem to have succumbed to the U-boats, or some other force, on the way over." All things, from the very existence of a Supreme Being to the right of a church to exist, have come up for revaluation, and no subject, it seems, is more earnestly discussed than that of the fate and the state of the dead.

The question has often been raised as to whether a soldier, dying for his country, atones for his sins, and Mr. Ellis quotes in this connection several notable utterances. The first, from Cardinal Mercier's pastoral letter, "Patriotism and Endurance," issued at Christmas, 1914, is to the effect that Christ "without any doubt whatever" assures the safety of a soldier who falls in a righteous cause. Cardinal Mercier says:

"I was asked lately by a staff officer whether a soldier falling in a righteous cause—and our cause is such, to demonstration—is not veritably a martyr. Well, he is not a martyr in the rigorous theological meaning of the word, inasmuch as he dies in arms, whereas the martyr delivers himself, undefended and unarmed, into the hands of the executioner. But if I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has conscientiously given his life in defense of his country's honor, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valor, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. 'Greater love than this no man hath,' said Our Saviour, 'that a man lay down his life for his friends.' And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist

or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love?"

The second utterance cited is from a book entitled "God and the Soldier," by two Scotch clergymen, Rev. Drs. Norman MacLean and J. R. P. Sclater of Edinburgh, one of whom served as preacher and lecturer with the Scottish Church huts in France, and the other of whom was director of religious services in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. Their book contains the substance of addresses delivered before a weekly conference of chaplains in one of the great camps in France. It is against the background of Scotch theology that the radicalism of the utterances Mr. Ellis quotes must be considered.

This Scotch book advocates prayers for the dead. It does not go as far as Cardinal Mercier in proclaiming the sure salvation of the soldier slain, but it strikingly voices a sentiment that Mr. Ellis has repeatedly heard among British clergy, that this war will reintroduce the churches of the Reformation to the Eucharist, to the crucifix and to prayers for the departed.

The author of one of the addresses begins by picturing a service with the soldiers wherein he had quoted Donald Hankey's, "Men, if you are wounded it is Blighty; if you are killed it is the Resurrection." But at the close the unexpected confronted the preacher. A kilted, grim-faced Scot waited and asked this question: "Do you really believe that every soldier who dies in battle goes to heaven?" The spirit of all the Puritans glowed in his deep-set eyes. He made it clear that he had no use for such a gospel. He was a Christian and not a Mohammedan. His body was cheap—a shilling a day; his life was cheap—mere fodder for guns; his self-respect required that his soul should not be cheap. And a heaven gained through a splinter of shell would be but a cheap heaven indeed!

"The question to which the stern-faced soldier wanted an answer is this—What does really happen to the soldier who dies in battle? In other days the question found a ready answer; the believer went instantly to a heaven of bliss and the unbeliever went instantly to a hell of everlasting torment. It was a clear answer, grim, but logically unassailable on the premises. Can we conceive the soldier

"Every Other Question Pales Before This of the Destiny of These Millions"

hurled from the hell of battle into an endless hell? Are men who never had a chance on earth to be deprived forever of any chance? Doubtless many of them are men of sanguinary language and strange deeds; but they are the products of a civilization that herds men in slums and encircles them with every evil. They lived in grime, how could they be but grimy? Are they to be damned for the grime they did not create? But no grime of man's creation can hide the God-like in them. They laugh at misery; they go down to the earthly hell with a jest; they scorn death to save a comrade; and for dim ideals they lay down life itself right joyously. It is inconceivable, whatever infallible theologians may say, that hell can be the portion of these. But it is equally inconceivable that lives so stained and marred can 'immediately pass into glory.' They would be very unhappy if they did, for they would not feel at home. There is so much of good in them that hell cannot be their portion; and so much of evil that heaven cannot at once receive them. What then can be their lot?

"What has become of the soldier whom neither the heaven nor the hell of the pre-war theology can receive? There are seven millions dead, and twenty millions jousting still with death, and no man can see the end. Every other question pales before this of the destiny of these millions."

The answer to the question propounded is stated in the following passage:

"The revolution made by war in the social organism brings in its train a revolution in the realm of the soul. The Church must propound not only a doctrine of heaven and of hell, but also a doctrine of an intermediate state.

"Just as boys who pass from one school to another take up their tasks where they left off, some lower down and, some higher up, according to their development, so will it be in the great school of life beyond. There the life suddenly ended on earth will take up the interrupted task of its discipline and development. The soldier who, like all his comrades, spurned the cheap narcotic that would assure heaven to all men dying in battle was quite right. It is the heroic in the soul that spurns such opiates. But if the soldier takes up life yonder just as he laid it down here, then this can be further said: The highest we know of the Unseen Governor of the universe is a love that will even die for His children. And in the hour of death, these His children, content to be blotted out on earth that their country might live and their children

be free, touched with groping hands the Father's fairest raiment. They launched forth on the illimitable sea with the course set God-ward. We can say that, and need not shrink from saying it. But what further rocks and shoals imperil the voyage, who can say?

"Even in hell, there can be no complete isolation from God. For hell itself is within the compass of His omnipresence, and the man who makes his bed there at last is brought through anguish to say: 'Lo, Thou art here!' God is also in hell, and wherever He is He can only be doing one thing—trying to win His children to Himself."

In further quotation from "an honored minister of the Church of Scotland" who is not named, Mr. Ellis offers an argument in behalf of prayer for the dead:

"If prayer be the mightiest weapon placed in our hands, we dare not restrict its power merely to the aid of the living. For the dead also are still on the same great stream of life as we are. And they, too, need the shepherding and shielding of God."

"And the dead are as the living within the fold of the one enveloping God. If a mother's prayer may mean that a new inspiration can come to her son in the trenches and a new resolve to follow after God, surely a mother's prayer may also mean a fuller sense of God coming to her son within the veil, and if he be far away

the resolution may rise in his heart: 'I will arise and go to my father.'

"We know regarding the dead that they pray for the living, for we read of 'the golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of saints.' And this is so natural that we instinctively know it to be true. The mother who prays for her children on earth goes on praying for them in heaven. It is impossible that death could congeal the prayers of love on her lips. If through their prayers there come to us hope and vision and guidance, how dare we cease directing the forces of prayer towards them? For they are not yet perfected. For them, too, difficulties may emerge and stretches of dim valleys may have to be passed. If they be still free (and we cannot think that death can so pauperize as to make men mere automata) they may still have to face peril. For heaven is not a place where men cannot sin, but, rather, a place where they do not want to sin. And we cannot err in that—in asking for our beloved dead that they may never more want to sin."

All this appeals to Mr. Ellis as evidence that the war is stimulating thought upon the profoundest themes. The *Philadelphia Presbyterian*, however, frankly regrets his presentation, and characterizes the new beliefs as ancient errors. It says:

"Mr. Ellis would have us think that a wave of unbelief was sweeping the armies

and the nations. This unbelief does not reach atheism, but it does reach 'god-making.' Men are making their own gods, each working after his own model. The Bible is not a guide (al tho more soldiers and civilians are using the Bible than ever before). The result is that any doctrine, heathen, Jewish, or Christian, may prevail. God is only thought of as a kind God. His justice and righteousness are not considered. 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay,' has no place in the conceptions of God. There is no hell, no eternal punishment. A soldier dying for his country atones for his own sin. The condition of the soul at death is not fixed, therefore prayers for the dead are in order. If there be a hell, the men in it may yet be saved out of it. The idea of a 'fixed gulf' is out of fashion. Hence, universal salvation is in vogue. In a word, Mr. Ellis has gathered up the errors of the ages, all of which have been exploded, and tries to make out that these are the beliefs of the nations and armies now, and will be the prevailing faith of the new era to follow the war. He does not claim these as his own personal belief. But he circulates these errors without contradiction, and that is an effective but sneaking way of endorsement. Mr. Ellis is a Presbyterian elder, and fidelity to vows would suggest a different occupation. But his statements meet with strong contradiction and challenge in the testimony of such men as Gypsy Smith, Chaplain Tiplady, and other evangelical workers."

CRITICIZING THE RELIGIOUS PRESS FOR NOT BEING MILITANT ENOUGH

WHAT is wrong with many of the so-called religious papers? Why do they not mightily declare their passion to win the war?

Such are the questions raised in a recent issue of *The Christian Register*. The editor of this Unitarian weekly says that he cannot escape the impression that religious editors have not quite satisfied themselves regarding the "spiritual" integrity of the war. They certainly, he remarks, do not make its righteousness burn in their editorials and news. They do not set out the issue forthright and downright. "If they are not slackers they are shrinkers. They simply cannot stand up to the ordeal with their sons and brothers 'over there.' It is too terrible. What a pity! The best they can make of it is that it is the world's sorry way of settling great issues." Their timorous approach to the chronicle of battle, we read further, their temporizing with those who may fairly be called Pacifists, their omission from their columns of the grim but glorious facts that are being achieved for their security, are amazing and distressing. "They are failing ingloriously in their duty." The argument proceeds:

"Featuring Y. M. C. A. huts and printing the portraits of denominational representatives among army and navy chaplains, fellow-editors, doesn't touch the heart of this war, and our duty in it. Not at all. The soldier is winning this victory first, not the man of the Red Triangle, nor yet he of the Holy Cross. The fighting man's is the honor and the glory and the spiritual magnificence. All that our ministries to him can accomplish—and it is no little thing—is to praise his nobleness, comfort, hearten, and cheer him. One gets the impression from the pietistic fulsomeness of sundry church papers that the chief opportunity of this war is to glorify religion, to tell the men about God, about immortality, about the spiritual credentials that must inhere in their character and conduct, not as means to victory, but as apologetics for the faith."

Religion's business in this epoch, the *Register* declares, is to win the war. Nothing else matters. It is all very well for religious leaders of the type of Raymond B. Fossdick and John R. Mott to devote themselves to the task of getting clean recreations, decent moral conditions and high religious influences for the men; but a constant heroic word for the war is equally necessary. The *Register* denounces "a new variety of religious institution

A Unitarian Complaint that Religious Editors are Unwilling to Face the Issues Raised by the War

whose glory is in itself," and demands more and more that our spiritual forces truly show "force, force without stint or limit," the spiritual urge that is the determining power in any human engagement. "Is it not," says the *Register*, "a subtle and smug and pernicious conceit which our religious press is nurturing in its constituency? Is it not the old sacrosanct wickedness that religion is its own end? We wonder how the fathers and mothers feel about it, who are offering upon the altar of holy liberty their offspring, their faces fresh with morning light, their hearts as strong as steel."

This worse than impotent business, we are told, must stop. "Our leaders must talk about the war and their passion to help win the war." The *Register* adds:

"In too many cases which come under our view, as we read the alleged religious papers, the policy of religionists is to laud their own work. We have listened to speech after speech by so-called religious leaders, as we have read thousands of editorials and articles in the church papers, and only once in a hundred times does either speaker or writer go to the center and soul of the business and utter a ringing challenge to win the war for God and Christ and mankind. They skirt

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around the edge of the principal enterprise, urging with fervor and tremulous emphasis the well-being of the souls of the soldiers, and appealing to the sentiment of affectionate religionists instead of championing the heroism of great-hearted soldiers. It is all wrong, shamefully wrong. In our portion of this world, every shred of our fiber is dedicated to make the whole world the very Kingdom of God and His righteousness by means of this war."

This utterance has evoked rejoinders in several religious papers. *The Congregationalist and Advance* (Boston), while paying tribute to its enlivening influence, finds it "exaggerated, not to say hectic," and declares that it altogether misrepresents those who are as eager and outspoken as the editor of the *Register* with regard to the relentless prosecution of the war. The *Congregationalist* continues:

"In our judgment the religious press in this country, broadly speaking and ex-

cepting possibly some organs of the Lutheran communion, has been, since President Wilson led us into war, clear and emphatic in its constant justification on the highest moral grounds of our participation, in its kindling of the spirit of courage and persistence in the hearts of the soldiers, in its endeavor to mobilize all the resources of the Church behind the fighting men; in its exposure of German trickery and cupidity, in its denunciation of German atrocities, in its insistence that we shall stay in the war 'to the last dollar and the last man,' until Germany is convinced that hereafter no nation, however strong, can go out to get what it wants, regardless of God's laws, man's rights and its own sacred covenants with other nations.

"Can it be that the *Christian Register* is unwilling that along with this sturdy advocacy of the war its contemporaries should seek to incite the nation to win the war worthily, to arouse the mighty forces of prayer and to direct their exercise, to repress the spirit of indiscriminate and implacable hatred, to keep

alive the thought of the living God and His great purpose for mankind, to emphasize the spiritual approachability of the soldiers and to urge that the Church reap the advantage of this exceptional opportunity by simplifying its message and adapting its ministrations to their need?

"Or is the *Register* so irritated because a religious paper ventures occasionally to forecast the years and to visualize the new social and international order that must come, to consider how we shall be able to live in a world in which probably there will continue to be seventy or eighty million Germans, even after we and our allies have killed ten millions or more of them?

"The real leaders of the American Church to-day—men like John R. Mott, Bishop William Lawrence and Pres. Henry C. King, are large enough to couple with their stalwart championship of the war some careful thinking and speaking in these directions. And we believe the religious press as a whole has reflected the attitude of such leaders."

CHESTERTON ATTACKS THE PACIFIST ATTITUDE

IN recent discussions of the problems of Pacifism in the *Illustrated London News*, G. K. Chesterton shows that his mind has lost none of its cunning and his pen none of its cleverness. His aim is to prove that Pacifism is a negative, rather than a positive, force. He says that while it was the glory of the older Liberalism to sympathize with nations "struggling to be free," it is the misfortune of the newer Liberalism, inspired by Pacifism, to be able, if it is logical, only to tell such nations not to struggle. And he points to Russia as a country which, hesitating between Militarism and Pacifism, became involved in an impossible compromise.

The real point against the cause of Pacifism, according to Chesterton, is that it is not a cause at all, but only a weakening of all causes. To quote:

"It does not announce any aim; it only announces that it will never use certain means in pursuing any aim. It does not define its goal; it only defines a stopping-place, beyond which nobody must go in the search for any goal. Now you do not get the good out of any cause by saying, from any motive, that you will never fight for it. A Buddhist is not a better Buddhist, but a worse Buddhist, if he refuses to draw the sword even to avert the extinction of Buddhism—or, if he is not so far the worse Buddhist, Buddhism is so far the worse religion. A Quaker may be obeying Quakerism, but he is not serving Quakerism, in so far as he would refuse to defend it; always supposing that Quakerism has other and more central doctrines to defend, as I believe to be the case. Indeed, I understand that many Quakers really are fighting with effect and distinc-

tion in the present war, on the specific ground that spiritual ideals are in peril, which are more precious to them than their ideal of non-resistance. Anyhow, the point is that Pacifism is not a cause, in the sense that Pan-Slavism or Puritanism, or even Prussianism, is a cause. It is merely a restriction on the Puritan in his work for Puritanism, on the Prussian in his work for Prussianism, or on the Slav enthusiast in his work for the Slav race. In this highly practical sense, it would merely make the Socialist less Socialistic, the Secularist less secular, and even the Internationalist less international. For a World State would have to be guarded with swords and staves like any other State; and a universal settlement would want fighting for as much as any other—or rather, more than any other."

When Trotzky and his colleagues went out to parley with the victorious armies of Prussianism with little pieces of paper in their hands, friendly commentators attributed to them not only a supernatural perfection, but a sort of supernatural power. These two or three wandering Jews were not only to defy Prussianism like martyrs, but to dictate to it like masters. "Ideas are in the saddle," wrote the editor of the *London Nation*, "and force will find its limitations." But this judgment, Mr. Chesterton observes, was premature. "I should like to have his subsequent opinion about what ideas are now in the saddle in Roumania or Ukrainia, and what limitations have been found to the force of Potsdam and Berlin." The argument proceeds:

"The common sense of such things is wearisomely simple. There are realms in

He Says That "Pacifism and Prussianism are Always in Alliance, by a Fatal Logic Far Beyond Any Conscious Conspiracy"

which ideas and force rule respectively and separately; but ideas cannot expel force from its own realm except by entering that realm. The limitations of force are that it cannot prevent an idea from being an idea, but it can prevent it from being a fact. An idea may be 'in the saddle' of its own winged Pegasus in the clouds above, but it does not, as such, prevent some thousands of Uhlan cavalry going wherever they like in the plains below. If it does not matter where the Uhlans go in reality, so long as the ideal remains as an ideal—why, that makes a perfectly logical basis for Pacifism and many other things. That is the position of the Thibetan monk, of the Oriental hermit who looks with indifference at wave after wave of Oriental conquest and enslavement—and a very logical position too. It is not a very promising position for the editor of a radical paper, for it implies abstinence as much from internal reform and revolt as from external intervention and invasion. . . .

"The logical position is that of the man who will not fight at all to realize his ideal, because he is quite content with it as an ideal. In no case can he possibly tell how much trouble it will be to make it a reality. There may be something at once tough and intangible, upon its own plane, about passive resistance. But there is nothing whatever to hope or fear from partial resistance. The Bolshevik leaders might have been impressive if they had been impotent. They might have been madmen, but they would still have been martyrs; and it is true that the laurel crown of the conqueror, being on another plane, can never eclipse the thorny crown of the martyr. But the *Nation* did not offer the Bolsheviks to us as martyrs, but as a sort of mesmerists. They were represented not merely as men who defied armies or despised armies, but as men who by some mysterious will-power would

do the work of armies without armies. The Petrograd idealist was not put forward as a Christian martyr who would prove his faith by being eaten by lions, but as a lion-tamer who would prevent the lions from eating him. This is the compromise between consistent militancy and consistent martyrdom which the

Nation really asks us to believe in; and this is the compromise that has collapsed."

The conclusion of the argument is that this "peace business" must in its very nature be the frustration of any plan. "When the tyrant is in possession of power, and the tribune is striv-

ing for freedom, the appearance of a third philosopher who is striving primarily for peace must of necessity be in favor of the man in possession. Pacifism and Prussianism are always in alliance, by a fatal logic far beyond any conscious conspiracy."

WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE FOR WOMEN

"BEFORE 1914 it was definitely a handicap to be a woman," writes Rebecca West, the brilliant young English critic and novelist, in the *Sunday Pictorial* (London). "For it is not in human nature to behave reasonably when one is perpetually being insulted, and the only steady tributes that men rendered to women before the war were marriage and insolence. They were gifts that irritated the recipients by their inconsistency."

But four years of war have altered all that.

"The enmity between men and women in general was due to a misunderstanding which the war has removed. Before the war men were never sure whether women really earned their keep, because most women do work the value of which men cannot judge. It is almost impossible for a man who is out all day to get any clear impression of his wife's domestic routine.

"Similarly, since men did not understand women's work, they undervalued it, and pretended that it could be performed by a sex which was wholly without qualities that demanded respect or reward. But now that women have had to come out of the kitchen and the nursery and do men's work, and have on the whole done it as well as the men, and have won the vote and a living wage by their efficiency, they have convinced men that they are not contemptible.

"Unfettered by habitual irritation and

underpayment and powerlessness, they are well on the way to becoming free citizens."

What have women learned from these four years of freedom? Miss West asks. She replies:

"They have learned, first of all, the self-respect that comes from economic freedom. The high wages that are earned by munition makers are among the best investments England has ever made. The greatness of a State depends on the opportunities it gives each and all of its individuals to choose the conditions under which they shall live. People who are not allowed to exercise their will lose it and become a characterless, unproductive, wasteful class that is a burden to the State. There were no opportunities of choice given to the pre-war working-girl.

"But the modern munition maker earns enough to get her good food; she works in factories which, since they have to be efficient, are clean; and now that it is realized that long hours diminish productivity, she need not spoil her health by twelve-hour shifts. She will acquire a habit of comfort, and she will never have to marry a man because there is no choice before her but the registry office or the pawnshop.

"And she will insist that she is allowed to bring up her children in comfort, which is health. She will behave, too, in all circumstances with the self-respect which comes of doing good work and getting praise and reward for it.

"Women have learned a great deal from the mere performance of their work. To

"Unfettered by Habitual Irritation and Underpayment and Powerlessness, They Are Well on the Way to Becoming Free Citizens"

do anything well is in itself an education; and to have to do work expeditiously and under a critical eye forms clean mental habits. Housework was not quite exigent enough in these respects, and one has often met women who had sunk into a cow-like apathy and incompetence because there was no reason why they should not leave the breakfast dishes while they played with the cat and no one to ask why the mats had not been lifted."

It is highly undesirable, according to Rebecca West, that women should spend their whole lives in industry, but it is highly desirable that they should pass through it during their youth. The danger of women, we are told, has always been an anti-social position in the home. But "the free contact with equal persons that comes to the factory worker, the discipline and the close association of the women's naval and military services, will give a woman a sense of the richness of corporate life, and demonstrate that there are interests and ethics which are not contained in the home." The argument concludes:

"There is no question as to the effect education gained through war work will have on the part played by women in the days of reconstruction. With practicality added to the good will we always had we will be able to contribute our part to the making of the new British Empire.

"What adds a supreme zest to our war-work is the fact that the war-work of German women has been a failure."

"THE MOST FASCINATING OF ALL PURSUITS"

TALKING recently with the librarian of a town of some forty thousand inhabitants, the novelist Arnold Bennett was impressed by two things. The first was the enormous amount of fiction consumed. The second was the dissatisfaction of novel-readers with the novels they read. Some novels, it is true, they genuinely liked, but the number of such novels was very few. According to the librarian, the majority of his clients spent the majority of their reading time in reading stuff which could only be described as a mitigated bore to them, while waiting

their turn for the handful of books that genuinely pleased them.

In view of these facts, Mr. Bennett found himself asking: Why does the average reader persist in reading only fiction? Why does he not try that other half of the library which is never taken from its shelves? How comes it that he chooses unpleasing or half-pleasing fiction in preference to an adventure among the literature of knowledge? Is he a fool? Is he deficient in brain power? Does he partake of the stupidity of the ass? Mr. Bennett's answer to his own questions is: "No; the truth is that he has

ample brains to cope with the literature of knowledge; but the truth is also that he is afraid of the literature of knowledge." Mr. Bennett continues (in the *New York Bookman*):

"Idiotic methods of education have inspired him with a religious fear of knowledge. In his memory, knowledge is associated with tedium, compared with which the tedium of a tedious novel is wild exhilaration. Give him a book of knowledge and he is inclined to treat it as he is inclined to treat an income-tax paper, namely, to hide it away and forget that it exists. Tell him that the pursuit of knowledge is the most fascinating of all

Arnold Bennett's Panegyric on the Quest of Knowledge

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pursuits, and he simply will not believe you.

"The great truth remains, however, that the pursuit of knowledge is, after all, the most fascinating of all pursuits. The whole history of mankind proves it. Its fascination, when once it has got hold of you, is even terrible. The annals of human progress are full of the victims and the criminals of the pursuit of knowledge. Men have sacrificed everything to it, even honor. They have stolen for it, they have murdered for it. They have disgracefully neglected for it their wives and their children and all social obligations. And they are still doing so. The strict fact is, that as a hobby the pursuit of knowledge is positively dangerous; without doubt, more dangerous than gambling or flying. I meant to recommend it for a change to the habitual fiction-reader, but upon my soul I hesitate! For, once fairly embarked, he might abandon his shop or his

office or his factory, and court starvation in the pursuit of knowledge. Talk about the fascination of fiction! Did you ever hear of anybody abandoning all that life holds dear in order to read novels? (Well, to be candid, one has heard of such cases, but they are excessively rare.)"

The habitual fiction-reader may object that he has never experienced the fascinations of which Mr. Bennett writes so eloquently; but to this Mr. Bennett responds:

"You can't form a fascinating habit in twenty minutes. Only tedious habits are formed easily. Is the first taste of beer agreeable? It is notorious that even the first taste of love is often not agreeable. Offer Scott's 'Waverley' to a man who has never read anything but Bradshaw, and he will most probably drop it. Yet

the habitual fiction-reader knows that 'Waverley' has fascinated millions.

"I want to recommend the pursuit of knowledge to the jaded fiction-reader. I have, on this occasion, no moral axe to grind. I do not present the pursuit of knowledge as a duty to one's self or to the world. I do not, on this occasion, care twopence about the higher welfare of the jaded fiction-reader. I approach him on the plane of pleasure, of diversion. I inform him that he is missing the real fun. I inform him that his fears about knowledge would be unworthy of a puling infant; and if he says to me: 'This is all very well, but how can it be proved?' I reply:

"Very simply. Boldly pursue knowledge for half an hour a day steadily for a fortnight, or—if you have the courage of a lion—for an hour a day for a month, and then see whether fear has not given place to a deadly fascination."

GERMANY AS A VICTIM OF CROWD-HYPNOSIS

AT intervals in history strange waves of fear and credulity have swept, like electric currents, through the nations.

All Europe at one time was the fête-ground of madmen exultant in *autos da fé*, holy massacres, inquisitions, tortures, witch-hunting, etc. In France, in July and August, 1789, a Great Fear invaded the people, and armed citizens marched forth from Paris to meet an imaginary foe. The history of America is broken up with records of religious hysteria, race riots and lynching-bees. No form of culture or civilization, Marian Cox remarks in *The Public* (New York), has yet been found to preserve humanity against these strange spells, and Germany stands as the latest and most colossal victim of "the demonic afflatus that vents itself in the winds and wilds and chaos of destruction." The argument proceeds:

"Germany is the sick mind of Europe. The future historian will analyze the modern abnormalities of Germany as our proud contemporaries have analyzed the strange and incredible socio-psychic phenomena of man's darkest past. The religion of Krupp brings back the religion of Juggernaut. The doctrine of Pan-Germanism brings back the holy crusades and pilgrimages. The *furor teutonicus* of militarism brings back Demonophobia, during whose reign on earth, of a century and a half, the collective craze was the fear of the devil and the finding of the devil in old women's breasts. It is such a phantasma of infernal agency and infatuation that the world has seen to-day in the spectacle of imperial Germany in her acute attack of social *paranoia persecutoria*—starting forth to fight the foreign devils in the months of the Great Fear."

The crazy self in normal man, Marian Cox points out, is receiving an inordinate amount of attention in the newer science of social-psychology. In fact, it is one of the earmarks of the up-to-date scientific spirit to find a new term and meaning for this strange element in human nature that is responsible for man's collective mood, crimes and craze. Gustave Le Bon, the French writer, seems to have been father of this school of thought, with his epoch-making book on "The Psychology of Crowds," for since then, that which he analyzed as the Soul of the Crowd, has taken its place in science and literature. Mob-psychology, the herd-instinct, the mystic in man, the subconscious, the inscrutable inner forces of life, in various forms, arrest the interests of the thinkers and writers to-day. "The psycho-analysts are popularizing their revelations of the unconscious in man; Bergson has made fashionable his theory of the *élan vital* that seems to destroy faith in intellect and culture as our guide in life; and the Double Consciousness of human beings has ceased to be the mere jargon of parlor hypnotists." We learn further:

"It is understood that man has a primary self which belongs to his own personality and a secondary self that belongs to others; to collectivities and overlordships; a sort of cosmic self. With the first he is an individual, an integer, self-conscious, self-controlled, and capable of reason, criticism and judgment. With the second, he is a negative self, a collective self, plasmic to all contagions, suggestions and controls. From these collective selves of men springs that kind of super-oneness and Will that rules the crowd, the mob, the great blind mass-movements of men.

"This collective soul is a crazy soul, for

The Furor Teutonicus of Militarism, Says Marian Cox, Brings Back Demonophobia

it is a fear-driven soul. Its roots clutch deep into the red vitals of the race. It is fear that huddles together the hoofed creatures of the forests or sets them on senseless stampedes across the open. Fear confuses the life-urge. Man's proud up-building of society is thus filled with the black ether of fear, and in its very nature the collective atmosphere and magnetisms are those of *craze*.

"The craze of Germany has its genesis in her deliberate cultivation of the collective self in the nature of the Germans. This has been the one aim of State and Kultur the past forty odd years."

The Franco-Prussian War gave the hysteria of success to the Germans, and at a time when other nations were creating, more and more, an atmosphere within which democracy and human individuality could develop, Germany deliberately shaped her vast machinery with the object of crushing individuality.

"Around their round tables, the Germans became a nation of conspirators and *doctrinaires*. They created the new morality, the morality of war, the new idealism, the glory of the Teuton, and the new religion, the Divine Mission of the Kaiser, for the German people. The Germans became Germanized. Dosed, dizzied, intoxicated and empoisoned on the new draughts for conceit and credulity. Every German and near-German within the frontiers suddenly found himself as a German. Until this crisis of change, the Germans had been a heterogeneous folk, of many races, creeds and tribal gods. But this orientation and culture made them homogeneous, politically and idealistically; finally to become so temperamentally and racially. 'The mental unification of a race has never been carried to such an extent,' says Le Bon of the Germans. Professor Münsterberg fitly describes his Fatherland when he de-

clared 'The German nation has found itself again, and its oneness of mind is symbolized in the Kaiser.'

This unitedness had its strength, but it bred weakness as well. "The sheep-like quality, the famed docility, of the Germans has led them to the shambles like devil-possessed sheep" that one might read of in the Apocalypse, but not in this cold day of scientific reality and skepticism." The Germans, Marian Cox argues, are not responsible for their crime and craze of war, for their infernal malice, atrocities and *Lusitania*-jubilees any more than is the entranced subject of a hypnotizer, who knows not what he does. "They are but the *subjects*, the suggestible collective hypnoid selves of their uncanny overlordship. The War Lord, like all the born leaders of mobs, crowds and infatuated hosts, has been a master

in the arts of social hypnotization." The argument concludes:

"The state of hypnosis, the psychiatrists tell us, is but the state of heightened, abnormal suggestibility. The known conditions for achieving the state of hypnosis are: fixation of attention, limitation of voluntary movements, limitation of the field of consciousness, inhibition and immediate execution.

"These conditions have been carried out with the characteristic thoroughness, in the military training and thinking of the Germans, and their culminate effect has been that of a nation's hypnosis. The Kaiser, in his shining armor, has been a symbol that held an enthralled nation in a tension of expectancy for the day.

"Can a nation go insane?

"In Germany we can, at least, trace a strange etiology that began with a nation's culture of the collective self in man and has ended, in what the social-psychologists term, 'the breakdown of

equilibrium characteristic of the great collective psychosis.'

"Nature, too, as well as nations, seems to have her strange periods of *folie circulaire*, her recurrent madnasses, which make it seem as tho it were some hidden law of being that anarchy should issue from law, explosion from concretion, death from excess of life.

"The months that were once called the Months of the Great Fear seem to bring the days of the earth's secret rabies. They are the year's bloated days, nature's superlative days, when the fruits bleed, the moon gapes red, and the dog-star has its heliacal rising. Then the reptiles go blind from their poison, the beasts run mad with strange fear, and the nights become like Cimmerian nights, in which the stars, too, lose their balance, mock at heavenly orders, turn into shooting-stars and meteorological fireworks until the sober telescope-gazers here below see life only as an epileptic fit between two Nothings."

AMERICAN RELIGION AS A BLEND OF THE VISIONARY AND THE PRACTICAL The "Idealism" of Russia and the "Materialism" of Germany Are Alike Foreign to Our Thought

IN a Fourth-of-July sermon preached in the historic City Temple, London, the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, the American successor of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, has endeavored to define the American religion. America, he says (as reported in the *Christian Commonwealth*), is not an accident. It is not a fortuitous agglomeration of exiles and emigrants. Nor is it a mere experiment to test an abstract ideal of state. It is "the natural development of a distinct life—an inward life of visions, passions, and hopes embodying itself in outward laws, customs, institutions, ways of thinking, and ways of doing things—a mighty spiritual fact which may well detain us to inquire into its meaning." He proceeds:

"There are those who tell us that we are a race of crude, sordid folk, sodden in materialism, and others who are equally sure that we are a tribe of fantastic and incurable idealists. Both are right, and it is in this blend of a hearty, wholesome, robust materialism with a noble and skyeey idealism that the real spirit of our Republic is to be found; and our glory is that we keep the two together. What idealism alone leads to and ends in, history has shown us many times—never more sadly than in Russia to-day. What materialism is, when it has conceived and brought forth its results, may be seen in the unimaginative, efficient barbarism of Germany. In America we hold the two together, that so our materialism shall incarnate our idealism, and our idealism consecrate and transfigure our materialism. Because this is so, because our national spirit has this dual aspect, it is a blunder to leave either element out of account in the interpretation of our history. Historians are apt to emphasize the purely material causes of our national growth, interpreting it as a matter of chance, of geographical environment, or,

as is now the fashion, of economic necessity. Thus we find the grand traits of New England character attributed to harsh climate, sterile soil, and hostile conditions, and the Revolution and the Anti-Slavery movement explained as primarily economic in motive. It is not true. While no one denies the influence of climate and industry, it is little short of blasphemy to overlook those deeper causes—those glowing sentiments that have fired the hearts of our people. America is a land of commercial opportunity, but our hearts are not in our ledgers, and our aspirations are not expressed in profits. What really rules our nation is a passionate attachment to the ideals of liberty, justice, and fraternity; and the soul of our people finds voice, not in records of bank clearings, but in the far-flung visions of our national poets and prophets."

Stephen Graham, the sympathetic interpreter of pre-Revolutionary Russia, has said that when he followed Russian pilgrims to America he felt that he was taking a journey from the most mystical lands to the most materialistic. And yet, Dr. Newton rejoins, if we take Tolstoy as the typical man of Russia, of its strength and its weakness, its lights and shadows, and place him alongside Lincoln, the most typical man of America, who will say that America is not also a land of mysticism? Indeed, when Lincoln fell more than fifty years ago, it was Tolstoy who said: "He was a Christ in miniature." To say that America is idealistic is only another way of saying that it is intensely religious; that our national life is rooted in spiritual reality; and "this profound religiousness has touched our history to finer issues, turning an almanac of prices into an epic of humanity—nay, into a chapter in the Biography of God."

Proceeding to consider the religious meaning of the fundamental ideas and aspirations of American life, Dr. Newton says:

"Since ours is a government of the people, by the people, the hideous dogma of the State as an abstract entity, a collective fiction, leading a life of its own, above and beyond the lives of the men who compose it; the frightful dogma which makes the State a kind of mortal god who can do no wrong, an irresponsible Moloch whose necessity is law, and to which liberty and right are to be sacrificed—that dogma has no place in America. . . . The citizens of a free land do not believe that God is an infinite autocrat, nor do they bow down to a divine despotism. No, they worship in the presence of an Eternal Father, who is always and everywhere accessible to the humblest man who lifts his heart in prayer. The logic of the American idea leads to faith in a Divine Love universal and impartial, all-encompassing and everlasting. Elisha Mulford was in accord with the theology of his country when he entitled his noble book 'The Republic of God,' and it is no wonder that he would fain open the gates of Heaven a little wider than they have ever been.

"Lord Bryce said that American patriotism is itself a religion; it is one with the spirit of all true religion, since the spirit of fraternity is the essence of both. After this manner the religious spirit works itself out in our Republic, colored by the political conditions under which our nation has grown—a faith profound and fruitful, hearty, happy, facing the future with the soul of adventure, often shadowed but never eclipsed, sometimes delayed but never defeated. If it is revolutionary, it is also redeeming, offering to every man the right to seek that truth by which no man was ever injured, and to look up from the lap of Mother Earth into the face of God the Father."

SHELLEY'S ARDENT DEFENSE OF CHRIST

THE unbelief of the poet Shelley has been so widely trumpeted to the world that it will come as a surprise even to some of his admirers to learn that he paid a remarkable tribute to Christ. This tribute appears in a fragment of an "Essay on Christianity" to which attention is drawn by Stopford Brooke in a posthumous essay in the *Hibbert Journal*. "The essay," Stopford Brooke tells us, "is full of noteworthy things, and it bears, independent of the prose style which is his own, the unmistakable stamp of Shelley's character and imagination. It is, in truth, the attempt to carry out a direct and long-cherished intention." In the notes on "Queen Mab," Shelley speaks of Christ as "in the foremost list of those true heroes who died for humanity." In a subnote to this, he expresses an afterthought which reverses his judgment in the text with regard to the objects of Jesus, but this afterthought he so completely laid aside that he told his friend Trelawny it was his desire to write a life of Christ which should revoke it. It seems to Stopford Brooke that this fragment was an attempt to carry out his intention, and that it took the form of an essay because, as he said to Trelawny, he found the materials for a life of Christ, from his point of view, inadequate.

By W. M. Rossetti the essay is put as early in Shelley's life as 1815. Stopford Brooke is inclined from internal evidence, and especially from certain of its phrases analogous to expressions in later poems, to place it several years later. Shelley's object in this writing seems to have been to vindicate Christ and his teaching from what he conceived to be the perversions imposed on them. He had bitterly attacked Christianity as a system of religion. He was still an agnostic. But he revered Christ.

He is speaking of the biographers of Christ, and he speaks in blaming them for what they have, out of their own minds, imputed to Jesus, of all those who from generation to generation have perverted his character and made him the supporter of the panic fears and superstitions which Shelley maintains he hated and used all his faith and reason to oppose. In spite, he says, of all the misrepresentations Jesus Christ has suffered from, enough remains to show that he is the enemy of oppression and falsehood, that he is the advocate of equal justice, that he is disposed to sanction neither bloodshed nor deceit, under whatever pretences their practice may be vindicated. We discover that he was "a man of

meek and majestic demeanor, calm in danger, of natural and simple thought and habits, beloved to adoration by his adherents; unmoved, solemn, severe," "of miraculous dignity and simplicity of character," "of invincible gentleness and benignity," who represented to mankind a God of Universal Love.

In this essay, there are passages in which Shelley describes Christ's conception of Deity with such sympathy and enthusiasm that, for the time being, he is almost identified with Christ's teaching. For instance:

"We live, and move, and think; but we are not the creators of our own origin and existence. We are not the arbiters of every motion of our own complicated nature; we are not the masters of our own imaginations and moods of mental being. There is a Power by which we are surrounded, like the atmosphere in which some motionless lyre is suspended, which visits with its breath our silent chords at will.

"This Power is God; and those who have seen God have, in the period of their purer and more perfect nature, been harmonized by their own will to so exquisite a consentaneity of power as to give forth divinest melody when the breath of universal being sweeps over their frame."

That is a strong passage for a man whom the world called an atheist to have written. It would be strong for a modern agnostic to write. But "we have no business," according to Stopford Brooke, "to assume that Shelley expresses in it his settled thought. He is either saying what he thought Jesus thought about God, or he is carried away by the splendor of the speculation into emotional poetry. For he did not by any means always think that—the existence of a Being who acted on us as a matter he held in suspension."

Shelley goes on, in his essay, to consider some of the symbolic and poetic phrases of Jesus, and to contradict those persons who take them literally, and make them, literally taken, the ground of an attack on the wisdom of Jesus—such phrases as, "Blessed are the poor," and "If a man smite you on the one cheek, turn him the other." He quotes, for example, "Take no thought for the morrow," and says: "If we would profit by the wisdom of a sublime and poetical mind, we must beware of the vulgar error of interpreting literally every expression it employs. Nothing can be more remote from truth than the literal construction of such expressions. Jesus Christ is here simply exposing, with the passionate rhetoric of enthusiastic love toward all human beings, the miseries and mischiefs of the system which

makes all things subservient to the subsistence of the material frame of man."

Shelley resents the idea that Christ taught the doctrine of everlasting punishment. He is indignant with the notion that Christ taught any doctrine of vengeance of this kind on the part of God. He calls it "a monstrous calumny which impostors have dared to advance against the mild and gentle author of the just sentiment of love your enemies that you may be the sons of your Heavenly Father, who makes his sun to shine on the good and evil and his rain to fall on the just and the unjust—against the whole tenor of his doctrines and his life, overflowing with benevolence and forbearance and compassion."

Shelley was one of the first in modern times to take the view that the whole character of Jesus forbade such a conception of God. He paints the horrors which the world has suffered from the idea of retaliation, and he shows how mankind, transmitting from generation to generation the legacy of accumulating vengeance, have not failed to attribute to the Universal Cause a character analogous to their own. "Against this superstition," he says, which destroyed men, and blackened the character of God, "Jesus protested with earnest eloquence." He showed a different God from this dreadful Being. He told his disciples to be perfect in love as their Father in heaven was perfect. He proclaimed his belief that human perfection as well as divine required the refraining from revenge in any shape whatever.

Shelley turns to the social aspect of the teaching of Jesus, and comprises it in the phrase—the equality of mankind. He quotes the sermon at Nazareth which begins, "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me," and he says: "This is an enunciation of all that Plato and Diogenes have speculated on, the equality of mankind. But in Christ's idea, as Shelley thought, this equality, which took in not only a community of thoughts and feelings, but also of external possessions, was not to be established by force, nor by enactment, but by the growth of love among mankind, by a sacrifice of the desires of the flesh, by a contempt of outward wealth and power, by a just subordination of all material comforts and inventions to the needs of the mind and the grandeur of the soul."

Taken in its entirety, Stopford Brooke concludes, "there is no more remarkable vindication of Jesus from the orthodox view of him, and no more remarkable anticipation of the position Jesus will take in the future, than this essay of Shelley."



HILAIRE BELLOC'S HOPE FOR THE FREE PRESS IN ENGLAND

IT is the belief of Hilaire Belloc, the distinguished Franco-British litterateur and military expert, that the great modern press is essentially capitalistic in nature, and that it is one of the most glaring evils of modern British society. Its function, he asserts in a stimulating essay* recently published in London, is really to vitiate and misinform opinion, and to place power into ignoble hands. The hope of the future, he feels, lies in the growing crop of small independent organs—papers worthy to be described as the Free Press. Tho Mr. Belloc's wholesale condemnation of the "official" press is so sweeping that he might be suspected of Bolshevism, he is aiming only at winning the battle for free political discussion. Mere knowledge of our public evils, economic and political, will henceforth spread, he states in his introduction. Tho we have and must suffer the external consequences of so prolonged a régime of lying, the lies are now known to be lies. True expression, tho it should bear no immediate and practical fruit, is at least now guaranteed a measure of freedom, and the coming evils which the State must still endure will at least not be endured in silence. Papers like the *New Age* and the *New Witness* arose in England, declares Mr. Belloc, as a reaction against the "official" or capitalistic press, the evils of which Mr. Belloc thus summarizes:

"I say that the big daily papers have now not only those qualities dangerous to the State, but that they have become essentially 'official,' that is, insincere and corrupt in their interested support of that plutocratic complex which, in the decay of aristocracy, governs England. They are as official in this sense as were ever the court organs of ephemeral continental experiments. All the vices, all the unreality, and all the peril that goes with the existence of an official press is stamped upon the great dailies of our time. They are not independent where Power is concerned. They do not really criticize. They serve a clique whom they should expose, and denounce and betray the generality—that is the State—for whose sake the salaried public servants should be perpetually watched with suspicion and sharply kept in control. The result is that the mass of Englishmen have ceased to obtain, or even to expect,

information upon the way they are governed."

The free and independent press, however humble its origin and limited its appeal, is in France and England, the Colonies and America, according to Hilaire Belloc, the chief intellectual phenomenon of our time. In protest against the complete corruption and falsehood of the great Capitalist papers, there has arisen in these countries a growing crop of periodicals and papers which are really "organs of opinion." In spite of its disabilities, this free press is not only a growing force, but a salutary one, and, in a certain measure, a conquering one. This free press, originating to so great an extent from motive of propaganda, has had stamped upon it a character of disparate particularism. Yet Hilaire Belloc confesses:

"Wherever I go, my first object, if I wish to find out the truth, is to get hold of the Free Press in France as in England, and even in America. But I know that wherever I get hold of such an organ it will be very strongly colored with the opinion, or even fanaticism, of some minority. The Free Press, as a whole, if you add it all up and cancel out one exaggerated statement against another, does give you a true view of the state of society in which you live. The official press to-day gives you an absurdly false one everywhere. What a caricature—and what a base, empty caricature—of England or France or Italy you get in the *Times*, or the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Matin*, or the *Tribuna*! No one of them is in any sense general—or really national.

"The Free Press gives you the truth; but only in disjointed sections, for it is *disparate* and it is *particularist*: it is marked with isolation—and it is so marked because its origin lay in various and most diverse *propaganda*: because it came later than the official press of capitalism, and was, in its origins, but a reaction against it."

The chief fact that inspires Hilaire Belloc with the hope that the small independent free press of England at least will succeed is the enormously superior quality of the brains in back of these papers:

"The level of writing in the Free Press is very much higher than in the official press. To compare the Notes in the *New Age*, for instance, with the Notes in the *Spectator*, is to discern a contrast like that between one's chosen conversation

"Sound Writing Cannot Survive in the Air of Mechanical Hypocrisy"

with equals, and one's forced conversation with commercial travelers in a railway carriage. To read Shaw or Wells or Gilbert or Cecil Chesterton or Quiller Couch or any one of twenty others in the *New Witness* is to be in another world from the sludge and grind of the official weekly. But the boycott is rigid and therefore the supply is intermittent. It is not only a boycott of advertizement: it is a boycott of quotation. Most of the governing class know the Free Press. The vast lower middle class does not yet know that it exists. . . .

"You have at the outset a difference of *quality* in the reading and in the effect of the reading which it is of capital importance to my argument that the reader should note. The Free Press is really read and digested. The official press is not. Its scream is heard, but it provides no food for the mind. One does not contrast the exiguity of a pint of nitric acid in an engraver's studio with the hundreds of gallons of water in the cisterns of his house. No amount of water would bite into the copper. Only the acid does that: and a little of the acid is enough."

Despite its limited circulation and its limited appeal, Mr. Belloc's argument proceeds, the influence of this free press has proven itself powerful. However strictly it has been boycotted by the official press, it nevertheless affects the small class through whom in the modern world ideas spread. Tho these papers are never mentioned in the great British daily papers, there are tests which show how deeply the effect of a free paper of limited circulation bites in. He presents one example:

"Here is one apparently superficial test, but a test to which I attach great importance because it is a revelation of how minds work. Certain phrases peculiar to the Free Journals find their way into the writing of all the rest. I could give a number of instances. I will give one: the word 'profiteer.' It was first used in the columns of the *New Age*, if I am not mistaken. It has gained ground everywhere. This does not mean that the mass of the employees upon daily papers understand what they are talking about when they use the word 'profiteer,' any more than they understand what they are talking about when they use the words 'servile state.' They commonly debase the word 'profiteer' to mean some one who gets an exceptional profit, just as they use my own 'Eye-Witness' phrase, 'The Servile State,' to mean strict regulation of all civic life—an idea twenty miles away from the proper signification of the term. But my point is that the Free Press must have had

* THE FREE PRESS. By Hilaire Belloc. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.

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already a profound effect for its mere vocabulary to have sunk in thus, and to have spread so widely in the face of the rigid boycott to which it is subjected."

Another powerful factor in the situation, Hilaire Belloc points out, is that the truth confirms itself. The man who tells the truth when his colleagues about him are lying always enjoys a certain restricted power of prophecy. This in itself always affects people profoundly. "The effect of the Free Press from these causes may be compared to the cumulative effect of one of the great offensives of the present war. Each individual blow is neither dramatic nor extensive in effect; there is little movement or none. The map is disappointing. But each blow tells and when the end comes every one will suddenly see what the cumulative effect was. There is not a single thing which the Free Papers have earnestly said during the last few years which has not been borne out by events. . . ."

With this increasing and cumulative effect of truth-telling, even when the truth is marred or distorted by enthusi-

asm, all the disabilities under which the independent press has suffered will coincidentally weaken. Yet Mr. Belloc does not believe that this growing free press will even attain the power to effect democratic reform. It will succeed, he admits, in getting the truth told pretty openly and pretty thoroly. "What I do not see is the avenue whereby the great mass of the people can now be restored to an interest in the way in which they are governed, or even in the reestablishment of their own economic independence. In short, the popular appetite for freedom and even for criticism has disappeared." All this free press can hope to do, in the view of Hilaire Belloc, is negative. The power of the capitalistic press may be undermined, just as the professional politician in England has been exposed by the free press. "We shall enlighten, and by enlightening, destroy. We shall not provoke public action, for the methods and instincts of corporate civic action have disappeared." Finally, the writer of to-day should support the free press, claims Hilaire Belloc, be-

cause self-respect and honor demand it. "No man who has the truth to tell and the power to tell it can long remain hiding it from fear or even from despair without ignominy. To release the truth against whatever odds, even if so doing can no longer help the commonwealth, is a necessity for the soul." The essay concludes:

"We have also this last consolation, that those who leave us and attach themselves from fear or greed to the stronger party of dissemblers gradually lose thereby their chance of fame in letters. Sound writing cannot survive in the air of mechanical hypocrisy. They with their enormous modern audiences are the hacks doomed to oblivion. We, under the modern silence, are the inheritors of those who built up the political greatness of England upon a foundation of free speech, and of the prose which it begets. Those who prefer to sell themselves or to be cowed gain, as a rule, not even that ephemeral security for which they betrayed their fellows; meanwhile, they leave to us the only solid and permanent form of political power, which is the gift of mastery through persuasion."

CARLYLE'S LAPSE INTO GERMANISM

WAR-TIME England is discussing the writings of Thomas Carlyle. Some find in his books inspiration to persist in the struggle against German militarism. Others point out that, at least in his later works, he idealized the very tendencies that have led to Armageddon. G. M. Trevelyan, the well-known English critic, declares that he long ago divided his Carlyle into two parts and threw away the worse half. "We who love him," he adds, "can afford to wait. In time the public, who cannot permanently do without Carlyle, the most picturesque personality in our literature except Dr. Johnson, will learn to think of him as the author of 'Sartor' and the other works that he wrote in his prime before he grew old and sour."

There were two Carlyles, according to Mr. Trevelyan. The first, born in 1795 in a stone-mason's house in Ecclefechan, manfully struggled out through poverty and ill health to the appointed destiny of his genius, as he has described by proxy in "Sartor Resartus" and in his matchless essay on Dr. Johnson. In the era of the Reform Bill he wrote "Sartor" and the "French Revolution," sprang suddenly to fame at the age of forty-one, left in 1845 "Past and Present" as his last will and testament to the British people, and vanished like his Teufelsdröckh, no man knows whither.

The second Carlyle appeared about 1850, wrote in praise of negro slavery, eulogized Frederick the Great and the gospel of force, and gave utterance to complaints, similar to those he had condemned in Byron, about the trivial inconveniences of his own life, after he had obtained all those important goods the lack of which the first Carlyle had borne with silent courage. "The second Carlyle," Mr. Trevelyan tells us, "lived on the reputation of his predecessor, but maintained it by the caustic style of his speech and writing. He occupied from 1850 to his death in 1881 much the same position among his contemporaries as Dr. Johnson; that is to say, he was acknowledged to be the greatest man by force of wit and character in a generation of great men; he was courted as Johnson was courted, and growled out to those who were admitted to his presence talk as well worth hearing as Johnson's, tho the political and literary theories it contained were as false as the Doctor's."

Carlyle's lapse into Germanism is ascribed by Mr. Trevelyan to disillusionment and to advancing years. As he grew older, he abandoned the democratic idealism of his earlier years and cultivated an aristocratic philosophy. There was a physical reason. "His later doctrines," as Mr. Trevelyan puts it, "are the vent he found for the ill temper of his declining years, a dyspeptic old man's failure to endure the

An Admirer's Regretful Analysis of the Havoc Wrought by Advancing Years in the Famous Author

evils his flesh was heir to with the stern but kindly courage with which he had borne them in youth." There was also a spiritual reason, inherent in the nature of his genius. Mr. Trevelyan writes (in the *Cornhill Magazine*):

"The transition stage between the first and second Carlyle is found in the man who wrote 'Oliver Cromwell.' In that book we can see the first Carlyle passing into the second, and can trace the process. The subject he had in hand was peculiarly adapted to hasten the change. The figure of Cromwell was to Carlyle a great opportunity and a great temptation. He rose to the opportunity and he yielded to the temptation. Carlyle did much good to Cromwell, but Cromwell did much harm to Carlyle. . . ."

"Carlyle was tempted by hero worship, a noble doctrine, toward the base belief in the doctrine of force. Oliver was his primrose path which he followed till he reached the hell flames of Frederick. The doctrine that one strong man is likely to be right and all a whole world or nation wrong, and that it is well that he should rule them by the sword, is a bad doctrine. It is not the doctrine of William the Silent, of Washington, of Cavour, or of Lincoln. It is the doctrine of Strafford, of Frederick, of Napoleon, and of Bismarck. The story of the Protector, tho not really an argument in favor of this doctrine if we consider the events of the Restoration, nevertheless is the only tale in history that can make the doctrine appear attractive to generous spirits. Carlyle, drawn to what was good in Cromwell by his own Puritan upbringing,

and to what was bad in Cromwell by an invalid's increasing impatience with all his own contemporaries, yielded to the temptation to think his hero invariably right and all his hero's contemporaries wrong. This facile habit of judging complicated problems marred his judgment and his feelings, and he never recovered his former sanity.

"This disastrous change in Carlyle's outlook on his fellow men, which thenceforth disabled him much as an historian and altogether as a teacher of ethics, can be traced stage by stage in his writings between 1840 and 1850. When he lectured 'On Heroes' in 1840, the seeds of the evil were there, but, as yet, undeveloped; he was still essentially the Carlyle of 'Sartor.' In 1850, when he published 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' the vicious process is complete; he is already the second Carlyle, almost a misanthrope, and politically altogether a 'Prussian.'

The real turning-point in Carlyle's outlook on life, Mr. Trevelyan continues, occurred in the course of his study of Stuart England. He began to work seriously on that subject in the early forties, intending, originally,

to write not a life of Cromwell but an epic on the English race. His intention is preserved for us in the fragmentary "Historical Sketches." He abandoned it "to write," as Mr. Trevelyan says, "the life of one Englishman, and to prove all other Englishmen fools or knaves fit only to be ruled by him if they had but known it." To follow the analysis further:

"When Carlyle threw his 'sketches' aside, he abandoned his highest calling for a lower aim. The eyes of his spirit were already so far dimmed with age that he felt he could no longer embrace the larger vision of all England, but only of Cromwell. He lavished on a hero what was meant for mankind. He lost forever the Shakespearean breadth and insight born of love, which had till then dedicated his mighty powers wholly to the good of men.

"That he would ever descend from English Oliver to the cynical heartlessness of Frederick was scarcely yet to be foreseen. But anyone studying the Irish chapters in 'Cromwell' can scarcely be surprised. No figure less noble than Oliver's would have beguiled Carlyle into

irreflective approval of all the acts of a fellow creature. But once that fatal attitude has been adopted, 'settlements' of Ireland, seizures of Silesia, and partitions of Poland are as nothing. Once the dismissal of the Rump is made matter of rejoicing to the biographer rather than a bitter necessity, as it seemed to the man who did it, it is easy to despise all Parliaments as 'talking-shops,' and all quiet, prosaic attempts to reach agreement among men as unworthy of the heroic Muse."

Lamentable as Carlyle's development may have been, there is no reason, Mr. Trevelyan asserts, for his admirers to reject him. What is needed, in reading him, is to discriminate between his two periods. "This sifting process," we are told, "that every true Carlylean has long ago done for himself, the world of journalism and broad rumor is now at last engaged in doing for that portion of the public which knows great authors and their doctrines only by what it reads of them in journals and magazines. For this let the war be thanked."

AGNES REPPLIER URGES OUIJA-BOARD CONTROL

IF we may judge the recent and determined intrusion of spirits into authorship, Miss Agnes Repplier writes in a recent essay, Heaven bids fair to be stacked with printing-presses. But with the universe for inspiration and the uncounted dead for readers, why should disembodied spirits force an entrance into our congested literary world, and compete with living scribblers who ask their little day? This question is asked in the *Atlantic* by our cleverest woman essayist. The suddenness of the attack, its unprecedented nature, daunt and bewilder her, Miss Repplier confesses. These "dead authors" have become an army of occupation which is now storming the citadel of print. Most of them, like the prolific Patience Worth, use the ouija-board as a medium of literary communication. Patience Worth seems to Miss Repplier nothing less than the representative of a spirit syndicate, and lends her name to a large coterie of literary wraiths. Now what do we gain by this lamentable intrusion of ghostly aspirants into the serried ranks of authorship? Agnes Repplier answers:

"What is the value of their work, and what is its ethical significance? Perhaps because literary distinction is a rare quality, the editors and publishers of these revelations lay stress upon the spiritual insight, the finer wisdom, which may accrue to us from direct contact with liberated souls. They even hint at some great

moral law which may be thus revealed for our betterment. But the law of Christ is as pure and lofty as any code our human intelligence can grasp. We do not live by it, because it makes no concession to the sickly qualities which cement our earthly natures; but we hold fast to it as an incomparable ideal. It is not law or light we need. It is the power of effort and resistance. . . .

"The didacticism of spirit authors is, so far, their most striking characteristic. As Mr. Henry James would put it, they are 'awkward writers, but yearning moralists.' Free from any shadow of diffidence, they proffer a deal of counsel, but it is mostly of the kind which our next-door neighbor has at our command."

The recent unjustifiable attempt to add Mark Twain to the list of spirit authors was based upon his alleged desire to help a ruined world. The volume published ("Jap Herron") seems to Miss Repplier merely another of the spirit manuals of vague philosophy, vapid admonitions and fantastic statements. It is a sin to plunge Mark Twain now into the murky fogs of spiritualistic revelations. If anything disturbs his spirit, it would be, declares Miss Repplier, the linking of his name to "Jap Herron." Even the genial "O. Henry" has been listed as a "spirit" author.

Nor can she find literary merit of any sort whatever in the productions of Patience Worth. The six hundred and forty puzzling pages of "The Sorry Tale" strike her as confused, wander-

ing, sensuous and wholly unreadable. Miss Repplier concludes:

"Patience Worth as a 'psychic mystery' has no significance for the reading public. With her ouija-board intimacies, and her 'feminine tastes'; with the baby of 'patrician mould' whom she persuaded Mrs. Curran to adopt; and with the cat she asked for, but which dejectedly died when it learned its fate, we have no concern. It is only her incursions into the field of authorship which make her liable to criticism. It is only the literary ambitions—and disqualifications—of the spirit-world which disturb our serenity.

"Ghosts there have always been since men began to die. They have played their part in disquieting the world since the world awoke to trouble. Vengeful, prophetic, fantastic, and invariably *de trop*, they have come down to us through the centuries, discredited, but feared. Now our old apprehensions, our old creeps and shivers, are exchanged for new and reasonable misgivings. Spirits soothing as syrup, didactic as dominies, prolific and platitudinous, are dictating books for the world's betterment; and never a word which can add to our store of knowledge, or stand the 'dry north light of intellect.'

"We are told that once, when Patience Worth was spelling out the endless pages of *The Sorry Tale*, she came to a sudden stop, then wrote, 'This be nuff,' and knocked off for the night.

"A blessed phrase, and, of a certainty, her finest inspiration. Would that all dead authors would adopt it as their motto; and with ouija-boards, and table-legs, and automatic pencils, write as their farewell message to the world those three short, comely words, 'This be nuff.'"

The Essayist Thinks That Spirit Authors are Trashier Than Our Living Scribblers

IS THERE A MENACE OF LITERARY PRUSSIANISM?

I HAVE seen a woman flayed alive, remarked Swift in a famous utterance, and you have no idea how it altered her person for the worse.

In this sense Mr. Lytton Strachey has been altering for the worse the persons of most of the eminent Victorians discussed in his recently published volume of biographical sketches (reviewed in *CURRENT OPINION* last month), which still remains the most-discussed and condemned book in the English market. If we may believe the many friends, relatives and associates of the eminent Victorians thus flayed alive, the Cambridge iconoclast is no better than a literary Prussian. He ought not to be encouraged. The press is wrong to commend his production. Irony is the cheapest of literary weapons. His facts are wrong. This is the gist of the protests, to be found in letters to the literary editor of the *Times*, in the columns of the *Tablet*, and such conservative organs. Mr. Gosse, for instance, wrote to the *Times* complaining that Mr. Strachey's sketch of the late Lord Cromer was altogether at variance with the main features of that aristocrat's character. To which Mr. Strachey replied that it is not surprising that the impression produced upon himself by the detached examination of Lord Cromer's published writings and public acts should differ from those derived by Mr. Gosse from the intercourse of private friendship. "Unfortunately in this world," added Mr. Strachey, "it is not always a man's friends who know him best."

However, other correspondents and friends of the eminent Victorians attempt to ridicule and correct Mr. Strachey. The new biographer evidently prefers to accept the authority of his own sources. His impressions are based, he claims, on the judicious use of diaries and private letters, the careful selection of material, with the emphasis quietly placed upon utterances of depression or self-examination—meant originally for no human scrutiny. Mr. Strachey is thus able, in the opinion of the London *Outlook*, to build up his impeachment of lives rendered morbid by a religion which he never tires of exhibiting as absolutely absurd. But the chief trouble with this cruel literary method is, the critic declares, that it might render equally ridiculous figures as diverse as Augustine and Abraham Lincoln, Dr. Johnson and Martin Luther. Mr. Strachey's method is like the German invasion of Belgium, if we may believe his critics: it is devastating and merciless, in which the forces of an irony quite unusual in modern literature are turned upon the lives of a number of

men and women of renown. These personalities are discussed as if they were inhabitants of the other side of the moon. Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is the granddaughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, one of the victims, protests against what she terms Lytton Strachey's literary Prussianism. In a letter to the London *Times*, she writes:

"I wonder if you will allow me to write a few words of protest against the praise—for the most part unqualified—which has been lavished on Mr. Lytton Strachey's book 'Eminent Victorians.' Surely Mr. Strachey has done one of the easiest things in the world, if only a man had—not the mind, but the heart—to do it. I recall Sainte Beuve's phrase: '*De toutes les dispositions de l'esprit, celle qui est la moins intelligente, c'est l'ironie.*' Why? Because it is the least human; and the critic who uses it as his main instrument, in the judgment of men or women, is therefore doomed to failure. The coarse caricature of my grandfather, Arnold of Rugby, which the book contains, does not trouble me much. He will, I think, survive it. But the concluding pages of the article on Miss Nightingale, and—to take a minor point—the handling of that soldier of freedom, Arthur Clough, are to my mind unforgivable. Is this a moment when the same spirit of sheer brutality which we are fighting in the military field should be allowed, without resistance, because it is clever or immediately effective—the Prussian plea!—to penetrate the field of English letters? It has already, as we know, affected German literature and German thought with disastrous results. Mr. Lytton Strachey's book seems to me a portent that may well make us think."

Similarly the *Tablet*, the leading English Catholic weekly, protests vigorously against Lytton Strachey's atrocious treatment of Cardinal Manning, with his invidious comparison of Manning and Newman, and his cruel casting of ridicule on the pathetic confessions and resolutions recorded in Cardinal Manning's private journal. This biographer seems too lacking in sympathy. He is, to follow the London *Outlook*, rather too much the Fabre of the Victorian era:

"He shows the great men of the Victorian age as if he were showing moths or beetles with quaint markings in a museum; or, rather, as if he were showing anatomical specimens, with the enthusiasm of a curator who is so interested in the strangeness of the distorted organ that he has no thought but for its variation from a condition of normal existence. Tennyson, in one of his latest poems, denounced the treatment of a dead prophet by Beldame Scandal, who proclaimed amidst the admiration of the crowd, 'See what a little heart!' she said, 'and the liver is half-diseased.'" Mr. Strachey

Further Protests Against the "Spirit of Sheer Brutality" Exhibited by Lytton Strachey

would only fail to come under the strictures of the poet because he really seems to be more interested in human pathology than in the destruction of human reputation. He shows the little heart with the liver half-diseased, but instead of attempting to denounce it he asks you to delight in it as being a particularly choice specimen of its kind. Any stranger reading this volume would come to the conclusion that these were really fair verdicts on the lives, which are thus revealed as 'far too naked to be shamed.'

In his letter to the *N. Y. Sun*, Gilbert K. Chesterton also criticizes Mr. Strachey's biographical method. Mr. Strachey, he writes, looks at the nineteenth century from the outside; but rather from the eighteenth century than the twentieth. His wit, Mr. Chesterton admits, is as keen and delicate as a rapier; but, he adds, it is also as narrow. "He is perfect in pricking bubbles; but he sometimes mistakes for bubbles what are in fact worlds: it is an easy mistake to make."

"I shall not complain that he takes some of the stiffness, not to say the stuffing, out of Dr. Arnold of Rugby; but he writes of the age of Gordon too much in the tone of Gibbon; and about Newman he is, I think, really wrong. He exhibits a form of narrowness I always feel in the skeptic: not that he cannot believe in heaven or hell; but that he cannot quite believe in belief. I do not mean that he questions Newman's sincerity; but that he questions about it. The skeptic is puzzled by it and is always trying to explain it—that is, to explain it away."

Nevertheless, despite this serious defect of Lytton Strachey's attitude, Mr. Chesterton thinks that "nothing will dissipate into dust the diamond of Mr. Strachey's best irony."

A reviewer in the *Dublin Review* pens perhaps the most wholesale condemnation of Lytton Strachey as a biographical Prussian. This organ of Catholic thought invidiously describes him as "a sort of Nietzsche among biographers":

"It is not merely that pity is an ingredient to which he gives the go-by—that he has no compassion on the multitude or on the picked four of whom he treats. He has his cold triumphs in the maimings and twistings which his own hand inflicts on the subjects of his dissection. Biographies, however incomplete they always are, can at least be true as far as they go; but Mr. Strachey's suppressions falsify. They tell part of a story which can and must be told fully to be intelligible; and, much as we might pardon, and even enjoy, the application of a caustic to the sentimentalities that creep into popularly accepted biographies, we find in Mr. Lytton Strachey's ink an acid that eats into the very heart of life."

THE STYLIST WHO CREATED A MYTHOLOGY OF MANHATTAN

WE must cultivate our own garden. Literary critics are displaying a new type of patriotism. They are discovering, since the outbreak of the war, that America has actually produced writers of genius and originality. Academic critics, we learn, had failed to develop or encourage the habit of looking for genius among the writers of America. The unhappy result was an almost criminal neglect of a number of supreme talents. The case of Ambrose Bierce who is only now receiving adequate recognition at the hands of the critics, tho his popular underground reputation has been enormous for years, is a case in point. A young critic who has not been content to remain in the trodden paths of appreciation now calls our attention to a strikingly original figure of American literature who, despite an enormous popular success among discriminating readers, has never received adequate critical interpretation. Carl Van Vechten in his new volume of essays "The Merry-Go-Round" (Knopf) is the literary explorer who has thus ventured into the luxuriantly tropical garden of Edgar Saltus.

America has not produced a round dozen authors, Mr. Van Vechten claims, who equal Edgar Saltus as a stylist with a great deal to say. Yet this man, who wrote some of his best books in the Eighties and who is still alive, has been allowed to drift into oblivion. The doctors and professors would have none of him. No less than ten standard histories of American literature fail to make any mention of Edgar Saltus. Mr. Van Vechten discovered few appreciations of his work, tho investigation showed that his books are still widely read by a silent and appreciative public. Edgar Saltus might give his assent to this silence, for he once declared: "A book that pleases no one may be poor. The book that pleases every one is detestable."

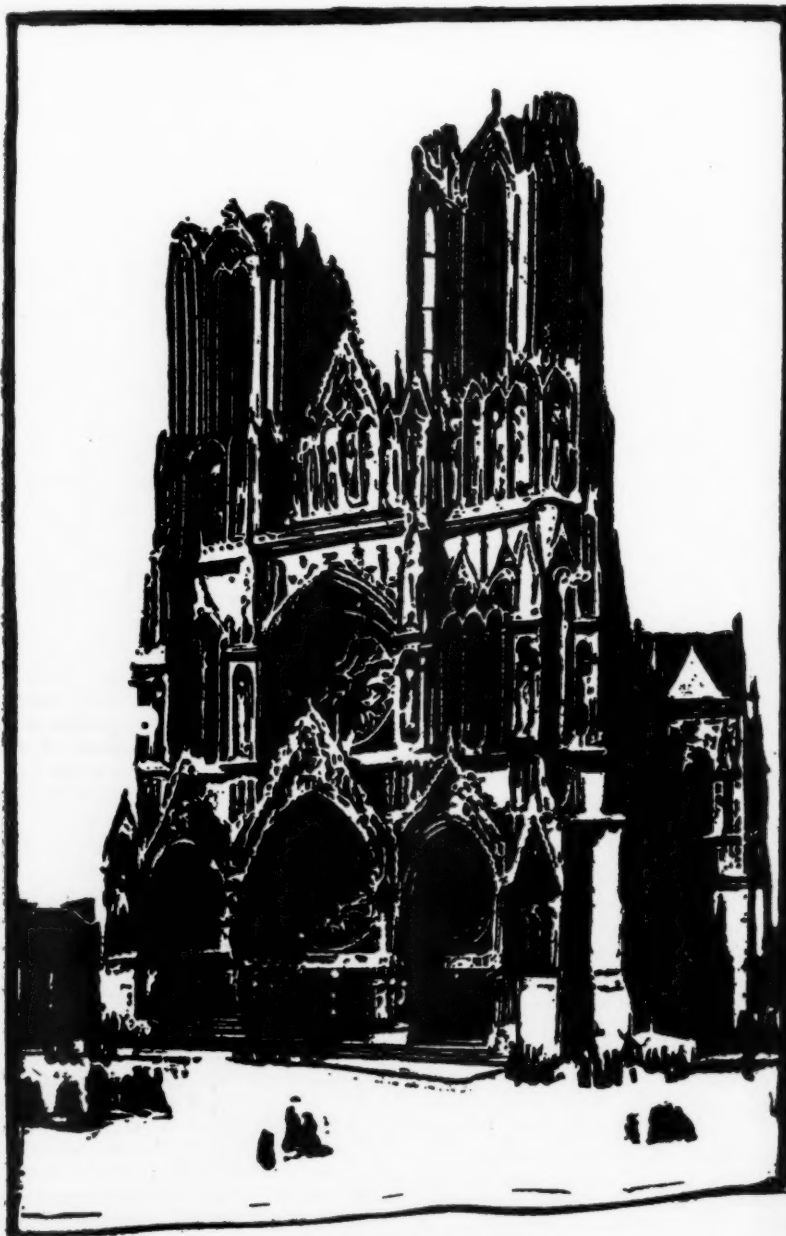
Saltus's nearest literary relative, we read, is Poe. He is a master of the fantastic. Unicorns, fabulous monsters, virgins on the rocks, exotic and undreamed-of flora and fauna, abound in the pages of Saltus with the same exuberance as in the pictures of Gustave Moreau or Odilon Redon. Despite his artistic aristocracy, Saltus, we read on, is distinctly American:

"Saltus's style may be said to possess American characteristics. It is dashing and rapid, and as clear as the water in Southern seas. The man has a penchant for short and nervous sentences, but they are never jerky. They explode like so many firecrackers and remind one of the great national holiday! . . . Nevertheless,

Edgar Saltus should have been born in France.

"His essays, whether they deal with literary criticism, history, religion (which is almost an obsession with this writer), devil-worship, or cooking, are pervaded by that rare quality, charm. . . . There is a deep and beneficent guile in the simplicity of his style, as limpid as a brook, and yet, as over a brook, in its overtones hover a myriad of sparkling dragon-flies and butterflies; in its depths lie a plethora of trout. He deals with the most obtruse and abstract subjects with such ease and grace, without for one moment laying aside the badge of authority, that they assume a mysterious fascination to catch

the eye of the passer-by. In his fictions he has sometimes cultivated a more hectic style, but that in itself constitutes one of the bases of its richness. Scarcely a word but evokes an image, a strange, bizarre image, often a complication of images. He is never afraid of the colloquial, never afraid of slang even, and he often weaves lovely patterns with obsolete or technical words. These lines, in which Saltus paid tribute to Gautier, he might, with equal justice, have applied to himself: 'No one could torment a fancy more delicately than he; he had the gift of adjective; he scented a new one afar like a truffle; and from the Morgue of the dictionary he dragged forgotten beauties. He dowered



THE TRAGEDY OF RHEIMS

The dynamic dramatic quality of great architecture is perhaps best symbolized in the Gothic cathedrals, especially in this the most famous and symbolic of them all. This wood-block cut is from the *International Studio*.

Carl Van Vechten's Stimulating Interpretation of the Genius of Edgar Saltus

the language of his day with every tint of dawn and every convulsion of sunset; he invented metaphors that were worth a king's ransom, and figures of speech that deserve the Prix Montyon. Then reviewing his work, he formulated an axiom which will go down with a nimbus through time: Whomsoever a thought however complex, a vision however apocalyptic, surprises without words to convey it, is not a writer. The inexpressible does not exist."

In the Nineties, Edgar Saltus was one of the very few Americans familiar with the work and spirit of Huysmans. He called the unpleasant and bristling Frenchman his friend. He was familiar likewise with all the great decadent stylists of France, men like Arthur Rimbaud and Jules Laforgue. He knew Oscar Wilde intimately. Wilde is quoted as saying of the American: "In Edgar Saltus's work passion struggles with grammar on every page." Percival Pollard described Saltus as a prose paranoiac. That Edgar Saltus worshipped at the shrine of style is evident by a confession quoted in Mr. Van Vechten's essay:

"It may be noted that in literature only three things count, style, style polished, style repolished; these imagination and the art of transition aid, but do not enhance. As for style, it may be defined as the sorcery of syllables, the fall of sentences, the use of the exact term, the pursuit of a repetition even unto the thirtieth and fortieth line. Grammar is an adjunct but not an obligation. No grammarian ever wrote a thing that was fit to read."

He is an amateur philosopher of distinction. An early critic called Mr. Saltus the prose laureate of pessimism. Mr. Van Vechten summarizes this philosophy: Nothing matters; whatever will be is; since we live to-day, let us make the best of it and live in Paris. All of which must strike the reader to-day as distinctly ante-bellum in its motivation.

The high tide of this peculiar genius is reached, in the opinion of Carl Van Vechten, in that amazing accomplishment entitled "Imperial Purple." "The

emperors of imperial decadent Rome are led by the chains of art behind the chariot wheels of the poet":

"The sheer lyric quality of this book has remained unsurpassed by this author. Indeed it is rare in all literature. Page after page that Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, or J. K. Huysmans might have been glad to sign might be set before you. The man writes with invention, with sap, with urge. Our eyes are not clogged with foot-notes and references. It is plain that our author has delved in the 'Scriptores Historiae Augustae,' that he has read Lampridius, Suetonius, and the others, but he does not strive to make us aware of it. The historical form has at last found a poet to render it supportable. Blood runs across the pages; gore and booty are the principal themes; and yet Beauty struts supreme through the horror. The author's sympathy is his password, a sympathy which he occasionally exposes, for he is not above pinning his heart to his sleeve, as, for example, when he says: 'In spite of Augustus's boast, the city was not by any means of marble. It was filled with crooked little streets, with the atrocities of the Tarquins, with houses unsightly and perilous, with the moss and dust of ages; it compared with Alexandria as London compares with Paris; it had a splendor of its own, but a splendor that could be heightened.' Here is a picture of squalid Rome: 'In the suburb, where at night women sat in high chairs, ogling the passer with painted eyes, there was still plenty of brick; tall tenements, soiled linen, the odor of Whitechapel and St. Giles. The streets were noisy with match-peddlars, with vendors of cake and tripe and coke; there were touts there too, altars to unimportant divinities, lying Jews who dealt in old clothes, in obscene pictures and unmentionable wares; at the crossings there were thimble-riggers, clowns and jugglers, who made glass balls appear and disappear surprisingly; there were doorways decorated with curious invitations, gossiping barber-shops, where, through the liberality of politicians, the scum of a great city was shaved, curled and painted free; and there were public houses, where vagabond slaves and sexless priests drank the mulled wine of Crete, supped on the flesh of beasts slaughtered in the arena, or watched the Syrian women twist to the click of castanets.'"

Mr. Van Vechten recounts the curious history of this book. It was plagiarized both in this country and England, even by a noted Oxford authority. Brought out originally in 1893, it was republished in 1906 by Mitchell Kennerley.

As a writer of fiction, Edgar Saltus is uneven. This work of his is too fantastic and personal ever to attain a wide popularity though, it is the belief of Mr. Van Vechten, it should not be underrated on that account. His novels are half essays, just as his essays are half novels. "Even the worst of them contains charming pages, delightful and unexpected interruptions." . . . All his characters are the inventions of an errant fancy; scarcely one of them suggests a human being, but they are none the less creations of art. This critic declares that Edgar Saltus created a mythology for Manhattan. Mr. Van Vechten's essay concludes:

"In these strange tales we pass through the familiar haunts of metropolitan life, but the creatures are amazingly unfamiliar. They have horns and hoofs, halos and wings, or fins and tails. An esoteric band of fabulous monsters these: harpies and vampires take tea at Sherry's; succubi and incubi are observed buying opal rings at Tiffany's; fairies, angels, dwarfs, and elves, bearing branches of asphodel, trip lightly down Waverly Place; peris, amshaspands, æsir, izedis, and goblins sleep at the Brevoort; seraphim and cherubim decorate drawing-rooms on Irving Place; griffons, chimeras, and sphynxes take courses in philosophy at Harvard; willis and sylphs sing airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*; naiads and mermaids embark on the Cunard Line; centaurs and amazons drive in the Florentine Cascine; kobolds, gnomes, and trolls stab, shoot, and poison one another; and a satyr meets the martichoras in Gramercy Park. No such pictures of monstrous, diverting, sensuous existence can be found elsewhere save in the paintings of Arnold Böcklin, Franz von Stuck, and above all those of Gustave Moreau. If he had done nothing else Edgar Saltus should be famous for having given New York a mythology of its own!"

THE NEW ARCHITECT AS A DRAMATIC POET

THANKS to the efforts of a number of insurgent and independent American architects, men of the power of Frank Lloyd Wright, Louis Sullivan, Antonin Raymond (a pioneer in the realm of theater architecture), and a number of others, we are gradually being educated in the esthetic principles governing the new ideal. Architecture must no longer be a monotonous rehash of the Classic and Gothic. It must become revitalized.

It must be coordinated with other arts and impulses of the people. Even the layman may understand and appreciate the beauties of this new ideal, based as they are upon popular needs and demands.

In the popular study of architecture, Claude Bragdon writes in the *Dial*, we have been served too many "canned opinions on Classic and Gothic" of the kind that is usually dished up by writers and lecturers on architecture. As a corrective he suggests Irving K.

He Must Make an Imaginative Appeal—Just as the Poet, the Novelist and the Dramatist Does

Pond's new book "The Meaning of Architecture" (Marshall Jones). Mr. Pond succeeds in arousing a new interest in architecture. He conceives it in a functional or dramatic sense. Architecture must be, and the best of it is, dynamic and dramatic. To follow Mr. Bragdon:

"Architecture should always and everywhere express the action and interplay of those powerful invisible physical forces which determine form and structure. From an engineering standpoint no build-

ing is inert in the large sense; there is always compression and tension—a sub-mission to, or a striving against, some manner of pull, thrust, or strain. Conceived of in this way, every building is, as it were, a theater for the play of concealed forces, a drama which only the technically trained mind can fully grasp and architectural art fully render. Just as it is the part of the dramatist to present and make intelligible and articulate that subsurface warfare of temperament and character which is the very texture of social life, so it is the architect's business to dramatize to the eye of the beholder the effort of the building to become a roofed enclosure, to triumph

by reconciliation and adjustment over those natural forces which both maintain and threaten it. Without such dramatization by the architect, in the form of external expression and symbolization, the building would be voiceless to the beholder and therefore without interest—a work of engineering merely—just as without the poet, novelist, dramatist, the *comédie humaine* would not make the same imaginative appeal.

"Stated thus briefly and baldly, there perhaps appears to be nothing new in this idea. It embodies a not unfamiliar truth, however little honored by use or by observance. But in the hands of Mr. Pond this truth takes on new meanings, en-

forces itself upon our acceptance in novel and surprising ways. His detailed analysis of the operation of those natural forces which determine form and structure, his correlation of them with the forces operative in human life, and his portrayal of the amazing and beautiful manner in which they find symbolic expression in the great buildings of the past constitute the major excellence of his book. The suggestions it contains as to new ways in which the same thing may be accomplished now, are of more debatable value. But the development and presentation of an hypothesis so reasonable, illuminating, and suggestive is itself an achievement of the highest type."

THE PROFOUND TRIVIALITIES OF A LITTLE SISTER OF THE POETS

I HAVE no portrait now, but am small like the wren, and my hair is bold like the chestnut bur, and my eyes like the sherry in the glass that the guest leaves!" This was Emily Dickinson's portrait of herself to a stranger friend who asked for a photograph. A striking appreciation of this remarkable poetess of the sixties and seventies appears in the *Dial*, from the pen of Marsden Hartley, an artist who has lately revealed striking critical and literary gifts. Emily Dickinson he describes as the little sister of Shelley, and the more playful relative of Francis Thompson. "With her cheery impertinence she offsets the smugness of the time in which she lived." Her fame is not sufficiently widespread. Yet no one can usurp her unique place in modern literature.

"She had undeniable originality of personality, grace, and special beauty of mind. It was a charm unique in itself, not like any other genius then or now, or in the time before her, having perhaps a little of relationship to the crystal clearness of Crashaw—like Vaughan and Donne may be in respect to their lyrical fervor and moral earnestness, nevertheless appearing to us freshly with as separate a spirit in her poetry as she herself was separated from the world around her by the amplitude of garden which was her universe. Emily Dickinson confronts you at once with an instinct for poetry to be envied by the more ordinary and perhaps more finished poets. Ordinary she never was; common she never could have been. For she was first and last aristocratic in sensibility, rare and untouchable, often vague and mystical, sometimes distinctly aloof. Those with a fondness for intimacy will find her, like all recluses, forbidding and difficult."

"She was New England at its sharpest, wittiest, most fantastic, most wilful, most devout. Saint and imp, declares Marsden Hartley, sported in her, toying with the tricks of the Deity, taking them now with extreme profundity, then tossing them about like irre-

sistible toys with an incomparable triviality.

"Child she surely was always, playing in some celestial garden space in her mind, where every species of tether was unendurable, where freedom for this childish sport was the one thing necessary to her ever young and incessantly capering mind. It must be said, then, that 'fascination was her element'; everything to her was wondrous, sublimely magical, awesomely inspiring and thrilling. It was the event of many moons to have someone she liked say so much as 'good morning' to her in human tongue; it was the event of every instant to have the flowers and birds call her by name, and hear the clouds exult at her approach. She was the brightest young sister of fancy, as she was the gifted young daughter of the ancient imagination."

Emily Dickinson was avid of starlight and of sunlight alike, her lyrical critic goes on, and of that light by which all things are illumined by a splendor not merely their own, but lent them by that radiant sphere from which she leaned, that high place in her mind.

"To think of this poet is to think of crystal, for she lived in a radianced world of innumerable facets, and the common instances were chariots upon which to ride wildly over the edges of infinity. She is alive for us now in those rare fancies of hers. You will find in her all that is winsome, strange, fanciful, fantastic, and irresistible in the Eastern character. She is first and best in light-someness of temper, for the Eastern is known as an essentially tragic genius. She is in modern times perhaps the single exponent of the quality of true celestial frivolity. She was like dew and the soft summer rain, and the light upon the lips of flowers of which she loved to sing. Her mind and her spirit were one, soul and sense inseparable. She was the little sister of Shelley, and the more playful relative of Francis Thompson. She had about her the imperishable quality that hovers about all things young and strong and beautiful; she conveyed the sense of beauty ungovernable. What she has of religious and moral tendencies in nowise

Marsden Hartley's Tribute of the Impish, Yankee Genius of Emily Dickinson

disturbs those who love and appreciate true poetic essences."

She was not so much a maker of poetry as a thinker of poetry. She was not so much a conjuror of words as a magician in sensibility. "Silence under a tree was a far more talkative experience with her than converse with one or a thousand dull minds." Her throng was the air, and her wings were, writes Mr. Hartley, that multitude of flying movements in her mind. "I shall always want to read Emily Dickinson, for she points her finger at all tiresome scholasticism, and takes a chance with the universe about her and the first poetry it offers at every hand. . . ." She was a child, an impertinent and above all a New England child, a Yankee child:

"None but a Yankee mind could concoct such humors and fascinatingly pert phrases. . . . They are like the chatterings of the interrupted squirrel in the tree-hole. There is so much of high gossip in these poetic turns of hers that throughout her books one finds a multitude of playful tricks for the pleased mind to run with. She was an intoxicated being, drunken with the little tipsy joys of the simplest form, shaped as they were to elude always her evasive imagination into thinking that nothing she could think or feel but was extraordinary and remarkable. 'Your letter gave no drunkenness because I tasted rum before—Domingo comes but once,' she wrote to Colonel Higginson, a pretty conceit surely. . . .

"She will always delight those who love her type of elfish, evasive genius. And those who care for the vivid and living element in words will find her, to say the least, among the masters in her feeling for their strange shapes and for the fresh significances contained in them. A born thinker of poetry, and in a great measure a gifted writer of it, refreshing many a heavy moment made dull with the weightiness of books or of burdensome thinking, this poet-sprite sets scurrying all weariness of the brain; and they shall have an hour of sheer delight who invite poetic converse with Emily Dickinson."

VOICES OF LIVING POETS

IT is doubtful if America will lay any more valuable life upon the altar of liberty, during the progress of the war, than that of Joyce Kilmer, whose death was announced last month. It is so irremediable a loss. He had such depth of character, such sane judgment, such consciousness of the eternal verities, such simplicity of nature, such breadth of culture, such love of beauty (moral as well as sensuous beauty) and such command of artistic expression. He was a real poet and a real man, and he was loved both for his poetry and his manhood as very few men ever are loved. As the *New York Sun* says in an editorial appreciation, his death "brings us up sharply again to a realization of the price that the peoples of the earth are paying" for this world-adventure of the Teuton brigands.

He felt deeply the call to help defend justice and liberty from the most diabolical assault ever made upon them in the history of the race. He was never voluble in expressing these feelings. He wrote a few poems on the war. He expressed himself to his friends in his usual temperate manner. But he was one of the first to enter the service of the army, through the National Guard, as an enlisted man. He left a wife (as heroic as himself and almost as fine a poet) with four small children (one of them has died since), and not only entered the Infantry but got himself transferred to the Rainbow Division because he thought the chances better there of getting over to France quickly. Before he sailed he had been promoted as a Sergeant, and his name figured in one of the dispatches from the front telling of a German officer who, dressed as an American officer, commanded a retreat, and had his disguise penetrated by Sergeant Kilmer and several others.

An eye-witness—a fellow officer—who served side by side with him in the Marne advance thus tells how Sergeant Kilmer met his end in the heroic performance of his duty: "Being attached to the Intelligence Department, it was the duty of Kilmer to precede the battalion and discover the possible location of enemy guns and enemy units. The last time I saw him alive was on that morning, after he had crept forth alone into No Man's Land, and had come back on a brief errand into the village. He was full of enthusiasm and eager to rush back into the woods, where he and others had suddenly discovered enemy machine

guns. A party of us moved out with him—the battalion slowly following. Then the commander sent forth a patrol with Kilmer in the lead to establish the exact location of the machine guns which were bunched in the woods. I lost sight of Kilmer, and a couple of hours later the battalion advanced into the woods to clear the spot of the enemy. In the course of this advance I suddenly caught sight of him lying on his stomach on a bit of sloping ground, his eyes just peering over the top of what appeared to be a natural trench. Several of us ran toward him, thinking he was alive and merely lying there with his attention fixed on the enemy. We called to him, but received no answer. Then I ran up and turned him on his back, only to find that he was dead with a bullet through his brain." From his last book, "Main Street and Other Poems" (Doran), we quote a characteristic poem, together with the following sonnet tribute to the soldier-poet which we find in the *New York Times*:

JOYCE KILMER.

By JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY.

HE loved the songs of nature and of art:

He heard enchanting voices everywhere;

The sight of trees against the sunlit air,
And fields of flowers, filled with joy his heart.

He knew the romance of the busy mart,
The magic of Manhattan's throbbing life,

And sensed the glory of the poor man's strife,
And humbly walked with Jesus Christ apart.

All kindly things were brother to his soul;
Evil he scorned and hated every wrong;
Gentle—another's wounds oft wounded him.

But when his country called the freed-men's roll,
Forthwith he laid aside some wondrous song,
And joined in Flanders God's own Cherubim.

ROOFS.

By JOYCE KILMER.

THE road is wide and the stars are out
and the breath of the night is sweet,

And this is the time when wander-lust
should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road
and the starlight on my face,
And to leave the splendor of out-of-doors
for a human dwelling place.

I never have seen a vagabond who really
liked to roam

All up and down the streets of the world
and not to have a home:

The tramp who slept in your barn last
night and left at break of day
Will wander only until he finds another
place to stay.

A gypsy-man will sleep in his cart with
canvas overhead;

Or else he'll go into his tent when it is
time for bed.

He'll sit on the grass and take his ease
so long as the sun is high,
But when it is dark he wants a roof to
keep away the sky.

If you call a gypsy a vagabond, I think
you do him wrong,

For he never goes traveling but he takes
his home along.

And the only reason a road is good, as
every wanderer knows,

Is just because of the homes, the homes,
the homes to which it goes.

They say that life is a highway and its
milestones are the years,

And now and then there's a toll-gate
where you buy your way with tears.

It's a rough road and a steep road and it
stretches broad and far,

But at last it leads to a golden Town
where golden Houses are.

If there is any lingering doubt that Clement Wood is a genuine poet it will be dispelled by a perusal of *Contemporary Verse* for August which contains some fifteen specimens of his best recent work. There is a clarity, a simplicity, a suggestion of curbed power in his work that promises much for its future. Meanwhile we are impressed by two brief poems, the first of which was voted to be one of the most meritorious poems read at the Poetry Society of America during the past year:

I PASS A LIGHTED WINDOW.

By CLEMENT WOOD.

I PASS a lighted window
And a closed door—
And I am not troubled
Any more.

Tho the road is murky,
I am not afraid,
For a shadow passes
On the lighted shade.

Once I knew the sesame
To the closed door;
Now I shall not enter
Any more;

Nor will people, passing
By the lit place,
See our shadows marry
In a gray embrace.

Strange, a passing shadow
Has a long spell!
What can matter, knowing
She does well?

How could life annoy me
Any more?
Life: a lighted window
And a closed door.

THE BATTLE LINE.

By CLEMENT WOOD.

LIKE gray ghosts on a sea of gray
The great gray fleet at anchor
rides,
Proud conqueror of the nervous
tides,
Whose broken rollers slosh away,
Defeated, from its sides.

There in the doubtful mists they wait,
Tense, for the vision they may see
Of grim and ghostly foes—when, free,
They may at last unloose their great
Red voice of victory!

Here is a war poem by Bliss Carman which in its original form appeared in *McClure's* and was widely criticized because in the concluding lines of each stanza the great general's name was made to rhyme with "spoke," "woke," etc. The point, as the author admits in a letter to us, is perfectly well taken. He adds: "My only excuse is that the lines were written before the preferred pronunciation was a matter of common knowledge. Excuses, however, are not enough in such a case. It is a very poor compliment to call a man 'out of his name,' so I have emended the verses, as you will see, by the enclosed copy. If you care for the thing enough to reprint it in *CURRENT OPINION*, I shall be much relieved. Of course 'spoke' and 'woke' are not perfect rhymes for 'Foch,' in any case, as the guttural 'ch' does not occur in English. Even the Scots word for lake becomes 'lock' on our tongue. It is quite true, too, that 'hush' and 'rush' are only imperfect rhymes for this great name, the only perfect rhyme, so far as I know, being the infamous Boche." We are inclined to prefer the original rhyme, in so far as the perfect rhyme is not used. However:

THE MAN OF THE MARNE.

By BLISS CARMAN.

THE gray battalions were driving
down
Like snow from the North on
Paris Town.
Dread and panic were in the air,
The fate of empires hung by a hair.
With the world in the balance, what shall
decide?
How stem the sweep of the conquering
tide?
God of Justice, be not far
In this our hour of holy war!
In one man's valor, where all were men,
The strength of a people was gathered
then.

"My right is weakened, my left is thin,
My center is almost driven in,"
The soul of a patriot spoke through the
hush,
"I shall advance," said General Foch.

Forth from Paris to meet the storm
They rushed like bees in an angry swarm.
By motor and lorry and truck they came
Swift as the wind and fierce as flame.
Papa Joffre knew the trick
Of stinging hot and hard and quick.
Not for ambition and not for pride,
For France they fought, for France they
died,
Striking the blow of the Marne that
hurled
The barbarians back and saved the world.
The German against that hope forlorn
Broke his drive like a crumpled horn.
Their right was weakened, their left was
thin,
Their center was almost driven in;
When the tide of battle turned with a
rush—
For France was there—and Ferdinand
Foch.

Not since Garibaldi's stroke
Freed his land from the Austrian yoke,
And Italy after a thousand years
Walked in beauty among her peers;
Not since Nelson followed the star
Of Freedom to triumph at Trafalgar
On the tossing floor of the Western seas;
No, not since Miltiades
Fronted the Persian hosts and won
Against the tyrant at Marathon,
Has a greater defender of liberty
Stood and struck for the cause than he,
Whose right was weakened, whose left
was thin,
Whose center was almost driven in,
But whose iron courage no fate could
crush
Nor hinder. "I shall advance," said Foch.

We who are left to carry the fray
For civilization on to-day,
The war of the angels for goodly right
Against the devil of brutish might,—
The war for manhood, mercy, and love,
And peace with honor all price above,—
What shall we answer, how prepare,
For Destiny's challenge, *Who goes there?*
And pass with the willing and worthy to
give
Life, that freedom and faith may live?
When promise and patience are wearing
thin,
When endurance is almost driven in,
When our angels stand in a waiting hush,
Remember the Marne and Ferdinand
Foch.

To read such delicately wrought
verses as these is almost to make one
forget for the moment that the world
is in armor and that the fate of France
along with civilization is in the bal-
ance. We find the verses in *Ainslee's*:

VILLANELLE OF MONTPARNASSE.

By WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS.

THEY are as wanton as the sap in
May
That wakes the chestnuts in this
olden street.
François Villon loved women such as they.

Theirs is the beauty of the avid clay.
Ardors immortal in their pulses beat.
They are as wanton as the sap in May.

Their lips are carmine and their eyes are
gay;

The odor of their silken hair is sweet.
François Villon loved women such as they.

Through the blue dusk they amorously
stray.

Poets and dreamers wait their steps to
greet.

They are as wanton as the sap in May.

They have forgot the griefs of yesterday.
Youths in their hearts is passionate and
fleet.

François Villon loved women such as they.

Dancing, they go the reckoning to pay.
Of the dark Fates no mercy they en-
treat.

They are as wanton as the sap in May.
François Villon loved women such as they.

PIERROT IS HAUNTED BY THE WRAITH OF PIERRETTE.

By WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

IHAVE no means of knowing
Why love is like the wind
That never ceases blowing;
Or why the leaves are thinned.

I have no heart in wanting
Or finding any face,
Save one that goes on haunting
The ghostly garret place.

I have no doubt the creaking
That scares me is the sound
That Pierrette makes in seeking
What she—she never found.

Alas, the hosts of error
Besiege me everywhere,
And fill the nights with terror
Of Something *over there*.

And all my hope of teaching
The foolish to be wise
Is but the hope of reaching
The heaven of her eyes.

This may not be poetry in a strict
sense but it tells a story, or rather
apostrophizes a common weapon of
war, with a homely felicity of expres-
sion that is contagious. The author
is a Lieutenant in the Hundred and
Fifteenth Field Artillery, A. E. F. We
find the lines in the *New York Tribune*:

LINES TO A HOWITZER.

By GRANTLAND RICE.

TILT up your long, black, ugly snout
And let it lift against the sky,
For when you bark your message
out

We hear the roar of Freedom's cry;
We've done with quibble and debate
Here, where the Hun line looms in view,
And out beyond the call of fate
We've turned the answer back to you.

No one might call you, at your best,
A thing of beauty, pal of mine,

Your low, squat form is hardly blest
With any grace that's near divine;
You're not an ornament for home,
You'd never make an artist cheer,
But wheresoever I may roam
I only hope that you are near.

You're stupid-looking—if they will—
A trifle dull and all of that;
But when they want some distant hill
Turned into level ground—or flat—
Or when they want some Hun-bred crew
Ground into sausage, near or far,
My little bet goes down on you
Against whatever odds there are.

You may be sullen, as they say,
A lop-eared grouch, or even worse,
But when they need an open way
Before the doughboys start to curse,
Or where, beyond the massing men
They need some one to slam the lid,
We know we'll get the answer when
We turn and say—"Go to it, kid."

Now and then we find in free-verse
form something more than a mere intellectual performance, as witness this poignant little poem in *Poetry*:

EASY PARTING.

By MILDRED CUMMER WOOD.

YOU are relieved and grateful
That she has made it easy for
you;
And so you show respect
To the gallant courage,
Playing up in this defeated moment.

You can not see
That this is only the shell of her,
Who, in the long lonely nights,
While beside her you slept unmindful,
Knew that sometime her heart would fail,
And killed herself
By tiny fragments
Years ago.

Also from *Poetry* we take these lines,
the author of which is a rug-dealer in
New York, who was born on the Syrian
desert, came early to this country, was
adopted by a wealthy Syrian merchant
and studied at Columbia. His history,
and the quality of his English work,
suggest what artistic enrichment we
may expect in the future from our im-
migrants of widely different races.
We quote the poem in part:

THE PRAYER RUG OF ISLAM.

By AJAN SYRIAN.

MEN there are who live among
flowers
And the colors of the rose are
known to them in the seed—
Even as the hands of a woman in the
dark
Make of the shadows a garden,
Filling the night of her husband with
fragrance.
Men there are who know the stars:
To them, the night sky is a velvet woof
Crossed with the tints of jewels and April
waters.
It is a carpet infinitely patterned,
Whereon the Poet-God lies, half dream-
ing—

Amid the perfect and the boundless
Yearning for the wistfulness of things
imperfect,
And so making the Song that is Humanity.

Even so am I to the roseate carpets of
the Orient.

The Magic of Khorassan weavers is
known to me:
The dyers of Khiva and Damascus,
And the Arabian dreamers in purple,
The resonant color-singers of old Tur-
kestan,
Have come to me out of the dim shadows
Of the carpet-bales,
Under the flickering gas-jets,
In the back room of a little shop on upper
Broadway. . . .

William Stanley Braithwaite has
been making annual studies and selec-
tions of the best poetry published in the
American magazines for a period of
fifteen years, and it happens that these
years have been marked by what has
been called "the new birth" of poetry
in America and, as the publishers
(Small, Maynard) state in connection
with his "Golden Treasury of Maga-
zine Verse," keeping pace with poetical
achievement itself, the steady growth
of the *appreciation* of poetry. A great
many poems in this choice collection
have already appeared in our columns,
but we have underscored two, one of
which is by Mr. Torrence, to whom
the volume is dedicated:

THE BIRD AND THE TREE.

By RIDGELY TORRENCE.

BLACKBIRD, blackbird in the cage,
There's something wrong to-night.
Far off the sheriff's footfall dies,
The minutes crawl like last year's
flies
Between the bars, and like an age
The hours are long to-night.

The sky is like a heavy lid
Out here beyond the door to-night.
What's that? A mutter down the street.
What's that? The sound of yells and feet.
For what you didn't do or did
You'll pay the score to-night.

No use to reek with reddened sweat,
No use to whimper and to sweat.
They've got the rope; they've got the
guns,
They've got the courage and the guns;
And that's the reason why to-night
No use to ask them any more.
They'll fire the answer through the door—
You're out to die to-night.

There where the lonely cross-road lies,
There is no place to make replies;
But silence, inch by inch, is there,
And the right limb for a lynch is there;
And a lean daw waits for both your eyes,
Blackbird.

Perhaps you'll meet again some place.
Look for the mask upon the face;
That's the way you'll know them there—
A white mask to hide the face.
And you can halt and show them there

The things that they are deaf to now,
And they can tell you what they meant—
To wash the blood with blood. But how
If you are innocent?

Blackbird singer, blackbird mute,
They choked the seed you might have
found.
Out of a thorny field you go—
For you it may be better so—
And leave the sowers of the ground
To eat the harvest of the fruit,
Blackbird.

NEEDLE TRAVEL

By MARGARET FRENCH PATTON.

I SIT at home and sew,
I ply my needle and thread,
But the trip around the garment's hem
Is not the path I tread;
My stitches neat,
With their rhythmic beat,
Keep time to very different feet,
On a different journey sped.

Now, glad heart,
Tip-toe, tip-toe,
They must not hear you,
They must not know,
They must not follow where you go.
Bare, brown feet on the dusty road,
Unbound body free of its load,
Limbs that need no stinging goad,
Step, step out on the dusty road.

Friends to greet on the jolly road,
Lopeing rabbit, and squatting toad,
Beetle, trundling along with your load;
Hey, little friends,
Good day, good morrow,
You see me to-day,
You forget me to-morrow.

Time to chase you across the road,
Lopeing rabbit, and poke you, toad,
Upset you, beetle with your load;
Hey, little friends,
Good day.

Bare, brown feet in the shelving pool,
Unbound body, relaxed and cool,
Limbs lying bare and beautiful;
Hey, green pool,
Good day, good morrow,
You hold me to-day,
You forget me to-morrow.

Time to float in you, rapt and cool,
Swim the rapids above you, pool,
Dive in your waters bountiful;
Hey, sweet friend,
Good day.

This exquisite little fancy is from the
New York Tribune:

VOICES.

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

WHEN you speak to me,
Your lips are bending prayer-
maidens
Saluting their slender God, your
voice.
My voice is but a creeping slave
Who rattles his little bracelets
In a tremor of unspoken love,
As he feels the God stooping a bit, to
touch his head.

WARTIME NEEDS OF THE NATION

WHAT 100,000 FAMILIES CAN DO TO SAVE FUEL

WHAT can 100,000 families, readers of *CURRENT OPINION*, do toward saving fuel to win the war? They can multiply 100,000 times the savings of any one of those households. The average saving of each householder can be about two tons of coal if he warms his house, operates the kitchen range and lights the home with maximum economy. Each person's effort, alone, would be puny, but 200,000 tons, the aggregate savings of 100,000 families, is a power that will contribute mightily to the work of moving ships, locomotives and factory engines, according to the United States Fuel Administration.

Two hundred thousand tons of coal would manufacture five million shells for American three-inch guns, or for the famous French seventy-fives. Every ton is needed for the constantly growing war demands, and every ton saved will supply a war need. The miners and mine-owners of the country, working under tremendous pressure, are surpassing all records in coal production. But the war demand, growing by leaps and bounds, is outstripping even the record output now coming from the mines. The work of the miners must be supplemented by real coal thrift on the part of every consumer. The householders' greatest need and opportunity of saving this tonnage are in the cellar and the kitchen. Cellars and kitchens present none of the glamor of war. Neither do trenches, to the man who is knee-deep in the mud. But kitchens and cellars are war sectors as truly as trenches are. To the basement soldier the United States Fuel Administration issues fighting directions:

First—Begin now on the active campaign. Do not wait for the first days of autumn to clean the furnace, for by that time the labor may not be immediately available for the work. Clean and repair the stoves, the heater, the pipes, without a day's delay. The soot that has crusted over the furnace interiors wastes coal continuously. It should be cleaned out and kept out for the year. Every two weeks, after the furnace or stove is in operation, is none too often for the cleaning process. One one-hundredth of an inch of the soot you will be keeping away has the same power of resisting heat that ten inches of iron have.

Second—The householder patriot

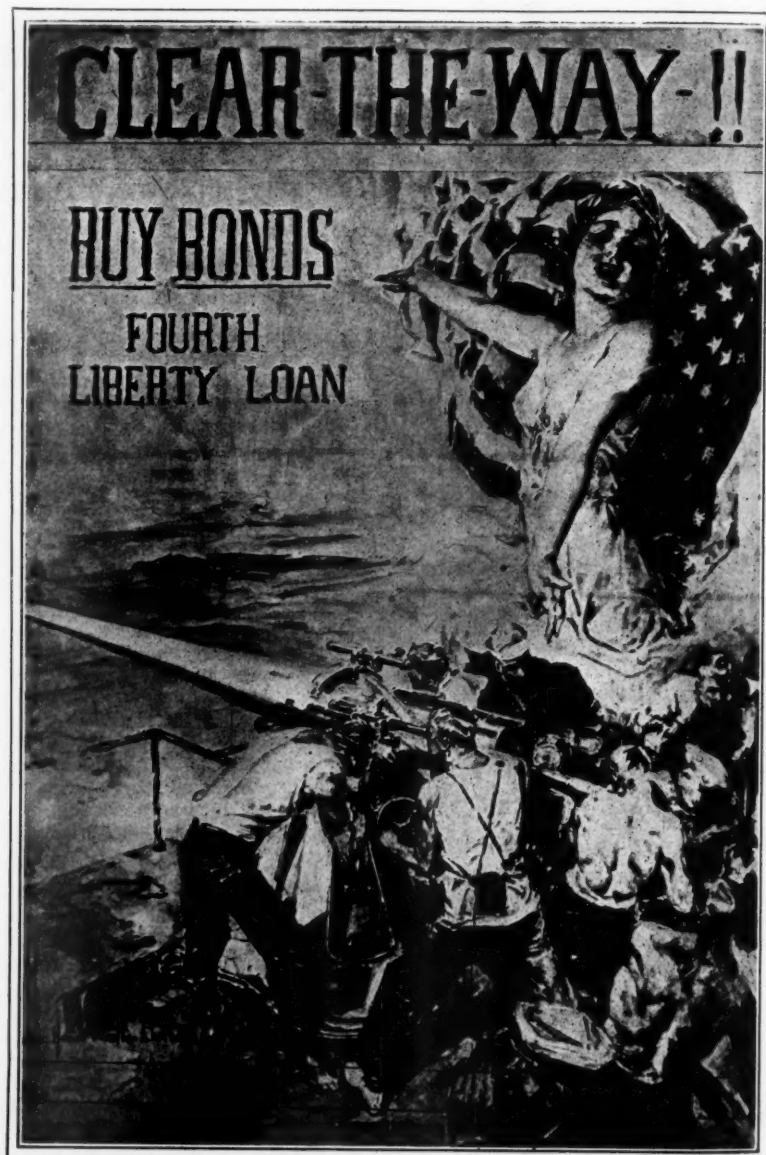
will put no caretaker in charge of his furnace, but he himself will operate the furnace to the end that he may get a maximum of heat from a minimum of coal. Coaling and firing require the intelligent practice of the head of the house, not the indifferent attention of an under-paid, itinerant, community caretaker who half-heartedly takes charge of twenty or more furnaces a day. Definite furnace rules are provided by the United States Fuel Administration. These any householder can obtain by consulting his local or state fuel administrator. They are precise and clear. The man who follows

Practical Directions from the Fuel Administration in Ways to Help Win the War

them to the letter will waste no coal in his furnace. They give general rules for all types of heaters and specific rules applying to hot-air furnaces, steam and hot-water plants and kitchen ranges.

Third—The furnace-operator will sift his ashes daily. In spite of careful stoking, clinkers may drop into the ash-pan. These clinkers are fuel, and as fuel they should be rescued from the ashes and burned in the heater.

These are small savings, but it will be the adding up of the small savings that will total the 15,000,000 tons of coal for which our program of domes-



tic saving calls. Saving in the basement is only part of domestic conservation. Upstairs, every member of the family is needed in the program. Lights are a source of fuel waste. Not unless the entire family cooperate can light-saving be effected; and saving of light means saving of fuel. There are two brief light-rules: Do not light a single unneeded light. Do not burn a light for one moment overtime. Even on chilly days, the Fuel Administration asks that families forego their open fires. Ninety per cent. of their heat goes up the chimney; only ten per cent. warms the room. Open fires have no place in our homes during these days of fuel-need. The family good-will and cooperation are needed, too, to keep the house at a lower temperature than has been maintained in the past. When the members of the family understand that lower temperatures mean better health, they will give their cordial support to the plan of keeping the house below a hot-house temperature. Professor Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale University, has made a study of temperature in its relation to health. Professor Huntington states:

An average temperature of 64 degrees is the best for the human race.

Moist air is more healthful than dry, provided it is not too warm. Such air feels warmer than dry air at the same temperature and retains its heat longer.

Variations of temperature are much more healthful than a uniform temperature. As a means of preserving health few things are better than a frequent fall of temperature followed by a more gradual rise.

The mother of the family has specific charges. It is her part to see that the gas-range in the kitchen is burned economically. In a colander or wire basket that fits over an ordinary kettle she can steam squash or carrots while she boils potatoes. This will mean that she uses the gas in only one burner instead of two. The under part of a double boiler can boil eggs or vegetables while a cereal cooks in the upper part. Compartment vessels that have two or three separate divisions fitting together over one burner may be purchased. The size of the flame needs watching. Water that is boiling fast is no hotter than water that boils slowly. The flame should be turned down after the boiling-point is reached, and not be allowed to spread up around the vessel.

A fireless cooker is well-nigh magical in its power to conserve fuel, money, labor and time. The housewife can buy one ready-made on the market or make one according to the directions of Farmers' Bulletin 771, "Home-made Fireless Cookers and Their Use," which she can obtain free by writing to the Editor-in-Chief, Division of Publica-

tions, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Many are the kitchen ways of saving fuel. The housewife who is determined to learn every best way can follow no better practices than those advocated by her home demonstration agent. Within the last year or two an extraordinary development in home-making has been under way. In the employ of the United States Department of Agriculture and the State Agricultural Colleges are 1,500 trained women home-makers. They work in the open country and in small towns and cities. They are there to help every home-maker who desires their services. They know the science of cooking, care of children, interior decorating, budgeting the income—in short, every department of home-making. They interpret this science simply, making it an applied, practical art in the home. They demonstrate methods

and explain their principles to large audiences, or they visit the individual woman in her home or bring her into consultation in their own offices. They are trained and practical home-makers. To-day they are cooperating with the United States Fuel Administration to teach every detail of fuel conservation. So suddenly and unobtrusively have these demonstrators gone into their work that many women in many communities are as yet unacquainted with them or the services they are there to render. The housewife can obtain the name and address of her local demonstrator by writing to the States Relation Service, Washington, D. C.

Besides cooperation of the members of every family, cooperation of whole families of a neighborhood can promote fuel saving. Especially is this true in promoting a wood-cutting campaign. Because kerosene is short this year by as much as 28,000,000 barrels,



we cannot turn to it as a coal substitute. It must be guarded as vigilantly as coal. Wood, however, can be a coal substitute in communities where it need not be hauled by railroads. The United

States Fuel Administration is petitioning rural schools, rural churches, rural homes, to cut and burn wood and to supply neighboring villages with cords of wood. Progressive, patriotic com-

munity wood-cutting is needed. This year's saving of coal can be expedited in all states east of the Mississippi if the open-country districts and towns will return to wood as their sole fuel.

UNCLE SAM NEEDS A MILLION MORE LABORERS AT ONCE

UNLESS employers engaged in business that is not essential to the carrying on of the war are willing to release those working for them, that they may engage in war industries, the country will see the shutting down of many war industries. This announcement is made by the Department of Labor, which asserts that a million unskilled workers are needed immediately in these industries. The announcement states further that the existing shortage will no doubt be greatly augmented by the extension of the draft ages, and the Federal Em-

ployment Service is considering an appeal to men in all walks of life to volunteer as unskilled laborers for service in war plants. According to Nathan A. Smyth, a director of the Employment Service:

"Americans must know that common labor when performed for one's country in time of war is worthy of any man, whatever may be his prior position or experience. As the army increases the situation grows more grave. It must be faced resolutely and squarely. There are plenty of men in the country to meet the present crisis, but they are now engaged in non-war work."

Unless the Demand is Met Promptly, the War Industries Program Will Suffer

The shortage in skilled labor is becoming as grave as that in unskilled, adds Mr. Smyth. The available supply of unemployed is rapidly being depleted and the seriousness of the situation can hardly be exaggerated.

One ounce of meat daily means 465,000,000 pounds annually.

One slice of bread, 365,000,000 loaves annually.

One piece of butter, 114,000,000 pounds annually.

One cup of milk, 912,000,000 quarts, or the product of 400,000 cows annually.

COMING: A WAR SERVICE DRIVE FOR \$187,000,000

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made by representatives of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the War Camp Community Service and the American Library Association of a nation-wide drive for \$145,000,000 to begin November eleventh and to be divided as follows:

Y. M. C. A.....	\$100,000,000
Y. W. C. A.....	15,000,000
War Camp Community Service	15,000,000
American Library Association	15,000,000

Seven distinct organizations have been recognized by the government for recreational service with the troops, the other three being the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board and the Salvation Army. Each of these organizations is supported by private subscriptions and each has planned a fund-raising campaign on a national basis for some period between September and February. The total sum to be raised is \$187,000,000. In a statement issued by the first four war-working organizations we are told:

"It has become increasingly apparent that seven such campaigns cannot be conducted in the period named without serious overlapping and conflict, to say nothing of the confusion into which communities would be thrown by a series of drives following one another in quick succession, each with its own machinery and administrative personnel and each for objects involving the service of the American army and navy. This is particularly true in view of the fact that a Liberty Loan drive has been scheduled

But Why Should Knights of Columbus and Others Not Be Included in Drive No. 1?



for October, and the whole question has been presented whether a combination campaign on the part of some or all of the societies above named might not simplify the task which they are jointly bearing and give the country an opportunity to contribute at one time to what is in reality a common cause.

"Difference in fiscal periods between the societies named, as well as divergencies in financial needs, make it difficult at this time to affect such a result for all seven societies. It has been agreed, however, between representatives of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the War Camp Community Service, and the American Library Association to conduct a campaign together during the week beginning November 11, and we are informed by Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, who represents the War Department in the matter, that the three organizations, the National Catholic War Council, the Jew-

ish Welfare Board and the Salvation Army will be asked to join in a common campaign to be carried on in January, 1919. This plan will, therefore, result in two national drives instead of seven."

Opposition to this program has developed in the ranks of the Knights of Columbus, to judge from a statement from its Supreme Knight, James A. Flaherty, defining the attitude of that organization. It seems to him:

"That this is drawing a line between the Protestants, on one side, and the Catholics, the Jews and the Salvation Army, on the other; a line which we have been seeking to have wiped out in war activities and surely in so far as welfare of the boys in the service is concerned. . . . The Knights of Columbus, at a meeting in Washington, attended by representatives of all the other organizations, excepting the Salvation Army, ex-

pressed its willingness and desire to enter into a joint drive with all war-work organizations at such time as seemed best, and this news notice is the first intimation which I have had that the fiscal year entered into the proposition."

Apart from this viewpoint it is argued that in addition to the Liberty Loan drive this month for \$6,000,000,000 and that proposed by the Y. M. C. A. group in November, the next Red Cross drive is scheduled for December, then come the Christmas holidays, and "the Knights of Columbus, the Jews and the Salvation Army are left to get what is left after the first of the year."

"Our idea of a proper literary person," said the *Youngstown Citizen*, "is one who collects a library of Thrift Stamp books."

RED CROSS PLANS TO LIMIT KNITTERS AND SAVE YARN

THAT the many millions of Red Cross knitters may know the plans of that war-time institution for future knitting, George E. Scott, acting general manager of the American Red Cross, states that when the War Industries Board some time back advised the Red Cross that future production of yarn would be greatly reduced, the organization immediately began to purchase knitting yarn and to-day has in stock or on order 1,400,000 pounds. They hope to secure more yarn from wool unsuitable for government uses but have no expectation of securing more than a fraction of the

10,000,000 pounds used last year. In addition to the stock of yarn on hand:

"The Red Cross has ready for distribution 1,600,000 sweaters, 134,000 mufflers, 384,000 wristlets, 238,000 helmets and 1,328,000 pairs of socks, a total of 3,674,000 articles. We are hopeful, therefore, that these and such additional garments as we shall be able to make will enable us to meet the more urgent requirements of our men during the coming winter. In this connection it will be of interest to the women who have been knitting to know that, from September 1, 1917, to June 13, 1918, the Red Cross distributed 5,875,000 knitted garments to the army and navy of the United States. During the same

Is Laying In a Supply For Essential Garments—What Has Been Done

period 870,000 knitted articles were sent to the Red Cross Commissioners in France and Italy for distribution to soldiers, sailors and civilians. At the request of the War Industries Board, with which the Red Cross works in close cooperation, we have urged chapters and individual workers not to buy wool in the open market, but to secure their materials through our department of supplies."

While the total quantity of yarn the Red Cross can secure is being determined, a study is being made of how to use it so as to produce only garments that are most essential. Details of the knitting program will be announced later.

HOW UNCLE SAM INSURES HIS SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

THE United States Government has organized the greatest insurance company in the world. Its underwriters include every American tax-paying citizen, tho he may not know it. Its activities spread to all corners of the globe, and its creation, as the War Risk Insurance Bureau, by Congress a year ago upset all precedents in insurance organization. In the first six months of its existence it had written two and one-third times as much insurance as had been done in the whole of 1917 by all the stock, mutual benefit and fraternal organizations in America, the total insurance on its books exceeding by several hundred per cent. the business of the largest private insurance company in the world.

At the beginning of this year, so we read in *Forbes' Magazine*, the total amount of insurance taken out was

\$2,871,927,000. One month later it was \$5,446,925,000. On St. Valentine's Day, the banner day of its career, the books showed \$8,316,099,500 and by July it was \$22,300,000,000.

"The War Risk Insurance Bureau of 1914 was an inconspicuous branch of the Treasury Department, consisting of about fifty clerks and directors working in the basement of the Treasury Department. To-day Uncle Sam, Unltd., occupies 260,000 square feet of space in eleven buildings, some commandeered, some built for the purpose, and has a force of 7,500 workers, ninety per cent. of whom are women."

While the representative of *Forbes'* was being shown through the record and file-rooms of the War Risk Insurance Bureau and observing its mechanism, a tragic incident occurred which emphasizes the efficiency and simplicity of this tremendous organization:

Vast Organization Required to Carry \$22,300,000,000 in Policies Works With Clocklike Simplicity

"The message reached Washington, the headquarters of the Insurance Bureau, of the sudden death of Major John Purroy Mitchel, ex-Mayor of New York City, who had enlisted in the aviation service. The news was grasped when the clerk had discovered the index number of Major Mitchel's insurance application, 645,636 K A, and within ten minutes the wheels had been turned for the recording and settling of the ex-mayor's insurance benefits to his bereaved beneficiaries.

"Immediately after the Adjutant-General of the Army officially declared the men missing from the torpedoed transport *Moldavia* were dead, machinery for the payment of claims to their beneficiaries was put into motion. Every effort consistent with the avoidance of errors was taken to speed up the establishment of claims and the issuance of checks. Information concerning the insurance protection of the *Moldavia* victims was obtained from the files and the record and

review of it were completed within six hours after the first news of the sinking reached the capital. Fifty-three American soldiers were reported lost on this transport. The day the news came the War Risk Insurance Bureau had on file applications from forty-nine of them, the average amount of which was \$8,714, more than four-fifths of the maximum \$10,000 fixed by law. The insurance record for the soldiers on the *Moldavia* is representative of the entire American army and navy."

Just before the enactment of the government insurance law, we read, representatives of all the largest insurance companies in America met in Washington to discuss its value and effects. It was discovered that the lowest figure insurance companies could afford to offer to enlisted men was \$58 a \$1,000 and that only for one year. At that rate the \$10,000 life insurance for a soldier twenty-six years old would cost \$580 with a private company. Uncle Sam offered the same benefit at \$80.40. Or:

"By paying sixty-five cents a month, a

twenty-one-year-old youth may insure himself for \$1,000. A man of fifty-one gets the same amount for \$1.20 a month. Elementary arithmetic shows how inexpensive a \$10,000 policy is made by the government. Every one of our boys can afford the minimum amount. A goodly majority can afford the maximum. Government insurance, while being the greatest measure of protection ever offered to its fighting forces by any nation, is not charity; it is merely a means, a very simple, generous, well-devised means of strengthening the morale of the soldiery. An insured man does not receive a pension. The old-time form of compensation, which impoverished a man in body and in spirit, is replaced by the manly, self-earned insurance. No man has been compelled to take out insurance. No Prussianism enters into the taking out of policies. For twenty years after he becomes disabled or dies, the benefits of his insurance policy are paid in monthly installments, with interest on the principal. It is an income benefit rather than a bulk payment. If a soldier becomes totally disabled, he merely has a letter written to the War Risk Bureau at Washington. If he dies, his widow, or other claimant, the beneficiary of his policy, writes. Often

this request is unnecessary; most often the bureau will reach the claimant first. The business works automatically. Every man entering the service can insure himself at any time up to one hundred and twenty days after his enlistment. Within five years after the end of the war an insured man can convert his policy into any of the usual forms offered by a private organization. Fifty-seven dollars and fifty cents is the monthly income value of the \$10,000 policy to the family of a man or to himself if he should be disabled."

These benefits would indicate that the government must conduct this bureau at tremendous loss but, we are assured, this is not the case. Its administrative costs have been reduced to an almost negligible minimum. It does not have to concern itself with physical examinations by competent physicians. Every man in the service has, of course, been physically examined by an army physician which, together with the fact that its agents are unpaid, relieves the bureau of two of the most expensive operative costs of a private insurance company.

TOWNS DESERTED TO SAVE THE CROPS

A STRANGER going into any one of hundreds of mid-west towns during the grain harvest would have found "a deserted village." The banks were closed, the stores shuttered, the court-house locked, even the post-office keeping Sunday hours, which in a county town means barred and bolted. All the able-bodied inhabitants, including thousands of women, had gone to the country to help save the harvest, feed our armies and win the war. It is one of the ways in which the farm-labor shortage was met and is still being met. Says the *New York Times*, reviewing the situation:

"Kansas made a notable record. During the harvesting of more than nine and one-half million acres of wheat in that state the greater part of the thought and action of the people was given to the harvest. Forty thousand town people helped, and the crop was saved. Kansas City, alone, enlisted more than 10,000 workers to assist Kansas farmers, and these men not only offered their services, but, under the direction of the Athletic Club and the Chamber of Commerce, they took a course of training to harden and fit them for the work they were to undertake. In addition to the men volunteers, women went from the towns and cities to assist the farmers' wives in cooking for the army of harvesters."

"In Indiana twenty-four towns enrolled 9,000 harvest hands for the wheat and oats. Illinois has more than 50,000 workers in sixty counties registered for the harvest. The Mayor and Board of Public Works of one of the large middle-western

cities closed their offices and worked in the wheat fields, the Mayor driving a binder and his fellow officials shocking the grain. In most of the middle-western states 'shock troops' and 'twilight squads' were organized—men who had to stay in town most of the day, but who would go out about five o'clock in the afternoon, in automobiles, and shock wheat or do other work until night—and longer if the moon was shining. These squads supplemented the town volunteers who were able to put in full days in the field. And they did good work, too. For instance, in one evening alone, forty 'twilight troopers' shocked more than eighty acres of wheat.

"The potato crop of Houston and Wharton counties, Texas, has been saved through the aid of the business men in the local towns. In response to explanations of the situation made by the State Extension Director and the Farm Help Specialist, the business men closed their offices, stores and banks, so that their employees might go to the fields—and the business men who were physically fit went themselves. In the berry district south of Portland, Ore., a large amount of help was needed to harvest the crop. The Farm Help Specialist in Portland enlisted the services of about 1,000 women and girls, who were organized into units, taken to the berry districts, and assisted satisfactorily in harvesting the crop. In the sugar-beet districts of southern Michigan, Colorado and Utah, many thousands of workers have been secured for the cultivation of that important crop."

The work-or-fight order of the War Department, which became effective in July, will, we are assured, assist very materially in all labor problems, in-

Courts Adjourn, Banks Close and Shops Are Shuttered While All Help in the Harvest

cluding that of farm help. For many months the Department of Agriculture has been campaigning to create a work-or-fight public sentiment in each community, and while the War Department order only applies to men of draft age, it is the hope of the government that public sentiment everywhere will continue to apply it to every man of every age, not even excluding women. As the *New York Evening Sun* comments editorially, reports of the work being done by women's army of farm laborers show a general result even more gratifying than surprising.

"It appears that seventeen states now have active units of women at work on farms, and it is expected that the total number of the farmerettes this year will come to 15,000. This number includes only those under the actual supervision of the Women's Land Army of America, and besides these there are hundreds and thousands who are working separately on their own farms, or have organized emergency squads in districts where crops needed cultivation and gathering and no men could be got to do the work; and still others are working under the direction of other local agencies."

The movement is of course in its early stages in this country, and it is worth noting that in England at least 300,000 women are now at work upon the land. By another year, opines the *Sun*, we shall doubtless see a greater number than that of American women doing their share where it is most needed.

THE Δ INDUSTRIAL Δ WORLD

HOW BIG BUSINESS IS SAVING HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

Simply by Eliminating
Costly Non-Essentials
in Essential Industries

A TIME ago the daily press amused its readers with jocular comments on the forthcoming styles in men's wearing apparel. Belts and sleeve and trouser cuffs and pleated backs would soon be things of the past, it was duly decreed, the width of facings limited and patch-pockets eliminated. Double-breasted coats would be strictly taboo. There would be fewer loud styles—a sort of sentimental concession to the somber mood of war—and the spring overcoat would suffer much curtailment. Few people took the comments seriously, but Wesley McCormick tells us in the *New York World* that "because of the seemingly insignificant changes mentioned in this decree Uncle Sam saved enough cloth to make uniforms for more than 900,000 soldiers." How it was done is a story of industrial achievement as inspiring as anything in the history of the war. For the same principle has been applied to practically every manufacturing industry in the United States. Hundreds of millions

of dollars have been saved, not from the elimination of non-essential industries but from the elimination of non-essentials in essential industries—without noise and almost without publicity. A. W. Shaw, of the Conservation Division of the War Industries Board, is quoted as saying in this connection:

"The government needed \$20,000,000,000 worth of materials and supplies to carry on the war; and just at the time that it was making this hitherto inconceivable demand it was taking millions of producers from the productive forces and placing them in the military ranks. Those who were left would not only have to furnish the sinews of war, but they would have to feed and clothe the nation in the interim. And not only were the business men confronted with the necessity for increased production with decreased man-power, but they were all called upon to finance the war. They would have to carry on their business with far less capital in order that they might invest in Liberty Bonds, keep the Red Cross going and back up all the other war activities."

Cloth in unprecedented quantities would be needed for uniforms; all sorts of chemicals for munitions; iron, steel, copper and tin; lumber for ships; coal for fuel; there was not a basic industry in the country that would not be drawn upon to the utmost limit. Take the manufacture of iron beds. Next year there will be only thirty styles to choose from, tho it is hardly probable that any housewife will shed tears over that. She will be blissfully unconscious of the fact that five hundred and seventy styles have been removed from the market. But the American war machine is greatly benefited thereby because:

"It not only requires more capital to manufacture six hundred styles, but it takes much more capital to deal in them. More to the point still, it takes quantities of precious iron ore from the mines which will now be used in making shells. . . . With six hundred designs there were any number of sizes into which the iron manufacturer had to roll the bars to supply the bed trade. Each change involved a changing of the rolls, a process taking



Courtesy of *The Nation's Business*

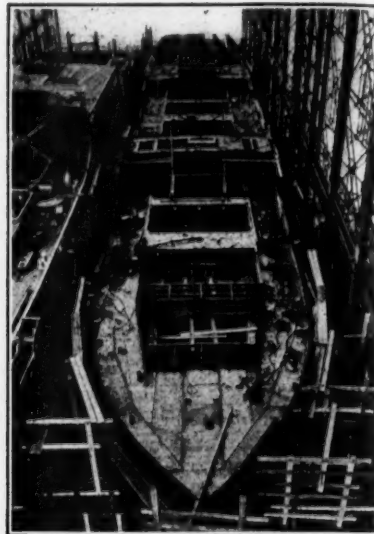
Somewhere in the picture is a rock-solid old firm, founded by a God-fearing, oat-eating old Scotchman back in '59, owned now by his sons; capitalized at \$100,000, not a drop of water in it—all Scotch. Next door behold a wild-cat affair, mostly water, and capitalized at \$600,000. Now how are you going to manage an equitable tax for those two, multiplied by thousands, all over U. S. A.? Have patience with the Congressman, he is sitting up nights doing his best.



First Day



Fifth Day



Fifteenth Day

THE BUILDING OF THE TUCKAHOE

Courtesy of

five or six hours, and a consequent interruption of production. Under the new system the manufacturers agree to use certain standard-sized bars, thus allowing for increased production of steel. But aside from that, the bars being of standard size, it is not necessary to keep as great a quantity in stock. Formerly the manufacturer had to keep so many different kinds of bars in stock that a large part of his capital was always tied up in raw material. Now the iron which he does not call for may be used to make guns, and the money he saves by not having to purchase it may go into Liberty Bonds."

Furthermore:

"Paint manufacturers have hitherto been putting out from fifty to one hundred shades of house paint. The limit is now reduced to thirty-two shades for the whole industry, with the same results in kind if not in degree that followed the changes in the manufacture of beds and clothing. There are now ten grades of architectural varnish instead of fifty. The manufacturers are also cutting out all half-gallon cans and all cans less than half a pint, and in certain grades all pint cans as well. This not only saves the tin for military needs, but enables dealers to do business with less paint and less capital.

"There are now two hundred and eighty-seven sizes and types of automobile tires. These will be reduced to thirty-two at once and later to nine. The furnace manufacturers are cutting out seventy-five per cent. of the sizes and types of furnaces. A similar simplification has been agreed upon in the manufacture of agricultural implements without depriving the American farmer of a single necessary tool."

All down the line of American industry one finds some reorganization effected or about to be effected through "agreement" with the Conservation Division of the War Industries Board.

MOTOR-CAR INDUSTRY IS HARD HIT BY THE WAR INDUSTRIES BOARD

THE action of the War Industries Board in declaring passenger cars a non-essential and that automobile manufacturers must convert their plants into one hundred per cent. war work, is, of course, a blow to the motor-car industry. Yet the justice of the declaration is hardly denied. John N. Willys, for instance, says in the *New York Evening Post* that, insofar as ninety in every hundred cars manufactured are for business purposes, the ruling is by no means a solar-plexus blow to the industry. He goes on to particularize:

"The American farmer, representing 33.2 per cent. of the population of the country, bought 53.1 per cent. of the automobiles last year. The farmer is buying automobiles because they have done more to lighten labor and change his entire plane of living and doing business than any other invention since the harvesting machine. The government estimates that it requires five acres of

ground to support a horse. On this basis, assuming that each automobile on a farm replaces one horse, the automobiles in use on farms to-day alone release more than 10,000,000 acres of land—sufficient to support three and one-third million people. . . . So the motor-car is helping the farmer raise more wheat with less men, carry it to the market, and buy more government bonds with the proceeds which could not be his without the aid of the automobile. . . .

"Located in the cities, industry is not so dependent upon the automobile, and still every motor-car in this great branch is doing its part in speeding up production. In the business community having 1,000 automobiles it is safe to say that each one in service will save an hour a day. This would mean that such a community is 125 working-days ahead every day. Carry these figures to the 5,000,000 registered automobiles in this country and it means that the nation is 625,000 working-days ahead every day in time saved. Or compute this into man-power and it gives America the extra services of an

Leading Manufacturer Admits That 90 in Every 100 Cars Made Are for Business Purposes

army of 625,000 men at work every day.

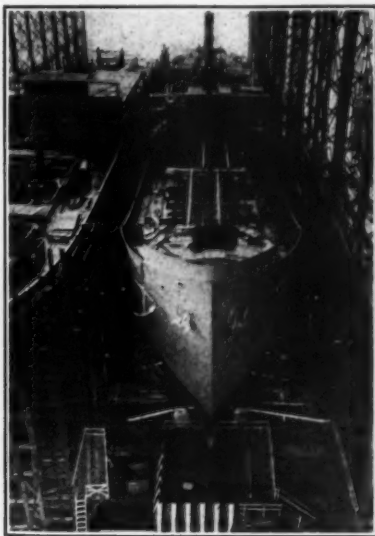
"Compare the motor-cars with the railroads and we find the automobiles of this country traveling 60,000,000,000 miles a year, as compared with the 35,000,000 passenger miles of railroads. These multipliers of energy are traveling 40,000,000 miles a day, the equivalent of 1,600 times around the world. Many a nation has been conquered, not for lack of bravery or men, but for the lack of transportation. Speed, speed, and more speed is the cry. And America answers with her 5,000,000 automobiles—the greatest transportation tool, the greatest aid to personal efficiency in the world."

Nevertheless, automobile manufacturers are apprehensive of what they regard as a too drastic ruling on the part of the War Industries Board. One of them is quoted in the *New York American* as saying:

"Of course I have no doubt the War Industries Board gave the question due consideration before they made the drastic ruling they did, but if they call auto-



Twenty-third Day



Twenty-seventh Day



Launched

The Outlook

A WORLD'S RECORD IN SHIP CONSTRUCTION

mobiles non-essential, what of tobacco? Certainly no one, not even a confirmed smoker, would claim that smoking was anything but a luxury. Yet is the manufacturer of tobacco told to cease the manufacture of cigars, cigarettes and smoking tobacco? He is not. All that is proposed to do about tobacco is to increase the tax a trifle. Outside of this the American-made automobile dominates the export field. It has taken our manufacturers over fifteen years of hard work to gain first place in the world's trade, and last year nearly \$150,000,000 worth of American cars were sold to European and South American countries.

"On the other side France, Germany, England and Italy are making plans for the after-the-war demands for cars, and now, just when American manufacturers are in a position to dominate the foreign field for years to come, they are told by the War Industries Board to throw away all chance of retaining this profitable export trade. Not only this, but it means the disruption of not only all their sales force, but in the case of makers who may be unfortunate enough not to obtain any war contracts the loss of all their mechanics and costly machinery as well. While I have no doubt the ruling was made only after a careful considera-

tion of the matter, it would seem to many well-informed people that if production was cut, say, seventy-five or eighty per cent. of the normal, it would in no way affect our war program. At the same time it would enable our automobile manufacturers to take care of the ordinary domestic replacement of cars and also enable them to meet the after-the-war competition from abroad."

In a recent issue of *CURRENT OPINION* a typographical error, to the effect that the Food Administration limited the profits of packers to ninety per cent., was made in an article entitled "Are the Big Packers Dealing Squarely With the Public?" The limitation of profit is nine per cent.

A NEW AMERICAN GUN IS UP-SETTING THE GERMAN TANKS

AMONG other developments in the great counter-attack of the Franco-American armies in Picardy is the sensational announcement that American artillery is equipped with a small but powerful gun that plays havoc with the German tanks. It is known as a thirty-seven millimeter weapon and is wholly an American invention. Its extraordinary efficiency, according to a writer in the *New York Sun Magazine*, explains why the Prussians are using massed troops instead of the moving iron fortress in attempting to stop the Franco-American drive. We read:

"The thirty-seven is about half as powerful a gun, both in range and size of shell, as the seventy-five—the same seventy-five of the French, which to all intents and purposes is the chief weapon of the American artillery operating on foreign soil to-day. But the thirty-seven is rapidly becoming more popular than the seventy-five, which is saying much. So sure are the military experts of its extraordinary effectiveness, that they are working

overtime in the making of them in France and have begun to turn them out from American factories. The thirty-seven, in the first place, weighs only about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Moreover, it will fire sixty projectiles weighing one pound each every minute. It handles with equal ease armor-piercing shells and wicked high explosives loaded to the full with the deadly T N T. . . .

"It should be explained that in defensive work against the enemy every effort is made so to arm the men of the first two or three lines that they can conceal underground all weapons, yet will be able to bring them quickly into play in the few minutes elapsing between the time when the heavy barrage fire of the enemy passes beyond them and the time when the enemy comes plunging through the wires a few scant yards from the trenches. The fact that the thirty-seven can be quickly taken from tripod mounting and both mount and barrel hidden in a dugout is, therefore, of importance. The fact that four men can bring it from the dugout and get it in position in the trench in less than two minutes is of greater importance.

"It can be readily imagined what would

Only 37 Millimeter But it Fires Sixty One-Pound Projectiles a Minute With Deadly Effect

happen to a German tank if a one-pound armor-piercing shell met it about one hundred yards from its point of attack. Perhaps a better idea of the strength of the blow can be obtained from the statement that the shell has an unusually low trajectory. In other words, that it travels near to the ground, and that when it leaves the muzzle of the gun it is going at the rate of 1,312 feet a second. This muzzle velocity is not great, as compared with other weapons, but it permits of low trajectory."

In appearance, we are told, the gun is not unusual. It has an extra long trail-piece on its mount, but the gun itself is only about thirty-two inches over all. Perhaps its most noticeable feature is the megaphone-like contrivance on the muzzle. This is a flash hider and is used in night-firing.

The fact that the Americans are mastering the German tanks with such a comparatively small gun is partly explained in the statement that "the German tank is not the strong engine that the British employ. The Germans

are beginning to feel the scarcity of minerals and raw materials by which iron is hardened to steel. Their tanks have a thin armor plate, sufficient only

to withstand machine-gun fire; in fact, the casing on the rear of the tank is $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick." It is recorded that one of these guns has been used in a

quiet sector for more than six months. In that time it fired thirty thousand rounds and at last account was as accurate as the day it went into action.

SCHWAB DEALS A BLOW TO THE ADVOCATES OF CONCRETE SHIPS

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, director general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, says that this is not the time to plunge into the building of concrete ships, because "the controlling factors of the whole ship-building enterprise are such that to plunge at this time in concrete ships, even if they were as established as steel ships, would interfere with the wood and steel program and there would be no net gain in general progress, but rather a setback." In the first place, he emphasizes, small ships are not economical for transoceanic purposes. The Fleet Corporation is committed to build some eight hundred wooden ships, mostly 3,500 tons dead weight, and to utilize the Great Lakes yards it has been necessary to build many 3,400-ton vessels, so that "the emergency has forced us to overload with small ships, anyway." Furthermore:

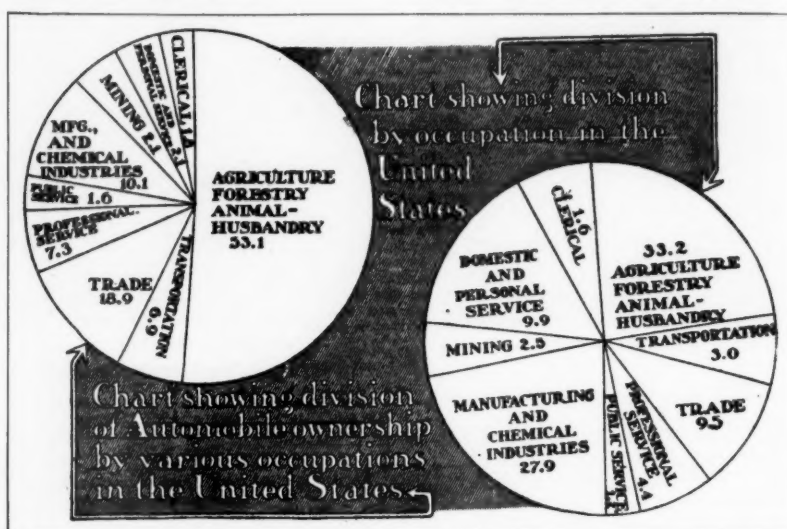
"Without pretending to speak with accuracy, we find that our 3,500-ton steel vessels are only about fifty per cent. efficient. I mean by that that in actual service they carry only half or less of their indicated dead-weight tonnage. The small wooden ships are still less efficient, and concrete ships, as we build them in the present stage of their development, rank below wood in efficiency, tho we expect to improve in this respect.

"Efficiency gains with size. A 7,500-ton steel boat, for instance, is more than seventy per cent. efficient. Averaging all our vessels up to date I think the average tonnage will not exceed 6,000 tons. That is

too little. From my own experience I would say that we ought not to be building less than 10,000-ton boats for transoceanic service. The small ships are more efficient for coasting voyages than they are for trips across the ocean. We do not intend to use any of the wooden ships in the European service. We can make use of them to good purpose in releasing the larger ships for transoceanic transport, but there is a limit to the number that we can thus place.

"To build, now, a great number of small concrete ships would practically be to spend money on vessels that would not help us meet the present emergency. If a steel vessel of 7,500 tons will carry as much on a long voyage as three small

This is No Time to Plunge Into a New Venture, He Decides and Gives Reasons



ships of whatever material, and we have already contracted for about as many of these small vessels as we can use in releasing the larger ones, and, indeed more, it seems plain to me that we should henceforth strive for larger ships."

Even the 5,000-ton wooden ship is as yet a doubtful quantity, asserts the director general of ship-building, and until some 7,500-ton concrete vessels are actually completed and in service, as they will be soon, it is his conclusion that the Government would not be justified in largely diverting energy, material and labor from a certainty to an experiment.

GERMANY IS INSURED AGAINST STARVATION

WHAT is the real food situation? During the past two years we have been stimulated by reports of famine and starvation in the Central Empires. A peculiarity of the situation has been that no one seemed more willing to circulate these stories than the Huns themselves. Have we been too ready to believe them? Evidently so, according to a thoughtful economist, Paul Clay, who asserts in *Forbes' Magazine* that "whatever hopes were indulged in that Germany would be starved into submission must now be abandoned. . . . The food situation for the whole world, including both enemy and friendly countries, is better than at any time since 1915." Here is the world-production of the principal grain crops since the outbreak of the war:

Food Situation for the Whole World is Better Than in 1914

	Wheat	Corn	Oats	Potatoes
1914.....	3,619,466,000	3,864,279,000	4,022,486,000	6,544,098,000
1915.....	4,216,806,000	4,315,572,000	4,783,778,000	6,212,300,000
1916.....	3,277,342,000	3,664,000,000	4,157,105,000	3,510,930,000
1917.....	3,133,400,000	4,311,000,000	4,389,902,000	5,579,910,000

And here is a table of the leading German crops during the same period:

Crop	1914	1915	1916	1917
Potatoes	1,665,377,000	1,984,140,000	882,000,000	1,580,000,000
Wheat	145,944,000	160,000,000	137,600,000	140,500,000
Rye	410,478,000	475,000,000	425,000,000	427,000,000
Barley	144,125,000	150,000,000	135,000,000	135,000,000
Oats	622,674,000	650,000,000	585,000,000	530,000,000

Analyzing which, the writer dwells on the fact that in the cases of rye, barley and oats for 1916 and 1917 the estimates are very unreliable:

"For 1915 we have estimates from our own Agricultural Department; and as

showing how bias can affect statistics, the British estimates of the German 1915 oat crop were 200,000,000 bushels below those of our Agricultural Department. Our food supply and that of our allies except-

(Continued on page 270)

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Mod
Monday
May
Moan
Ada
Adam
Amen
And
No
Nod
Nome
Ed
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114 East 13th Street,
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I believe I have a report that will interest you. Within a very few days after I received your set of lessons I made all the notes in my pocket note-book in your Paragon shorthand.

Please bear in mind, in this connection, that I had never so much as glanced at any other system before and knew nothing whatever about any shorthand system.

After five evenings' study I wrote the first two pages of a story in your shorthand. Six weeks later I got out the two pages and wrote them off on the typewriter with no trouble at all. It strikes me that such an instance is quite a recommendation for your system.

Sincerely,
F. G. COOPER.

In reply to our request for permission to publish the above, Mr. Cooper wrote as follows:

"I should consider it a humanitarian duty to encourage my friends and acquaintances in the use of your system, and you are welcome to the use of my testimonial."

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CURRENT OPINION—10-18

Try This Lesson Now

Take the ordinary longhand letter *d*. Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain */*. This is the Paragon symbol for D. It is always written downward.

From the longhand letter *e*, rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon E. *o*

Write this circle at the beginning of */* and you will have Ed. *o/*

By letting the circle remain open it will be a hook, and this hook stands for A. Thus *o/* will be Ad. Add another A at the end, thus *o//* and you will have a girl's name, Ada.

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for O.

For the longhand *m*, which is made of 7 strokes, you use this one horizontal stroke —

Therefore, — would be Me.

Now continue the E across the M, so as to add D—thus — and you will have Med. Now add the large circle for O, and you will have — (medo), which is Meadow, with the silent A and W omitted.

The longhand letter *n* which has 5 strokes, is written in Paragon with one stroke, thus— (same as the letter M, but shorter).

You now have 6 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word-signs, 6 prefix contractions and one natural rule for abbreviations. That is all.



When Belgium Stemmed the Tide

Four years ago the Belgian Army, war-worn and weak in numbers, confronted the Germans on the Yser. From Liege to the last narrow strip of their country they had resisted the invaders inch by inch, glorious even in retreat.

At the Yser the Belgians performed a signal service to the Allied cause by holding the Germans while the gaps were being closed in the Franco-British lines to the rear.

Four years have passed, and the same nations are still at

death grips along the Western front. America, too, is there, and has this opportunity because the Belgians kept the enemy from crossing the Yser long ago.

The same unfaltering courage, the same inspiration for sacrifice in our army abroad and in our citizens at home will give us victory.

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(Continued from page 268)

ing wheat and without reference to meats which we are not here discussing is now up to normal. Unfortunately, however, the food supply of the enemy does not appear to be especially short. The 1917 German potato crop as estimated by our Agricultural Department was only a little below normal, and her wheat and rye crops were so little below that the deficiency is not worth mention. It is regrettable also that the collapse of Russia places Germany in a fairly secure position so far as wheat is concerned. Russia, including Siberia, produced 65,000,000 tons of cereals of all kinds and of this more than one half was produced in the sections lying south of Moscow. Southern Russia, Little Russia, and the Baltic section, nearly all within easy reach of Germany, produced nearly one-third of this total. As to the world's 1918 crop it is too early now to say anything except in the most general way. Nothing is known of the outlook in enemy countries; but the outlook in the United States, Great Britain and France is good.

"The worst feature of the outlook is that there is no hope of crushing the enemy through starvation. The collapse of Russia, from and after the 1918 harvests, will largely nullify the blockade of enemy ports so far as food is concerned. The best feature of the situation lies in the indication that the wheat shortage in Allied countries will soon be overcome, and that the crops of Allied and neutral countries this year will prove sufficient either to check the rise in the cost of foodstuffs or else to cause an actual decline. Incidentally, the figures show that the Food Administration has been justified in its drastic measures to save wheat."

Meanwhile, in the matter of potatoes it looks to produce experts as tho the Food Administration had not handled the situation with "gumption." William Marion Reedy, reviewing the situation in his *Mirror* (St. Louis), goes on to say:

"During the past year most of us were going light on the tubers because we were told they were not plentiful, and we had to hold off that the armies might be supplied. There were times we paid \$1 a peck for them, sometimes more. Now we are told that there remain millions of bushels that have to be eaten in a hurry if the great supply is not to be wasted. We will thus release wheat for overseas, and then if potato producers lose on last year's crop it will discourage farmers from planting them again. We ate less potatoes and paid more for them. Now we must buy more and eat more. Surely it had been wise to keep down the price last year and let us eat more. We have not benefited, neither has the farmer, in view of the surplus. . . . What's the government going to do about it? We are all eating potatoes like people possessed and doing our best. But the farmer sees no relief in sight. He sees rotting in his fields potatoes that the people were asked a short time ago not to eat. The farmer can't get his crop to market when there

are prices. When he can there is no price. The situation as to potatoes has been, governmentally, badly managed: in fact it has not been managed at all."

GOAT-RANCHING IS MADE AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY BY THE WAR

THOUGH the goat walked through the history of ancient times with much dignity and great honor, few shreds of either remained when the American humorist got through with him. It is true that the older countries still regarded the stubborn and sardonic little animal with an affection that came from gratitude. But this feeling has until recently been confined to the other side of the Atlantic. Yet it has remained for Americans since the outbreak of the war to solve the difficulties of condensing and canning goat-milk, which, from the standpoint of nourishment, ranks next after that of the ass, and the milk of that animal most nearly approximates human milk. Realizing this, says Monroe Woolley, in *The Nation's Business*, western industry has set itself to getting goat-milk into cans for the use of those who cannot have goats of their own. What is believed to be the biggest goat industry in the world has been founded and is now in operation in Monterey County, California, near King City. We read:

"In King City is the only goat-milk condensing and canning plant in existence. The ranch is stocked with the finest Swiss and Nubian goats, and only help familiar with the goat and its care is employed. All the milk produced is canned. This is necessary because the goat cannot be depended on for a steady supply of milk at all times, as can the cow for the larger part of the year. Due to this peculiarity, or until a breed can be developed of better qualities, goat dairies not canning their own supply of milk cannot be ordinarily profitably operated. Of course fresh goat-milk is better for invalids and babies than the condensed product, but since a steady supply of the article cannot be guaranteed the year around by any dairyman, the canned article is the logical outcome."

Eight goats, we read, can be kept for the cost of keeping one cow, and whereas a good milch cow annually produces three times her weight in milk, a well-bred goat will produce twelve times its weight in milk a year. Anyone who keeps live stock can keep goats to advantage. On the Monterey County ranch are some 3,000 goats of high-grade breeding, on 3,000 acres of hillside range. The goat gets a daily ration of ground alfalfa, cocoa meal, barley and linseed meal. The buildings, such as shelter sheds, milking barns and hospital, are

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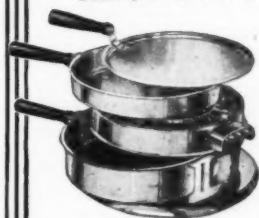
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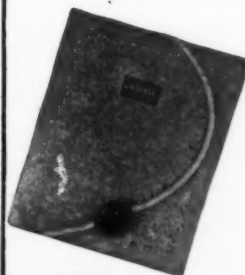
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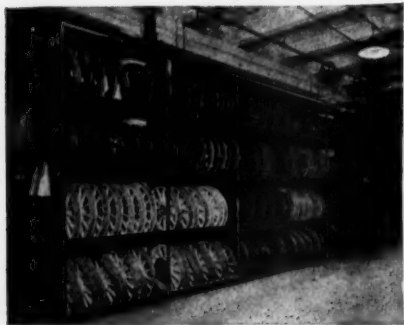
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Goat-milk, adds the writer, is likely to remain a luxury for some time to come, pending the growth of the industry. A western authority estimates that an exceptionally rich acre of land can be made to support twenty-five goats, with a ration fed to them at milking time, and sometimes twice daily. Goats like a great variety in green food, but all successful goat raisers feed some sort of a grain ration in addition. The Toggenburg is the Holstein of the goat kingdom and the Nubian is the Jersey, we read, the former giving the most milk, the latter the richest.

FINE CLOTHING IS NOW BEING MADE OUT OF PAPER

DISCARDED clothing, in the form of rags, has for generations been turned into paper. The progress of mechanical science nowadays is converting paper into clothing which, by and by, will be reduced to rags. Thus revolves the whirligig of time. The London correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* reports that one of the leading English paper manufacturers, James Spicer and Sons, has lately been experimenting in this direction with important and interesting results. Among other garments he describes was a waistcoat made entirely of paper:

"Its weight was practically negligible, and it could be folded up to go into a fair-sized pocketbook. I was assured that it was antiseptic, of great warmth, and proof against wind and water. For this reason it is likely to be a boon to airmen, automobilists, cyclists, pedestrian tourists and other persons who need to be protected against the weather without being heavily encumbered. This waistcoat was made of a strong and specially selected manila paper impregnated with a waterproof solution which toughens and strengthens the fibers. Another product of the same kind is a light but durable sou'wester, similar to the yellow mackintosh hats worn by fishermen, and quite as effective a shield against stress of weather.



DEAF?
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
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From paper thus treated may also be made waders to be worn inside the boots. Equipped with this invention, a man may stand knee-deep in water for three days and run no risk of rheumatism. This novel preparation is obviously capable of serving a great variety of other uses. Not only the soldier on active service, but the recruit in training has often to kneel or squat on damp ground. A sheet of this paper-cloth spread beneath him should save him from many aches and pains. Cloth of this kind is available also for book-covers, packing-case linings, wind and draught-screens, and window-blinds. By similar methods there has also been manufactured an antiseptic imitation oil silk, which it is almost impossible to distinguish from the real article, and for which the makers claim all the medical properties possessed by the latter. It will be possible to manufacture all these products on a commercial scale at a cost much below that of ordinary clothing."

Also the writer was shown other kinds of woven material, in some cases composed wholly of paper and in others containing a percentage of vegetable fabric. This textile, we read, is not so suitable for wearing apparel, but lends itself to a multitude of articles such as towels, carpets, rugs, tapestry, sack-ing and bagging, imitation buckram, upholstery, awnings and screens. Only an expert, declares the writer, would know that some of the rugs made of this material in a variety of colors and patterns were not the genuine Turkish or Persian product.

WHY NEWFOUNDLAND IS HOARDING GREAT SUMS OF GOLD

NEWFOUNDLAND is a country with a curious record in the matter of its money. Until about twenty-five years ago, we read in the *Evening Post* (New York), it had every faith in banking institutions, but then came a commercial disaster which wrecked the two banks that controlled the commerce and finance of the country, and this was a tragedy to virtually every family on the shores of the island. Since then it has been extremely difficult to induce the mass of the fishermen to retain banknotes any longer than is sufficient for converting the paper into gold.

"After the collapse of the local banks, certain Canadian banking institutions established themselves in the island and took over the work of meeting its financial requirements, and since then these banks have paid out some \$2,000,000 in gold over their counters, which has never come back. This is hoarded in the fishing hamlets all over the country. In the same way the government has imported during that period about \$3,000,000 in silver for the ordinary currency requirements of the colony's trade, which has been absorbed in the same way. The most surprising stories are told with reference to these

What Is Nerve Force?

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. It IS life; for if we knew what nerve force is, we would know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind, and determines the degree of our vitality, strength and endurance. Every muscle and vital organ is governed by the nerves.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down sky-scrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes exhausted through abuse, worry and overwork, every muscle becomes sluggish and weak, every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the brain becomes befogged.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, the repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. To be dull-nerved means to be mentally and physically dull, incapable of experiencing the higher things in life. So watch your nerves.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psycho-physics in America, has written a remarkable book on the Nerves which teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves and increase your Nerve Capital.

Fill in the coupon below and send for the book to-day. It will be a revelation to you. If you do not agree that it teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, return the book and your money will be refunded without question.

The author of this book has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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Dear Sir: For the enclosed 25 cents (coin or stamps) send me your book **NERVE FORCE**, as described and guaranteed.

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hoards. In some cases gold is packed in
lobster tins, tea-caddies, baking-powder
tins, and similar receptacles, and then
soldered up and buried or secreted in
places known to no one but the owner,
with the result that not infrequently the
latter, through sudden death or some
other such cause, is unable to transmit the
information as to its whereabouts to his
heirs, and the money is lost entirely. It
is only in cases where the owners engage
in the purchase of fishing vessels or other
property that the possession of this wealth
is revealed, and then the party making the
sale is overwhelmed by floods of coin.

"In other cases the owners of these
hoards of gold and silver have by no
means such good fortune. Cases have
been known where homes have been
burned and the coin melted in such a
way that little, if any, has been recovered.
In the same way men have carried large
sums of money on board their fishing
vessels, and have lost the same by the
sinking of these crafts or by their run-
ning aground along the rocky seaboard.
Curiously enough, little, if any, has been
stolen."

Estimates vary as to the amount of
gold being hoarded on the island, but
those who have studied the question
are confident that not less than \$5,000-
000 is lying like the buried talent of
the Scriptures, earning nothing for
anybody.

BUYING WHOLE RAILROADS AND REDUCING THEM TO JUNK

A FEW weeks ago a court order
was issued for the sale of a
railroad running from Hunting-
ton to Portland, Indiana. Its engines
were frequently derailed, causing the
abandonment of the schedule for days
at a time. The rolling stock was de-
preciating to nothing in value. Pas-
sengers maligned the road, as did its
stockholders, who had asked for a re-
ceivership, and the receiver himself.
Despairing of ever putting the road on
a paying basis, the receiver had gone
into court, saying: "Judge," with a note
of finality in his tone, "it's time to send
for Herman Sonken. I'm through."
Three days later, we read in the
Railroad Man's Magazine, Herman
Sonken, a former Kansas City news-
boy, glanced at a memorandum he
had made on his cuff with a lead-
pencil. It told him that the Cincinnati,
Bluffton and Chicago Railway, running
from Huntington to Portland, a dis-
tance of fifty-two miles, had five thou-
sand tons of steel rails to its credit.
Also that the road claimed so many
locomotives, so many cars, so many
ties, culverts, bridges and a round-
house. All this Sonken learned from
the cuff memorandum. And then he
calmly announced that he would pay
\$310,000 cash for the title to the road
—in order to turn it into junk. He is
the boss junkman of America and, the
magazine adds, has perhaps been presi-

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The Nightwear of a Nation!

dent of more railroads than any other man who is active in railroading today. Since being a newsboy seventeen years ago he has owned seven complete railway systems, of which he has reduced all but one to junk. The road thus favored was one he bought October 30, 1917, at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"It was known as the Iowa and Omaha Short Line. It had fourteen miles of right of way laid with track, a townsite of one hundred and sixty acres, engines, cars, and stations. Its promoters couldn't make it pay dividends. It was in debt and rapidly becoming submerged. A receivership loomed on the horizon. So Herman Sonken was sent for. 'As a railroad this shebang is worth nothing to me,' he told the directors after an inspection. 'As junk, I'll give you \$21,250 for it, lock, stock, and barrel.' He got the road, but he didn't make junk of it. For, two days later, before he could start tearing it up, he sold it to a Council Bluffs railroad builder for \$21,500. How many railroad owners would dispose of their holdings for a profit of \$250? If a road is solvent, Sonken will not make a bid for it. But insolvent roads are his dish."

This captain of the junking industry bears the same relation to a non-paying railroad that the medical student bears to a corpse. When a road becomes ill and dies, he inspects its joints, then dispassionately proceeds to carve it up piecemeal. Never, however, except in the case mentioned, has he touched a "live" road, his reason for not purchasing and scrapping such a road being based on business acumen—to avoid the possibility of court action.

Like all the other Sonken-bought roads, the Webbers Falls Railroad, which formerly ran from Webbers Falls to Warner, Oklahoma, was, we read, meeting with trouble a few months ago. Sonken had an inspection made and bought it in, but to the surprise of his associates desisted from reducing it to junk and selling it in the usual way. For:

"In the papers he had read of the defeat of an Allied army owing to the scarcity of munitions. And then something had come to him as in a flash: Bullets! With this in mind, Sonken made an offer for the Webbers Falls which the directors accepted. Two days later he had a force of men at work tearing up the rails, scrapping the engines, dismantling the cars. The little roundhouse was torn down. Every bit, every particle of steel was carefully saved. And it all was converted into bullets, which went to the Allied armies. . . . Meanwhile he had heard that the Kansas City chapter of the American Red Cross Society was in need of funds. A tag-day was to be inaugurated to replenish the diminishing funds of the organization. Sonken didn't wait for tag-day. Instead he went to the telephone and called up the Red Cross headquarters. 'Send a representative down to 64 North Second Street,' was the message he telephoned. 'There's a man down

here who wants to contribute to the Red Cross.' And when the Red Cross solicitor arrived, Sonken handed her a check representing the purchase price of the Webbers Falls Railroad and the profit he had made from converting that railroad into bullets!"

FREAK FARMING THAT PAYS \$14,000 AN ACRE

FREAK farming is certainly a paying business, if you know how to get results, as exemplified by the cultivation of ginseng. The root of this plant is the Chinese cure for "all the ills to which flesh is heir." Chinese dealers are said to be willing to pay as much as \$9 a pound for the roots of the ginseng plant, so that the returns from half an acre of land, according to a writer for the *Scientific American*, may be easily \$6,000 or \$7,000. The plant reproduces from seed, but the seeds are unusual. They will not germinate until the second season, or about eighteen months after harvesting. During all this time they must be watched carefully and kept moist—not too wet or they will rot, not too dry or they lose all their vitality. One method of caring for the seeds is to stratify them in moist sand, in the following manner:

"A box not more than a foot deep is used, with holes bored in the bottom. Then alternate layers of the sand and seed are placed in the box. The sand should be about one inch thick, then a layer of berries which may touch each other, but must be only a single layer. Then another stratum of sand, which must more than cover the seeds, and so on until the box is filled, allowing at least three inches of sand at the top, with a layer of moss to hold moisture. The top and bottom of the box are covered with wire screens and then buried in a shady place where the water will drain off. It is advisable to put a sloping roof over the box to prevent too much moisture. And care should be taken during summer months to prevent the seed from becoming too dry. The patience of the ginseng grower is further tried by the fact that after the seed germinates and the little plants begin to grow, it takes five years before the root (which is of greatest importance) is matured sufficiently for use. As it requires such a small area in which to raise a profit-securing quantity, the soil of that area can be worked over and just the right substances added to make the ground suitable. The transplanting of the small roots is very important, as is also the digging of the mature roots for the market. After careful digging the roots are washed free from mud, the safest way being to spray them gently with a hose. They are then placed in a warm room with plenty of air. All the fibrous rootlets will become brittle as the ginseng dries. Finally it can be rubbed off without injuring the skin. Roots that are hard command a poor price. A short, stubby root is preferred, rather light in color, spongelike to the touch, and light in weight compared to the size."

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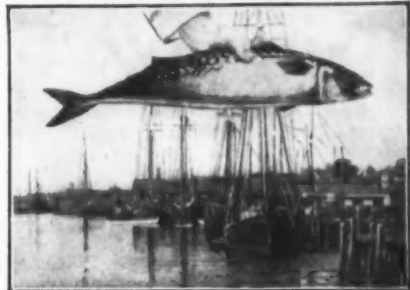
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Shear Nonsense

He Wouldn't Tell.

Parson—"Willie, do you know where all boys go who play baseball on Sunday?"

Willie—"Yes, but I won't tell you. You'll tell a cop and then we'll all get chased."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Dangerous Beasts.

The teacher had been telling her class about the rhinoceros family. "Now name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns." "Automobiles!" promptly answered Johnny.—*Harper's.*

What Impressed Her.

A Minneapolis laundress, a negro woman, patriotic supporter of the Red Cross, was among the thousands who witnessed a recent Red Cross parade in the Mill City in which fifteen thousand white-clad women participated. In telling a Red Cross worker how she liked it, she said:

"Lawdy, missus, it suttinly was a gran' spectacle. Nevah in mah whole life did I see so much washin' at one time."—*Everybody's.*

Sambo Astonished.

Sambo, a dusky warrior in the American army, had only recently landed, and was comparing London with New York. He paused before a shop-window full of watches. His gaze became fixed on a very shiny watch on a velvet cushion, on which was pinned a card bearing the words, "This watch will go for eight days without winding."

Sambo pondered, and then walked straight into the shop: "Say, boss, will you tell how long dat darn watch will go if you do wind it up?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Mistaken Identity.

Aunt Elvira rushed into the house, hysterical.

"I've lost my hearing!" she shouted.

"You have?" her frightened sister shouted back. "How do you know?"

"See that man out there playing that hand-organ? Well, I can't hear a single note!" and Aunt Elvira wept afresh.

"That's not an organ-grinder, that's a moving-picture photographer at work!" snapped her sister.

Rattling for a Policeman.

A group of soldiers were telling stories round the table of a Y. M. C. A. hut. The turn of a Canadian came round.

"I have at home," he said, "a pet rattlesnake. I saved its life once and it seems to realize it. One night I was awakened by my wife, who had heard a noise downstairs. I gripped my revolver and stole down. I heard a struggling going on in the dining-room. Imagine my surprise when, in the dim light from the street, I saw my rattlesnake with its body tightly wound round a burglar and its tail sticking out of the window rattling for a policeman!"—*Tit-Bits.*

A Satisfied Soldier.

The negroes at Camp Dodge drafted into the national army from Alabama were overjoyed at the amount of equipment they were given. One of them was talking to a white soldier about it.

"Say, boss," he asked, "do dey give us all dese clothes for nuthin', without payin' for dem? An' all dese eats three times a day, an' a good bed, an' all dem blankets?"

He was told that Uncle Sam gives them all these things.

"Well, den, why in de Sam Hill didn't dis wah stahst soonah?"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*